MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

10¢

JUNE

NO. 32

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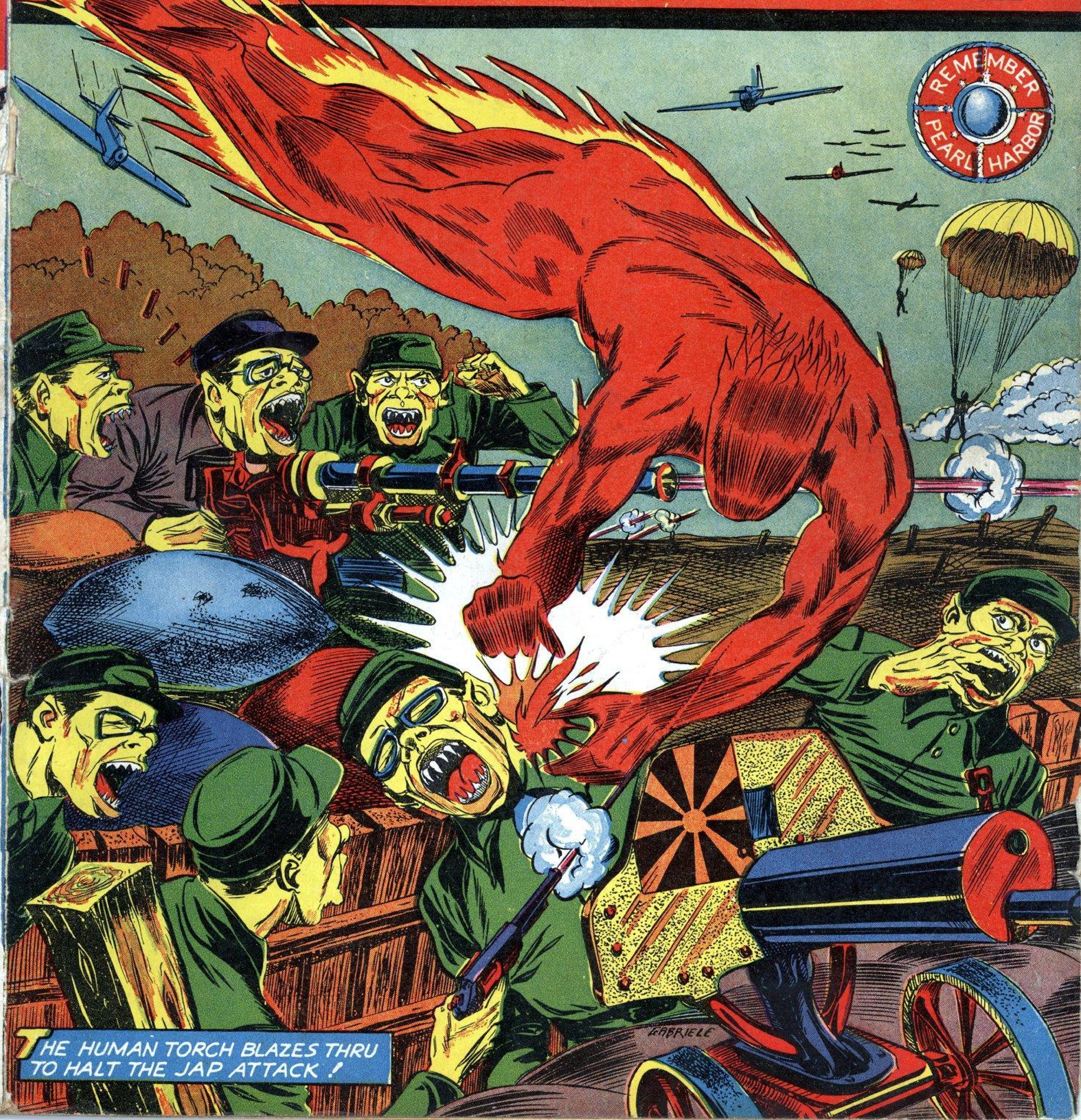
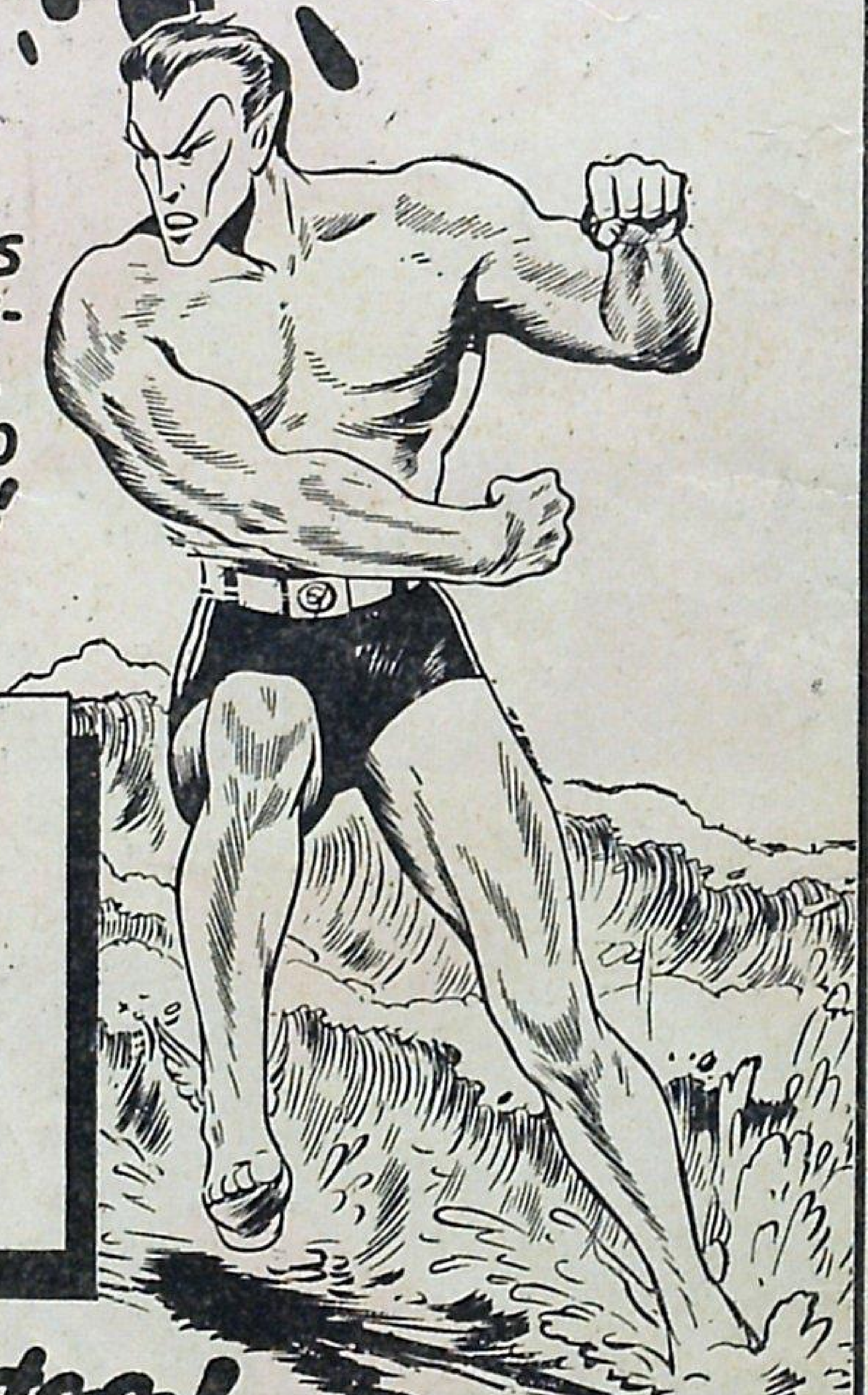

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR
GABRIELE

THE HUMAN TORCH BLAZES THRU TO HALT THE JAP ATTACK!

SPLASHING WITH THRILLS!

FIND OUT WHY

SUB MARINER IS CALLED AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC HERO IN 40 SIZZLING PAGES OF EXCITEMENT AS PRINCE NAMOR GETS HIMSELF INTO THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS JAM!



Also

A FEATURE LENGTH TALE OF MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE WITH THE FASTEST MOVING JUSTICE-SEEKER THIS SIDE OF THRILLDOM!

THE ANGEL!

All this and more too!

WATCH FOR

SUB MARINER SPRING ISSUE No 5

ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

LEE

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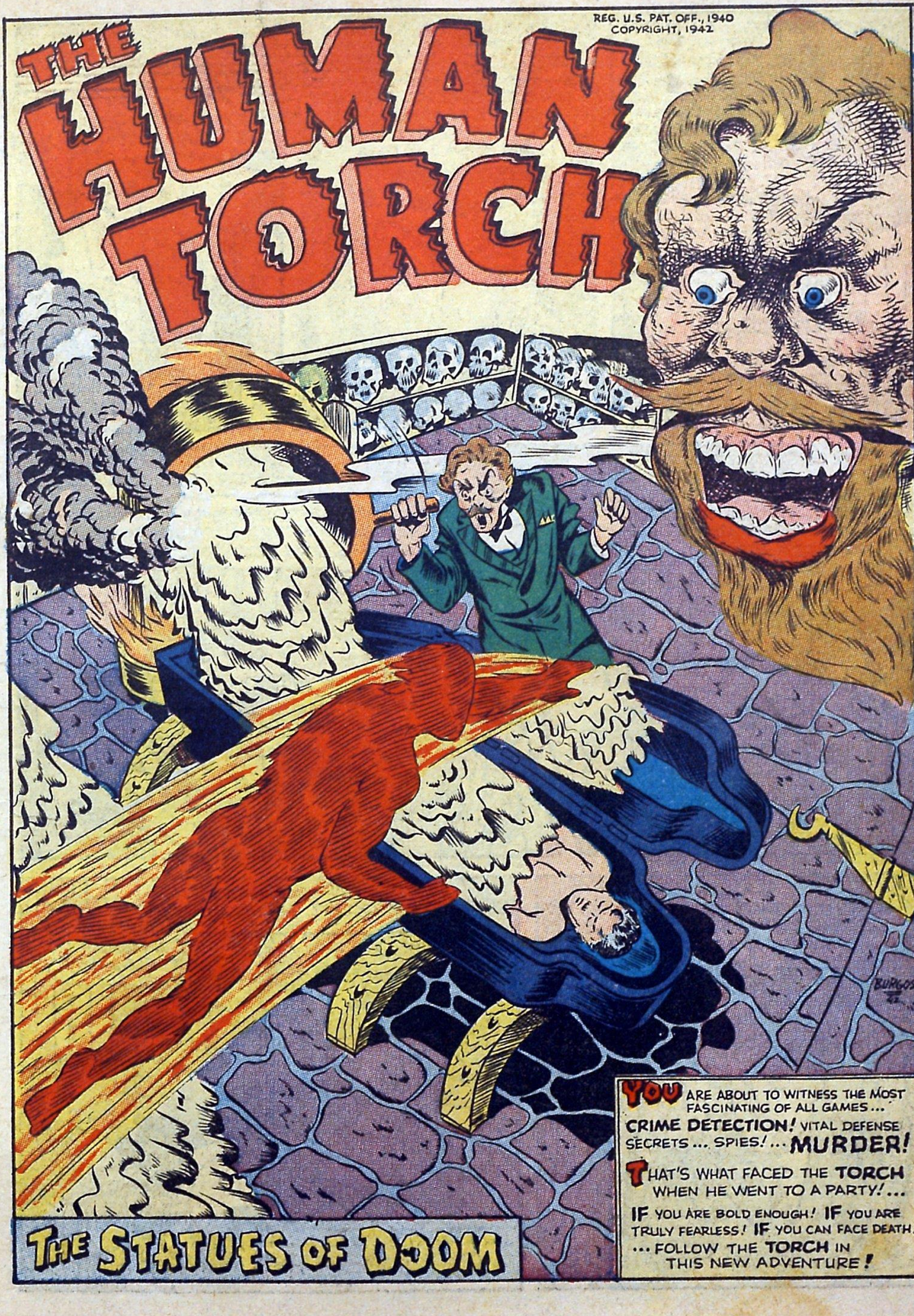


THE STATUES OF DOOM

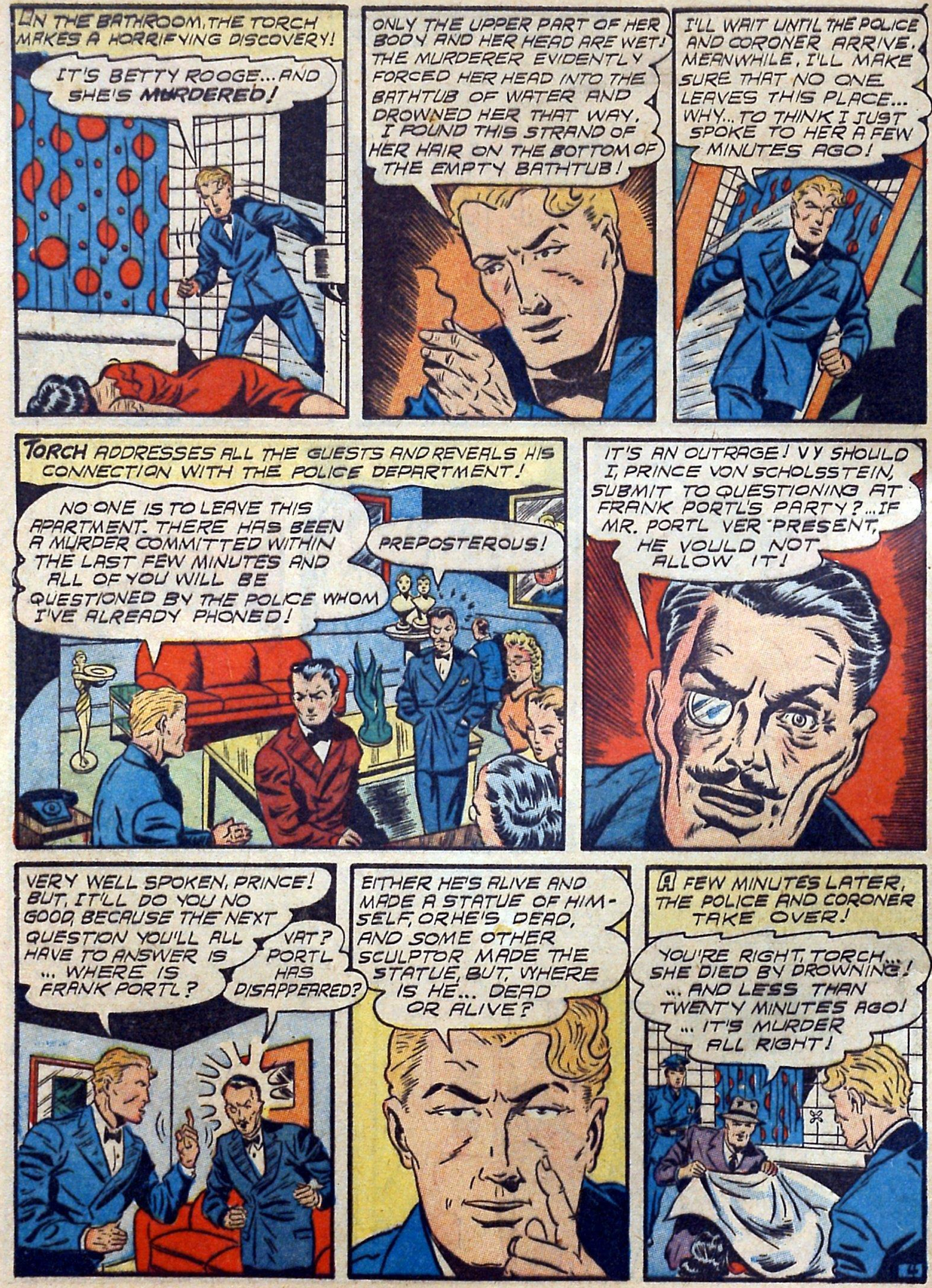
YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE MOST FASCINATING OF ALL GAMES ... **CRIME DETECTION!** VITAL DEFENSE SECRETS ... SPIES! ... **MURDER!**

THAT'S WHAT FACED THE **TORCH** WHEN HE WENT TO A PARTY! ...

IF YOU ARE BOLD ENOUGH! **IF** YOU ARE TRULY FEARLESS! **IF** YOU CAN FACE DEATH! ... FOLLOW THE **TORCH** IN THIS NEW ADVENTURE!

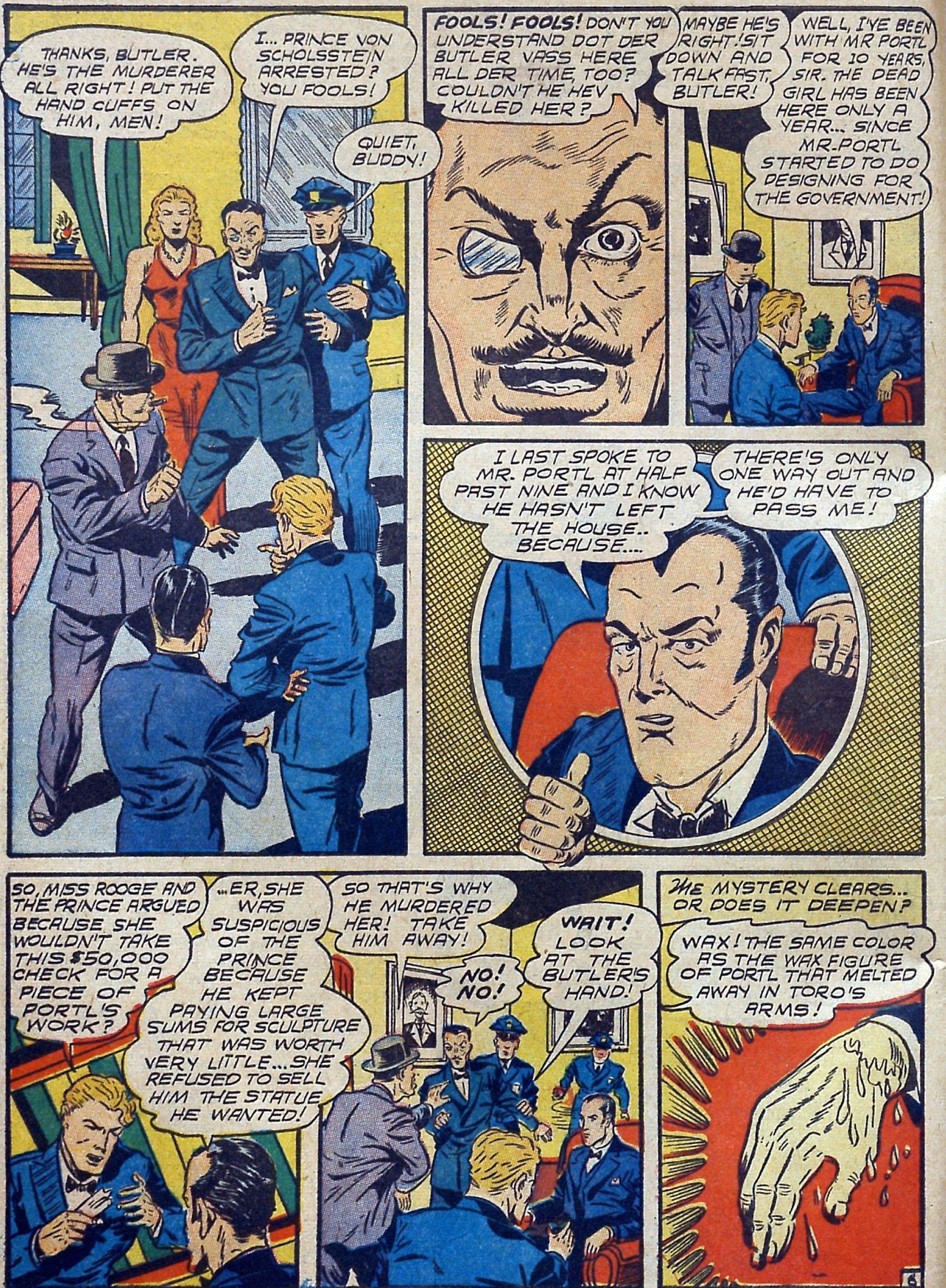
TO-NIGHT, THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO, MAKE READY FOR THE PENTHOUSE PARTY OF THE FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL SCULPTOR, FRANK PORTL.
GEE, TORCH, I CAN'T WAIT 'TILL I SEE SOME OF MR. PORTL'S SWELL STATUES!
YES, TORO, BUT I'D BETTER MAKE SURE WE'RE ON TIME FOR THE PARTY, IT'S 9:45 NOW!
BETTY ROOGE, FRANK PORTL'S SECRETARY ANSWERS THE TORCH'S PHONE CALL...
...OH, YES, TORCH... MR. PORTL IS EXPECTING YOU AND TORO! YES, COME RIGHT OVER!
TORCH AND TORO ARRIVE AT 10:02 P.M. TO FIND THE APARTMENT EMPTY!
THE OTHER GUESTS HAVE NOT ARRIVED YET, SIR!
WE'LL LOOK AT THE STATUES FOR A WHILE!
VERY PECULIAR, TORO- MR. PORTL IS ANXIOUS TO HAVE US AT HIS PARTY, THEN HE'S NOT EVEN AROUND TO WELCOME US... ...AND THE SAME GOES FOR BETTY ROOGE, HIS SECRETARY!
THAT'S THE WAY I FEEL TOO, TORCH!
TORCH AND TORO AMUSE THEMSELVES GOING THROUGH PORTL'S STUDIOS....
WOW! THIS PORTL CERTAINLY MAKES HIS STATUES LOOK LIKE REAL LIVE PEOPLE!
I'M GOING INTO THE NEXT STUDIO, TORCH!
KIND OF CHILLY HERE.. GUESS I SHOULD HEAT THE JOINT UP AND... WOW! TORCH... LOOK!
MR. PORTL! HEY...MR. PORTL! IT'S PORTL ALL RIGHT...
...BUT, HE DOESN'T ANSWER!
INSTANTLY, TORO CASTS HIS CLOTHES ASIDE AND TURNS ON HIS FLAME...

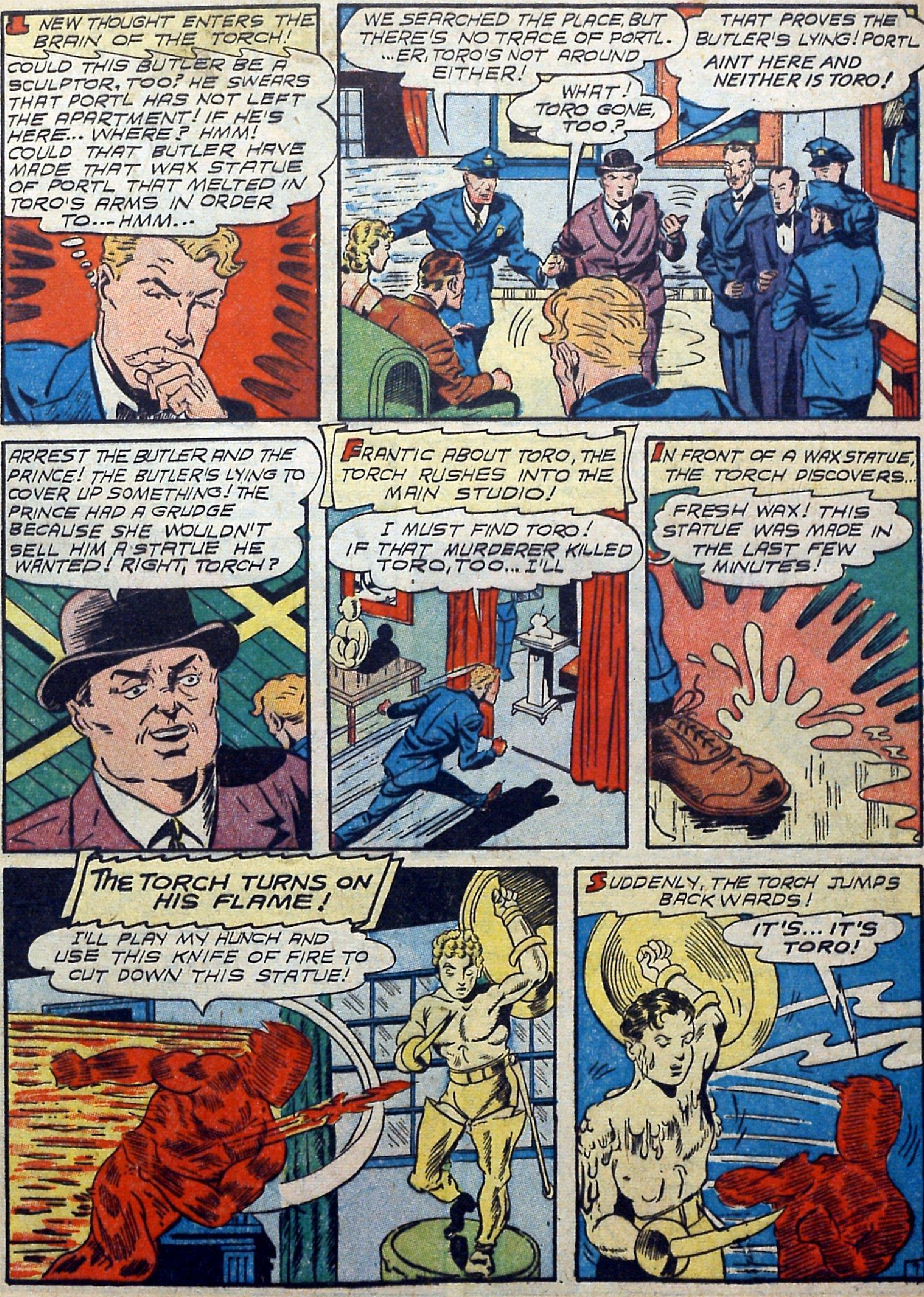
AS TORCH RESPONDS TO TORO'S CALL...
HOLY McGEE! HE JUST SLUMPED FORWARD!
QUICK, TORO... PICK HIM UP!
WOW! HE'S FAINTED, OR...
FLAME OFF, TORO! TURN IT OFF! YOU'RE KILLING HIM!
LOOK AT HIM!
HE'S MELTING! ...WAX?
I'D HAVE SWORN IT WAS PORTL, TOO! PROBABLY PORTL'S PLAYING A JOKE, TORO!
YEAH! BUT IF PORTL'S GIVING THIS PARTY... WHERE IS HE?
Meanwhile, MORE GUESTS ARRIVE!
MMM... FRANK PORTL ALWAYS THROWS SOME WONDERFUL PARTIES!
JA! HE IS ALZO A VONDERFUL SCULPTOR. I HEV BOUGHT MANY STATUES FROM HIM!
GOOD EVENING!
BUT, IN THE INTERIOR OF THE MANY-ROOMED APARTMENT... TORCH AND TORO CONTINUE THEIR SEARCH FOR PORTL.
GOOD LORD! THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A JOKE!
I'LL GO BACK TO THE STUDIO, TORCH!

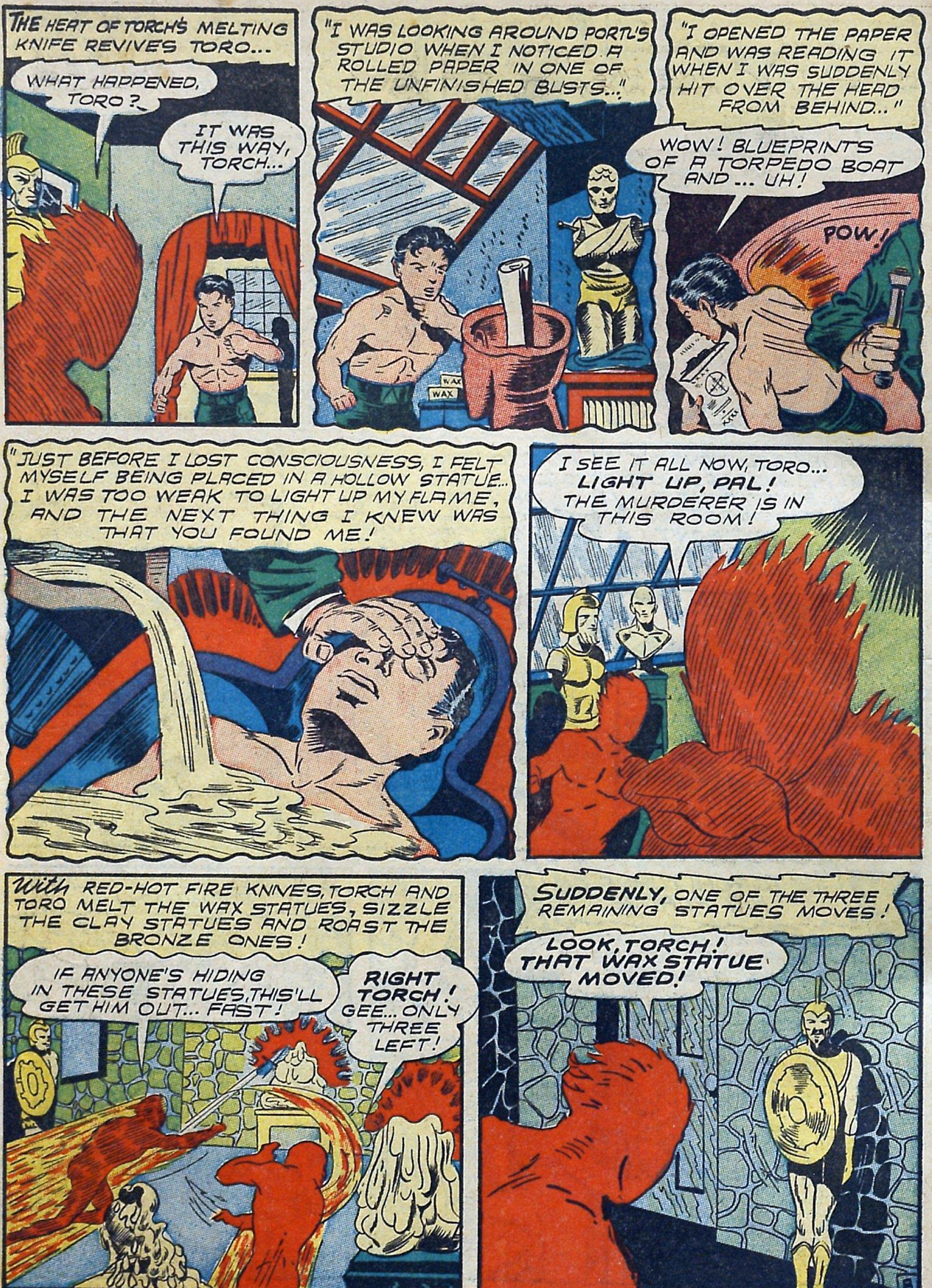

IN THE BATHROOM, THE TORCH MAKES A HORRIFYING DISCOVERY!
IT'S BETTY ROOGE... AND SHE'S MURDERED!
ONLY THE UPPER PART OF HER BODY AND HER HEAD ARE WET! THE MURDERER EVIDENTLY FORCED HER HEAD INTO THE BATHTUB OF WATER AND DROWNED HER THAT WAY. I FOUND THIS STRAND OF HER HAIR ON THE BOTTOM OF THE EMPTY BATHTUB!
I'LL WAIT UNTIL THE POLICE AND CORONER ARRIVE. MEANWHILE, I'LL MAKE SURE THAT NO ONE LEAVES THIS PLACE... WHY... TO THINK I JUST SPOKE TO HER A FEW MINUTES AGO!
TORCH ADDRESSES ALL THE GUESTS AND REVEALS HIS CONNECTION WITH THE POLICE DEPARTMENT!
NO ONE IS TO LEAVE THIS APARTMENT. THERE HAS BEEN A MURDER COMMITTED WITHIN THE LAST FEW MINUTES AND ALL OF YOU WILL BE QUESTIONED BY THE POLICE WHOM I'VE ALREADY PHONED!
PREPOSTEROUS!
IT'S AN OUTRAGE! VY SHOULD I, PRINCE VON SCHOLSSTEIN, SUBMIT TO QUESTIONING AT FRANK PORTL'S PARTY?... IF MR. PORTL VER PRESENT, HE VOULD NOT ALLOW IT!
VERY WELL SPOKEN, PRINCE! BUT, IT'LL DO YOU NO GOOD, BECAUSE THE NEXT QUESTION YOU'LL ALL HAVE TO ANSWER IS ... WHERE IS FRANK PORTL?
VAT? PORTL HAS DISAPPEARED?
EITHER HE'S ALIVE AND MADE A STATUE OF HIMSELF, OR HE'S DEAD, AND SOME OTHER SCULPTOR MADE THE STATUE, BUT, WHERE IS HE... DEAD OR ALIVE?
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE POLICE AND CORONER TAKE OVER!
YOU'RE RIGHT, TORCH... SHE DIED BY DROWNING! ... AND LESS THAN TWENTY MINUTES AGO! ... IT'S MURDER ALL RIGHT!

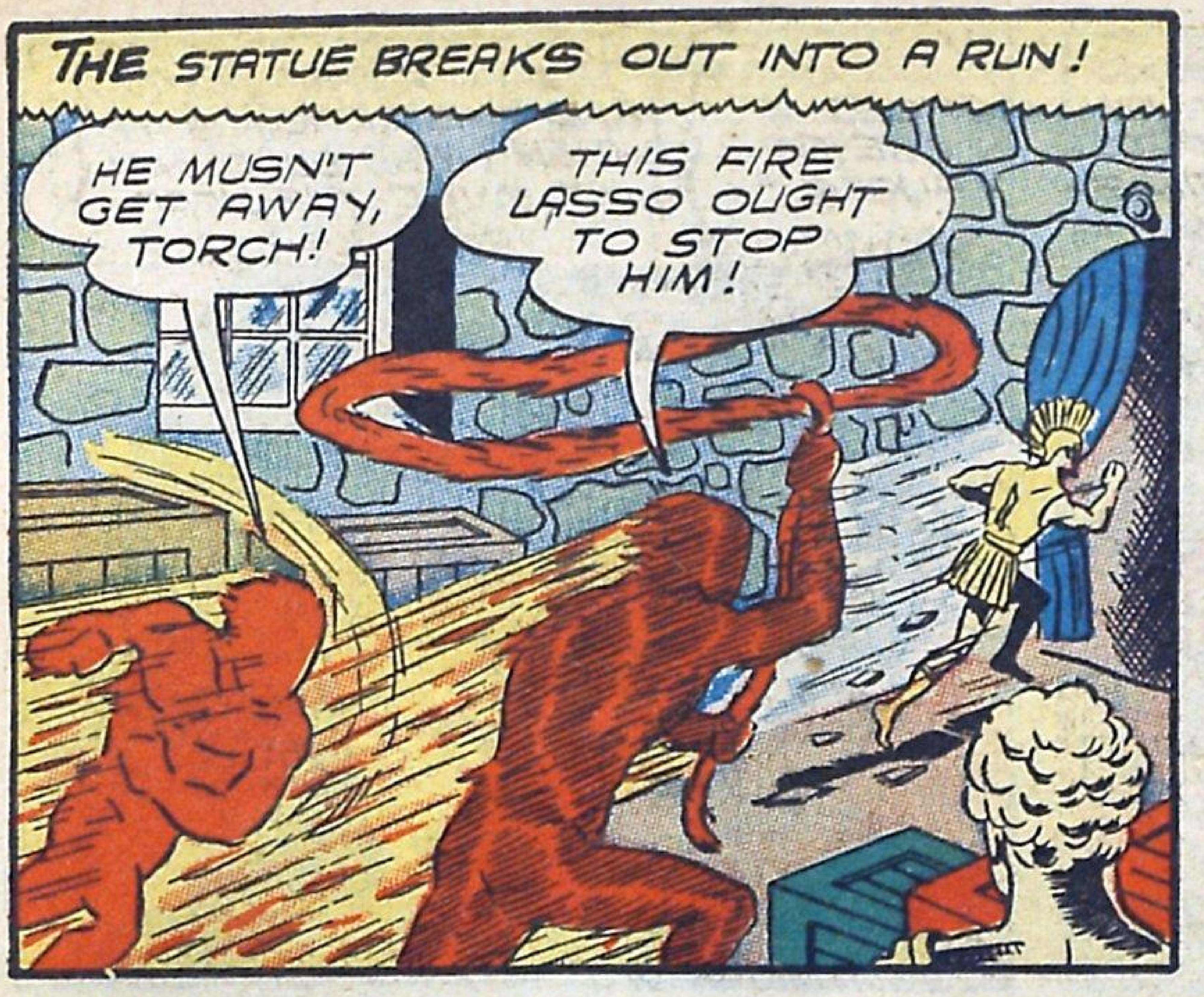
]

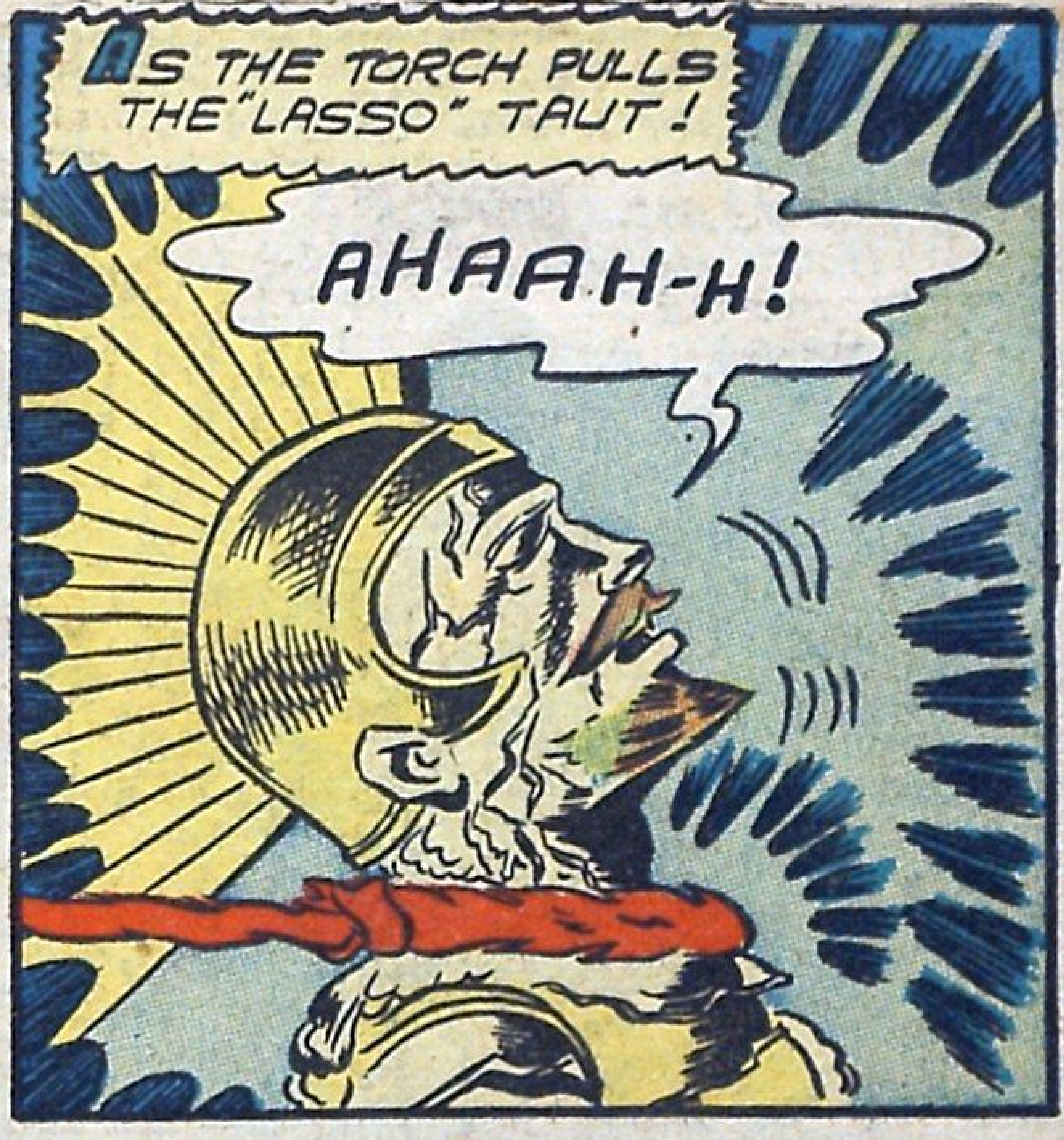
THE QUESTIONING STARTS.
YOU SAY THAT PORTL IS ALSO DESIGNING MILITARY EQUIPTMENT FOR THE GOVERNMENT?
YES. HE WENT TO BALTIMORE EVERY MORNING TO DO THE WORK. I DON'T KNOW MISS ROOGE AT ALL!
...AND YOUR STORY PRINCE?
I HEV NO STORY. I HEV BEEN INVITED TO DER PARTY BY PORTL, WHO ISS A GENIUS VIT SCULPTURE. I HEV ONLY SEEN DER SECRETARY VEN I COME TO BUY PORTL'S STATUES. I VILL NOT ANSWER MORE!
SUDDENLY, A POLICEMAN HANDS OVER SOMETHING...
MMM... THIS MORNING'S PAPER FROM BALTIMORE. AND A SIGNED CHECK... UM..
WE FOUND THE TORN PEICE OF CHECK CLENCHED IN MISS ROOGE'S HAND TORCH!
IT'S THE SIGNATURE OF THE PRINCE! TO DAY'S DATE, AND IN THE DEAD GIRL'S HAND! HE MUST HAVE BEEN...MMMM...
PRINCE VON SCHO
PAY TO THE ORDER OF
June 14
Fifty Thousand
MARKS TRUST Co.
GRAB THAT PHONEY PRINCE AND SEARCH HIM!
DISS ISS AN OUTRAGE!
THEY FIND THE OTHER PIECE OF THE TORN CHECK IN THE PRINCE'S VEST POCKET!
ONE PIECE IN HIS POCKET, AND THE OTHER IN THE DEAD GIRL'S HAND! BOY... HERE'S ONE PRINCE WITH PLENTY OF EXPLAINING TO DO!
MISS ROOGE WAS KILLED BETWEEN THE TIME I PHONED HER... 9:45 P.M. AND THE TIME YOU AND THE OTHERS WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE ARRIVED WHICH WAS ABOUT 10:15 P.M.
GET ME THE BUTLER, BOB!
OKE!
THE TORCH ELICITS A STARTLING DISCOVERY FROM THE BUTLER!
YES! THE PRINCE CAME HERE ALONE, ARGUED VIOLENTLY WITH MISS ROOGE. HE CAME BACK TEN MINUTES LATER WITH THE OTHER GUESTS!
SO, HE WAS HERE AND LEFT BEFORE TORO AND I GOT HERE!

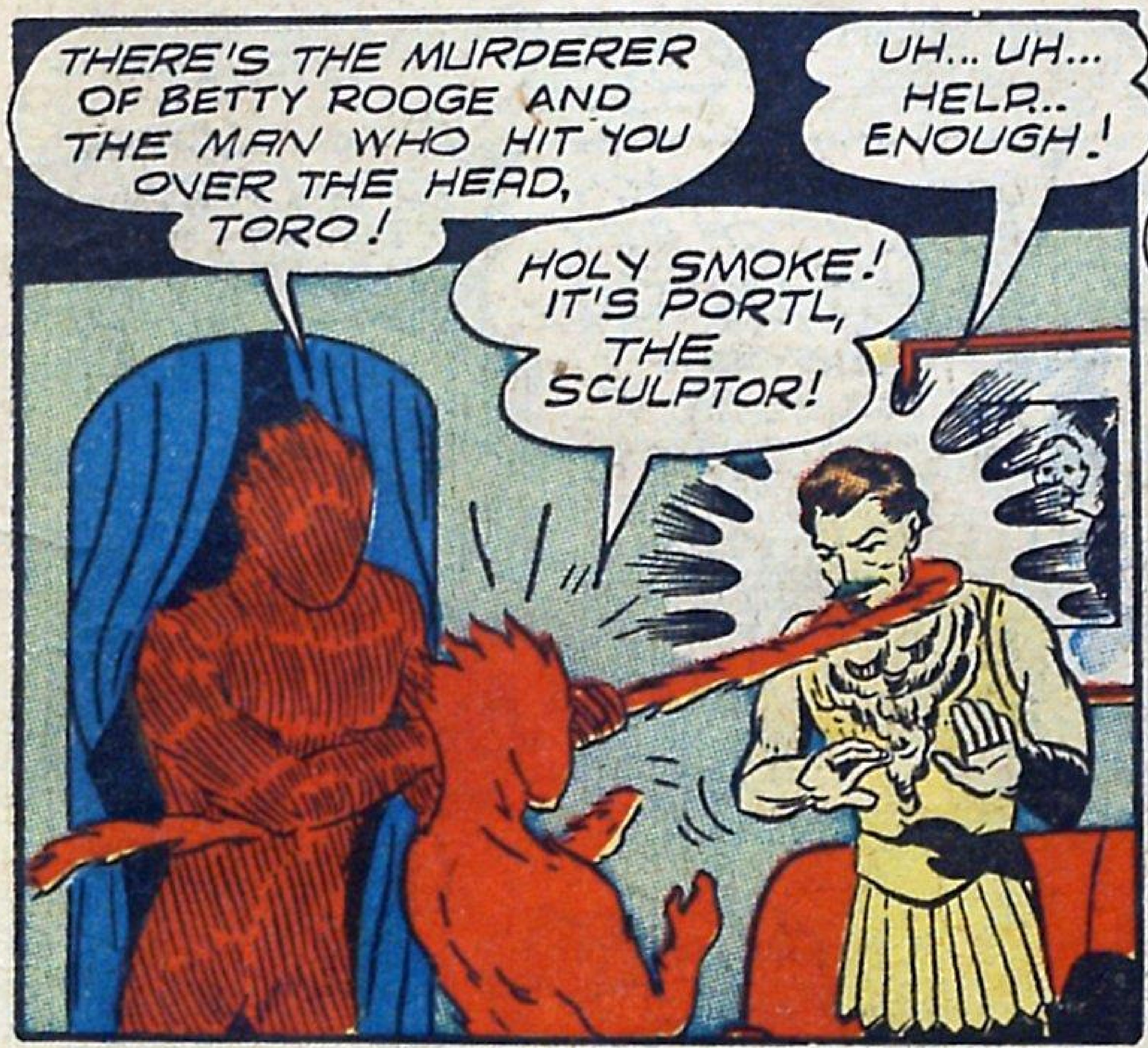

THANKS, BUTLER. HE'S THE MURDERER ALL RIGHT! PUT THE HAND CUFFS ON HIM, MEN!
I... PRINCE VON SCHOLSSTEIN ARRESTED? YOU FOOLS!
QUIET, BUDDY!
FOOLS! FOOLS! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND DOT DER BUTLER VASS HERE ALL DER TIME, TOO? COULDN'T HE HEV KILLED HER?
MAYBE HE'S RIGHT! SIT DOWN AND TALK FAST, BUTLER!
WELL, I'VE BEEN WITH MR PORTL FOR 10 YEARS, SIR. THE DEAD GIRL HAS BEEN HERE ONLY A YEAR... SINCE MR. PORTL STARTED TO DO DESIGNING FOR THE GOVERNMENT!
I LAST SPOKE TO MR. PORTL AT HALF PAST NINE AND I KNOW HE HASN'T LEFT THE HOUSE.. BECAUSE....
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT AND HE'D HAVE TO PASS ME!
SO, MISS ROOGE AND THE PRINCE ARGUED BECAUSE SHE WOULDN'T TAKE THIS $50,000 CHECK FOR A PIECE OF PORTL'S WORK?
...ER, SHE WAS SUSPICIOUS OF THE PRINCE BECAUSE HE KEPT PAYING LARGE SUMS FOR SCULPTURE THAT WAS WORTH VERY LITTLE... SHE REFUSED TO SELL HIM THE STATUE HE WANTED!
SO THAT'S WHY HE MURDERED HER! TAKE HIM AWAY!
NO! NO!
WAIT! LOOK AT THE BUTLER'S HAND!
THE MYSTERY CLEARS... OR DOES IT DEEPEN?
WAX! THE SAME COLOR AS THE WAX FIGURE OF PORTL THAT MELTED AWAY IN TORO'S ARMS!

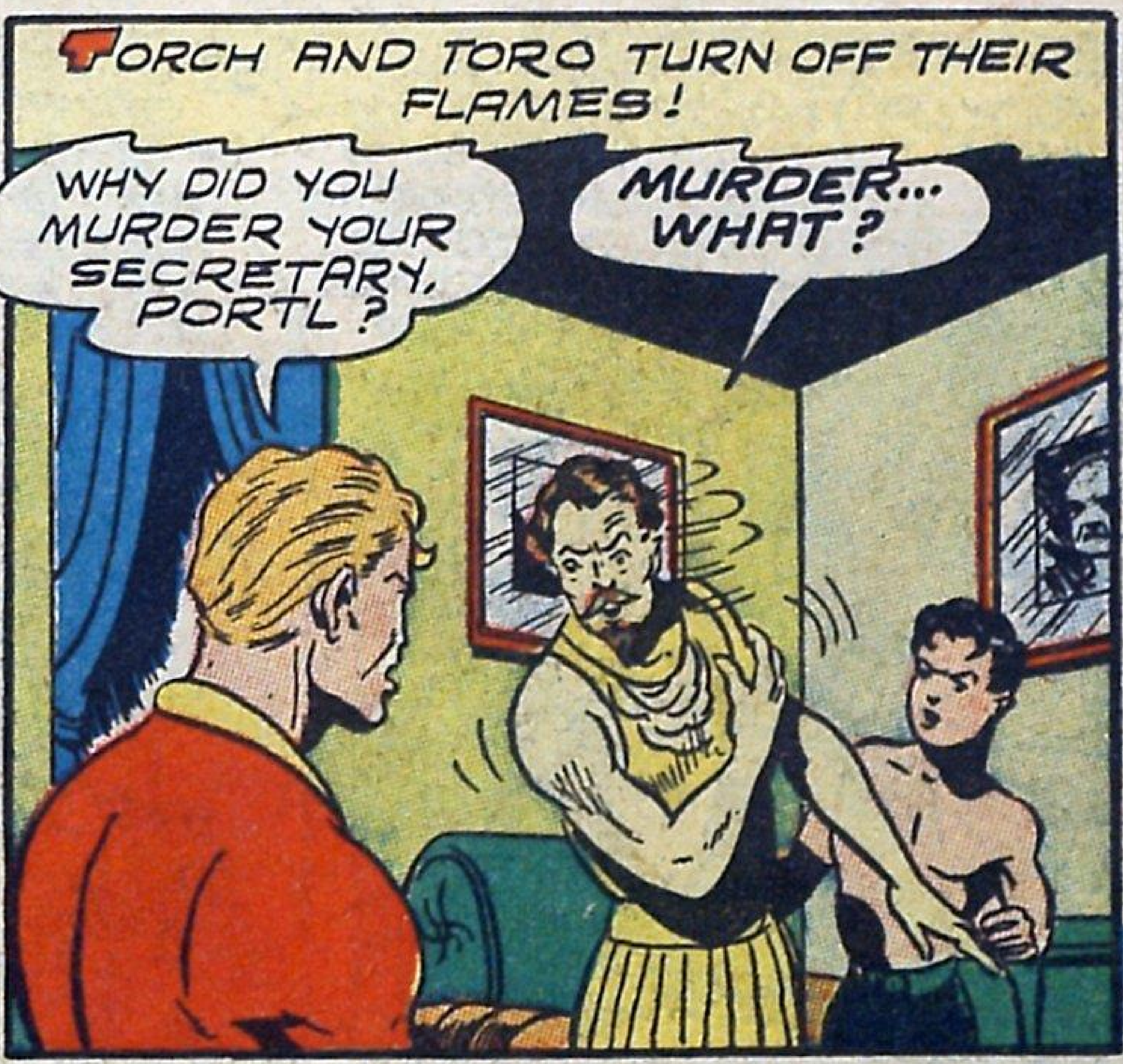

A NEW THOUGHT ENTERS THE BRAIN OF THE TORCH!
COULD THIS BUTLER BE A SCULPTOR, TOO? HE SWEARS THAT PORTL HAS NOT LEFT THE APARTMENT! IF HE'S HERE... WHERE? HMM! COULD THAT BUTLER HAVE MADE THAT WAX STATUE OF PORTL THAT MELTED IN TORO'S ARMS IN ORDER TO... HMM...
WE SEARCHED THE PLACE, BUT THERE'S NO TRACE OF PORTL. ...ER, TORO'S NOT AROUND EITHER!
WHAT! TORO GONE, TOO?
THAT PROVES THE BUTLER'S LYING! PORTL AINT HERE AND NEITHER IS TORO!
ARREST THE BUTLER AND THE PRINCE! THE BUTLER'S LYING TO COVER UP SOMETHING! THE PRINCE HAD A GRUDGE BECAUSE SHE WOULDN'T SELL HIM A STATUE HE WANTED! RIGHT, TORCH?
FRANTIC ABOUT TORO, THE TORCH RUSHES INTO THE MAIN STUDIO!
I MUST FIND TORO! IF THAT MURDERER KILLED TORO, TOO... I'LL
IN FRONT OF A WAX STATUE, THE TORCH DISCOVERS...
FRESH WAX! THIS STATUE WAS MADE IN THE LAST FEW MINUTES!
THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME!
I'LL PLAY MY HUNCH AND USE THIS KNIFE OF FIRE TO CUT DOWN THIS STATUE!
SUDDENLY, THE TORCH JUMPS BACKWARDS!
IT'S... IT'S TORO!

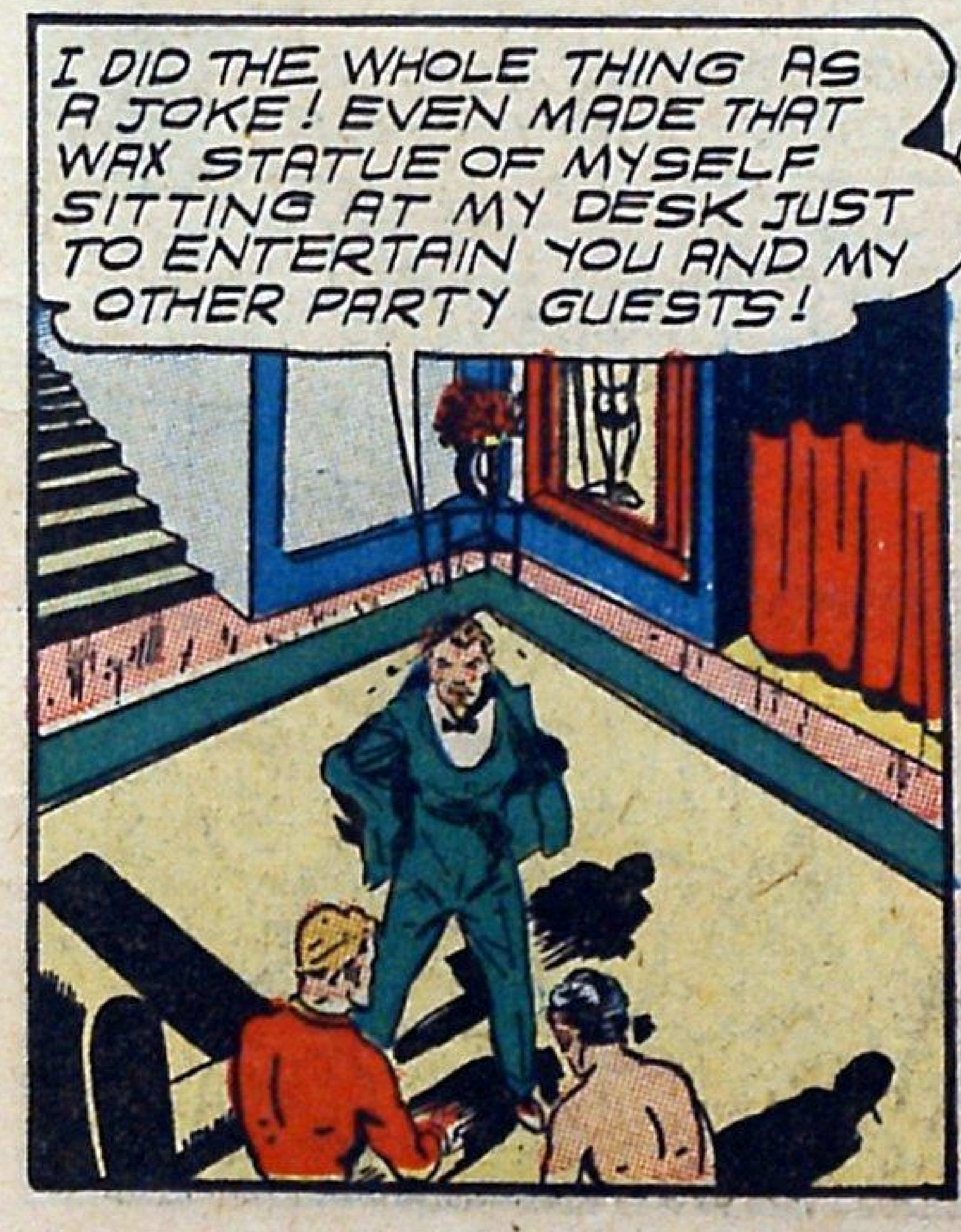

THE HEAT OF TORCH'S MELTING KNIFE REVIVES TORO...
WHAT HAPPENED, TORO?
IT WAS THIS WAY, TORCH...
"I WAS LOOKING AROUND PORTU'S STUDIO WHEN I NOTICED A ROLLED PAPER IN ONE OF THE UNFINISHED BUSTS..."
WAX
WAX
"I OPENED THE PAPER AND WAS READING IT WHEN I WAS SUDDENLY HIT OVER THE HEAD FROM BEHIND..."
WOW! BLUEPRINTS OF A TORPEDO BOAT AND ... UH!
POW!
"JUST BEFORE I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS, I FELT MYSELF BEING PLACED IN A HOLLOW STATUE... I WAS TOO WEAK TO LIGHT UP MY FLAME, AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW WAS THAT YOU FOUND ME!
I SEE IT ALL NOW, TORO... **LIGHT UP, PAL!** THE MURDERER IS IN THIS ROOM!
WITH RED-HOT FIRE KNIVES, TORCH AND TORO MELT THE WAX STATUES, SIZZLE THE CLAY STATUES AND ROAST THE BRONZE ONES!
IF ANYONE'S HIDING IN THESE STATUES, THIS'LL GET HIM OUT... FAST!
RIGHT TORCH! GEE... ONLY THREE LEFT!
SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE THREE REMAINING STATUES MOVES!
LOOK, TORCH! THAT WAX STATUE MOVED!

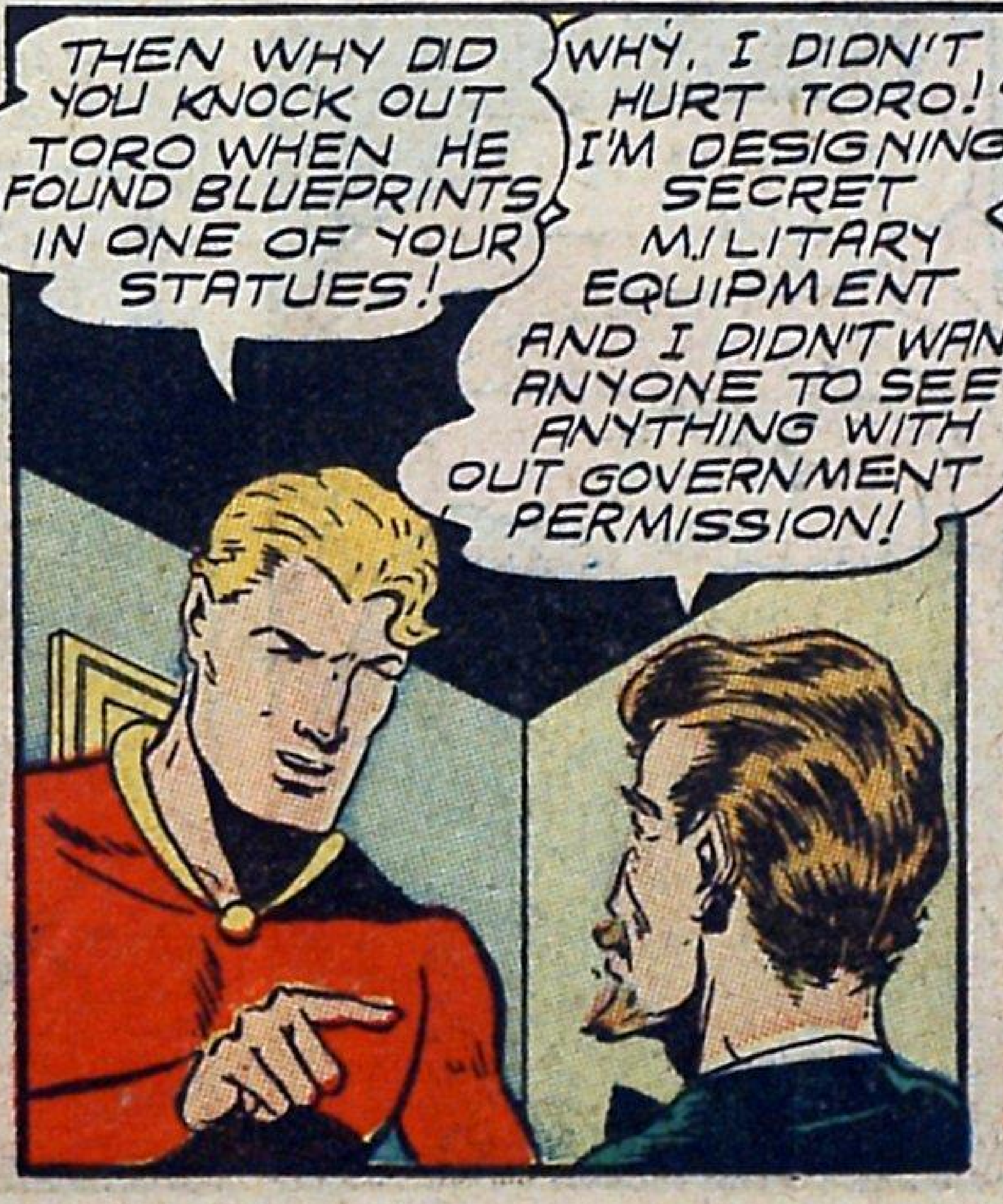

THE STATUE BREAKS OUT INTO A RUN!
HE MUSN'T GET AWAY, TORCH!
THIS FIRE LASSO OUGHT TO STOP HIM!

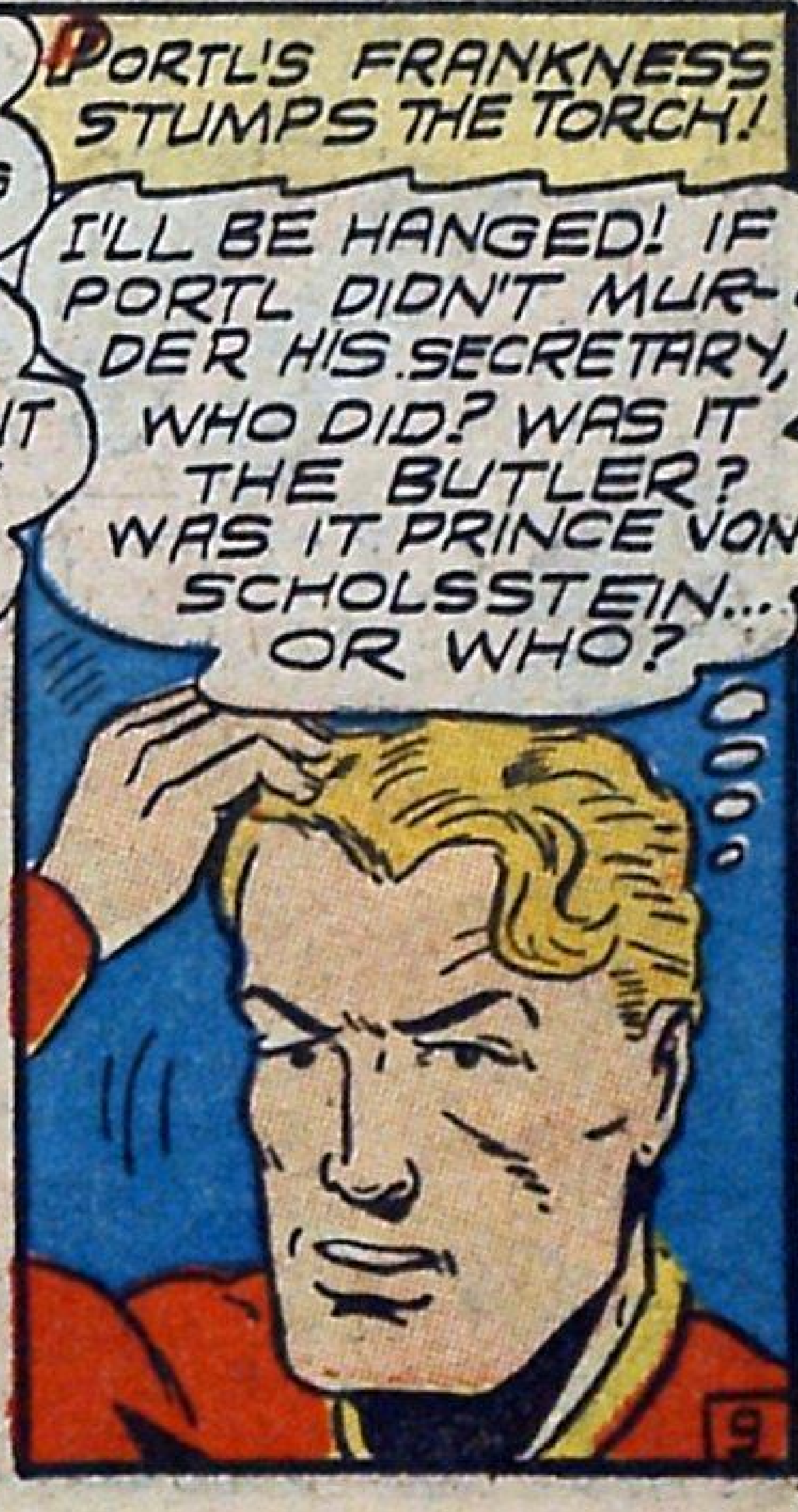

AS THE TORCH PULLS THE "LASSO" TAUT!
AHAAH-H!

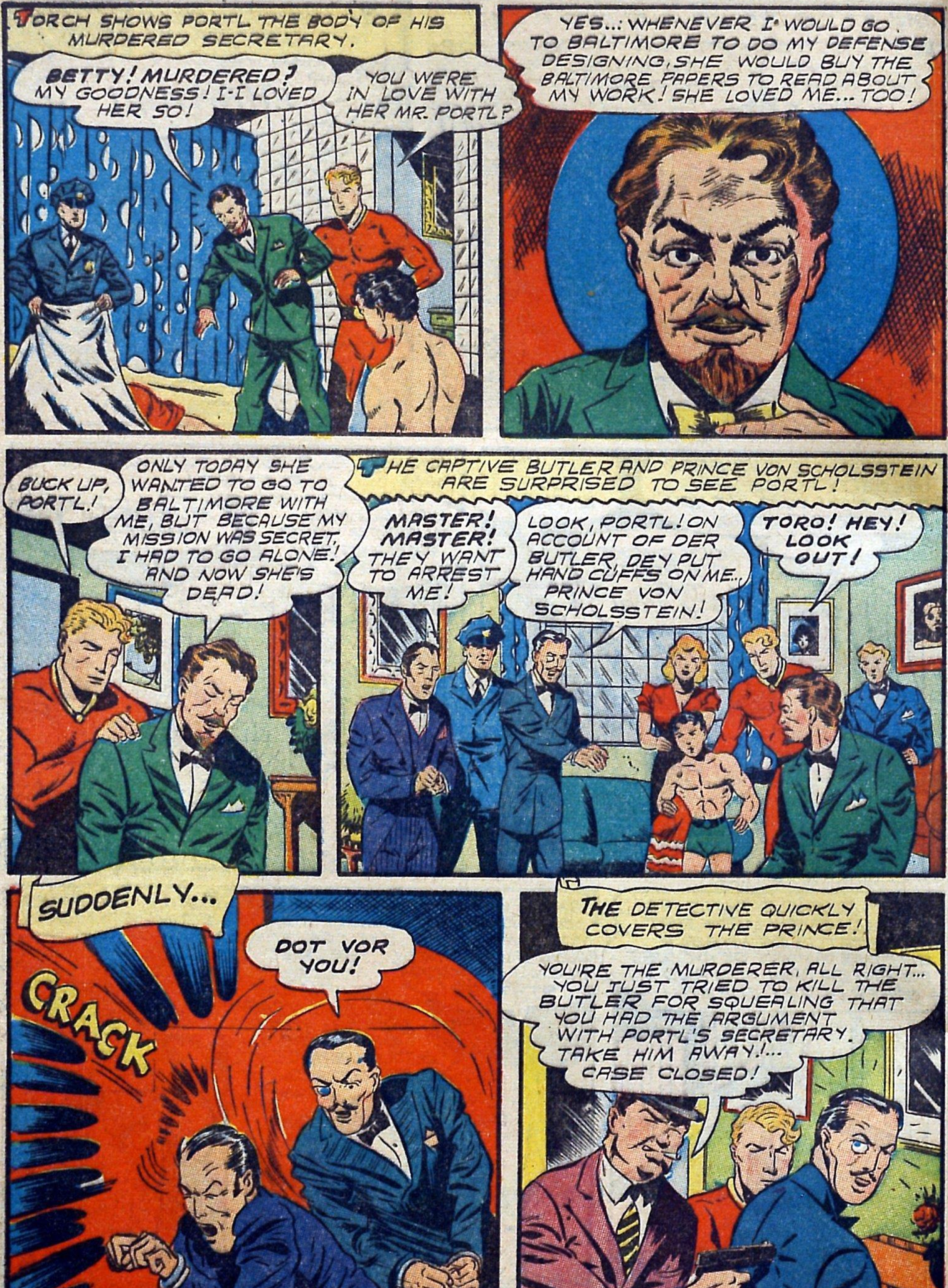

THERE'S THE MURDERER OF BETTY ROOGE AND THE MAN WHO HIT YOU OVER THE HEAD, TORO!
UH... UH... HELP.. ENOUGH!
HOLY SMOKE! IT'S PORTL, THE SCULPTOR!

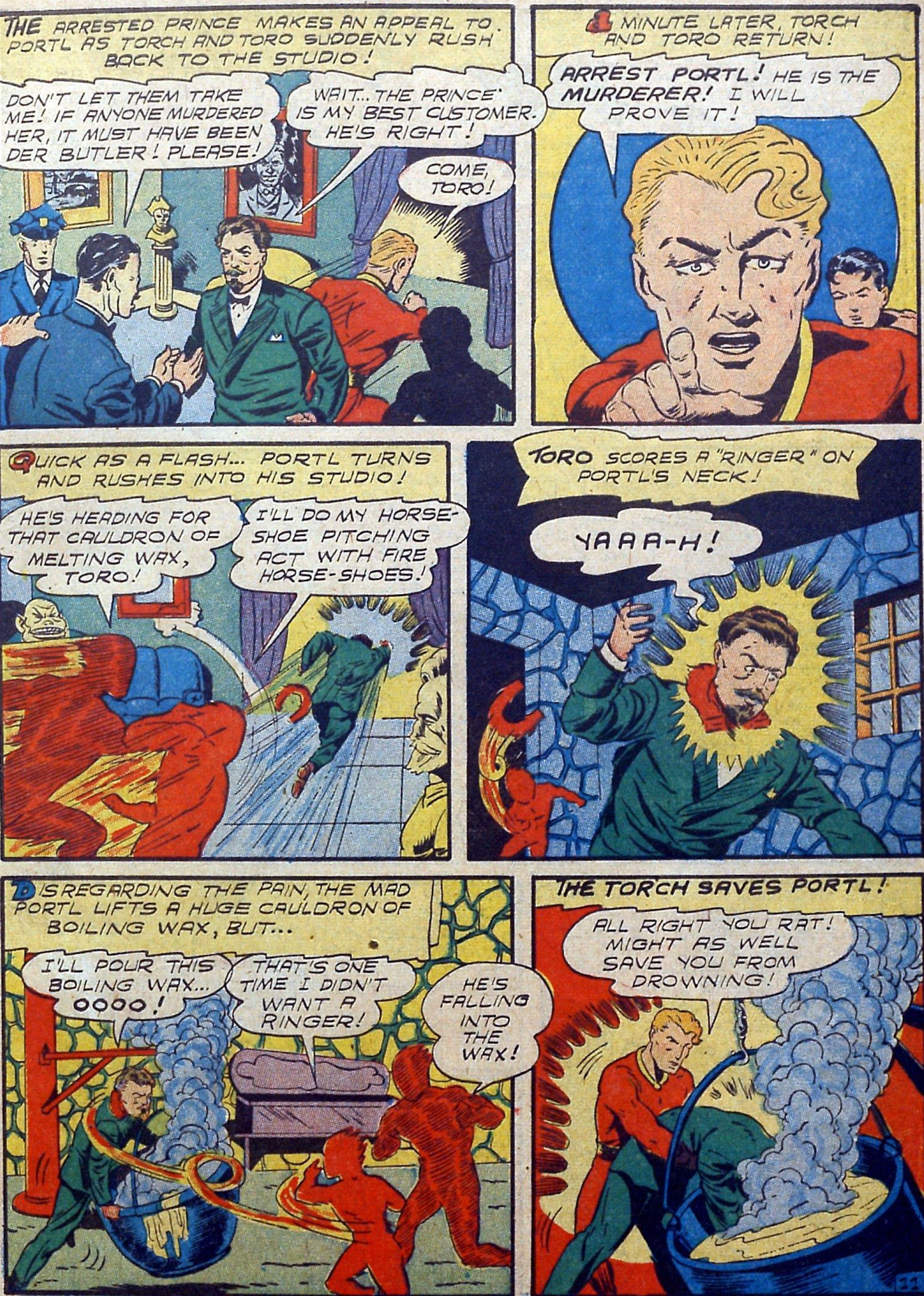

TORCH AND TORO TURN OFF THEIR FLAMES!
WHY DID YOU MURDER YOUR SECRETARY, PORTL?
MURDER... WHAT?


I DID THE WHOLE THING AS A JOKE! EVEN MADE THAT WAX STATUE OF MYSELF SITTING AT MY DESK JUST TO ENTERTAIN YOU AND MY OTHER PARTY GUESTS!


THEN WHY DID YOU KNOCK OUT TORO WHEN HE FOUND BLUEPRINTS IN ONE OF YOUR STATUES!
WHY, I DIDN'T HURT TORO! I'M DESIGNING SECRET MILITARY EQUIPMENT AND I DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO SEE ANYTHING WITHOUT GOVERNMENT PERMISSION!


PORTL'S FRANKNESS STUMPS THE TORCH!
I'LL BE HANGED! IF PORTL DIDN'T MURDER HIS SECRETARY, WHO DID? WAS IT THE BUTLER? WAS IT PRINCE VON SCHOLSSTEIN... OR WHO?


TORCH SHOWS PORTL THE BODY OF HIS MURDERED SECRETARY.
BETTY! MURDERED? MY GOODNESS! I-I LOVED HER SO!
YOU WERE IN LOVE WITH HER MR. PORTL?
YES...: WHENEVER I WOULD GO TO BALTIMORE TO DO MY DEFENSE DESIGNING, SHE WOULD BUY THE BALTIMORE PAPERS TO READ ABOUT MY WORK! SHE LOVED ME... TOO!
BUCK UP, PORTL!
ONLY TODAY SHE WANTED TO GO TO BALTIMORE WITH ME, BUT BECAUSE MY MISSION WAS SECRET, I HAD TO GO ALONE! AND NOW SHE'S DEAD!
THE CAPTIVE BUTLER AND PRINCE VON SCHOLSSTEIN ARE SURPRISED TO SEE PORTL!
MASTER! MASTER! THEY WANT TO ARREST ME!
LOOK, PORTL! ON ACCOUNT OF DER BUTLER, DEY PUT HAND CUFFS ON ME... PRINCE VON SCHOLSSTEIN!
TORO! HEY! LOOK OUT!
SUDDENLY...
CRACK
DOT VOR YOU!
THE DETECTIVE QUICKLY COVERS THE PRINCE!
YOU'RE THE MURDERER, ALL RIGHT... YOU JUST TRIED TO KILL THE BUTLER FOR SQUEALING THAT YOU HAD THE ARGUMENT WITH PORTL'S SECRETARY. TAKE HIM AWAY!... CASE CLOSED!


THE ARRESTED PRINCE MAKES AN APPEAL TO PORTL AS TORCH AND TORO SUDDENLY RUSH BACK TO THE STUDIO!
DON'T LET THEM TAKE ME! IF ANYONE MURDERED HER, IT MUST HAVE BEEN DER BUTLER! PLEASE!
WAIT... THE PRINCE IS MY BEST CUSTOMER. HE'S RIGHT!
COME, TORO!
A MINUTE LATER, TORCH AND TORO RETURN!
ARREST PORTL! HE IS THE MURDERER! I WILL PROVE IT!
QUICK AS A FLASH... PORTL TURNS AND RUSHES INTO HIS STUDIO!
HE'S HEADING FOR THAT CAULDRON OF MELTING WAX, TORO!
I'LL DO MY HORSE-SHOE PITCHING ACT WITH FIRE HORSE-SHOES!
TORO SCORES A "RINGER" ON PORTL'S NECK!
YAAA-H!
DISREGARDING THE PAIN, THE MAD PORTL LIFTS A HUGE CAULDRON OF BOILING WAX, BUT...
I'LL POUR THIS BOILING WAX... OOOO!
THAT'S ONE TIME I DIDN'T WANT A RINGER!
HE'S FALLING INTO THE WAX!
THE TORCH SAVES PORTL!
ALL RIGHT YOU RAT! MIGHT AS WELL SAVE YOU FROM DROWNING!
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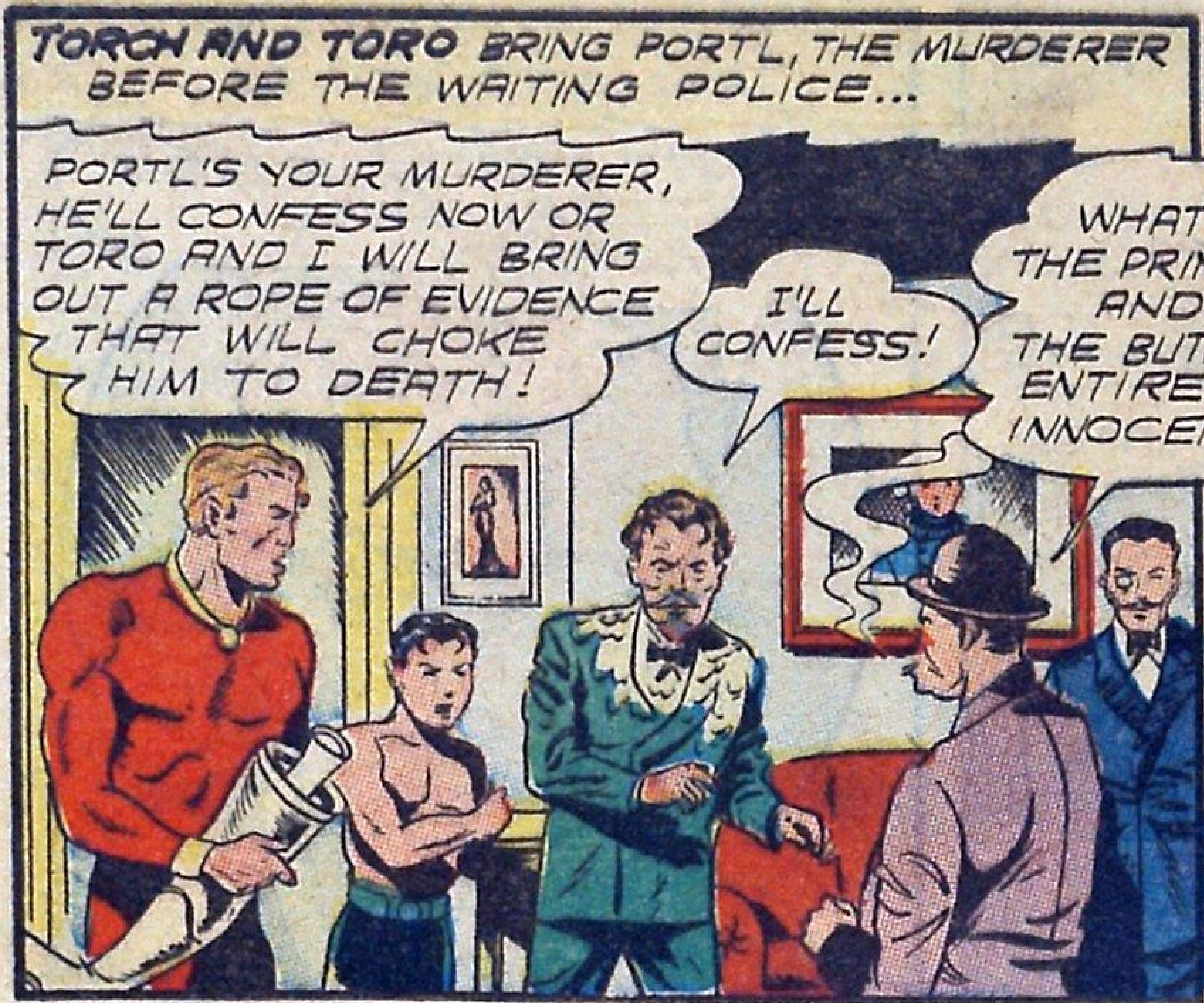
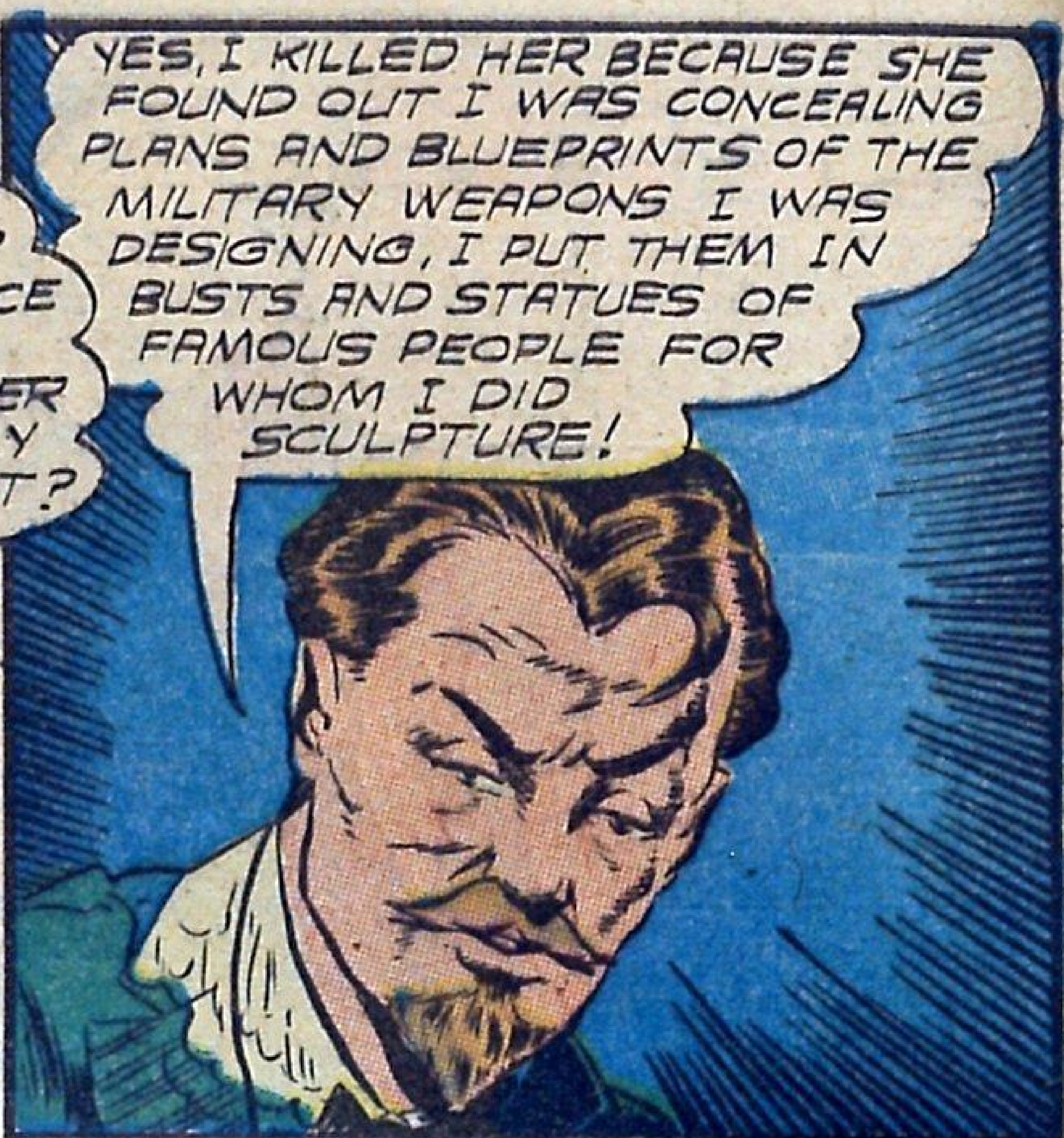
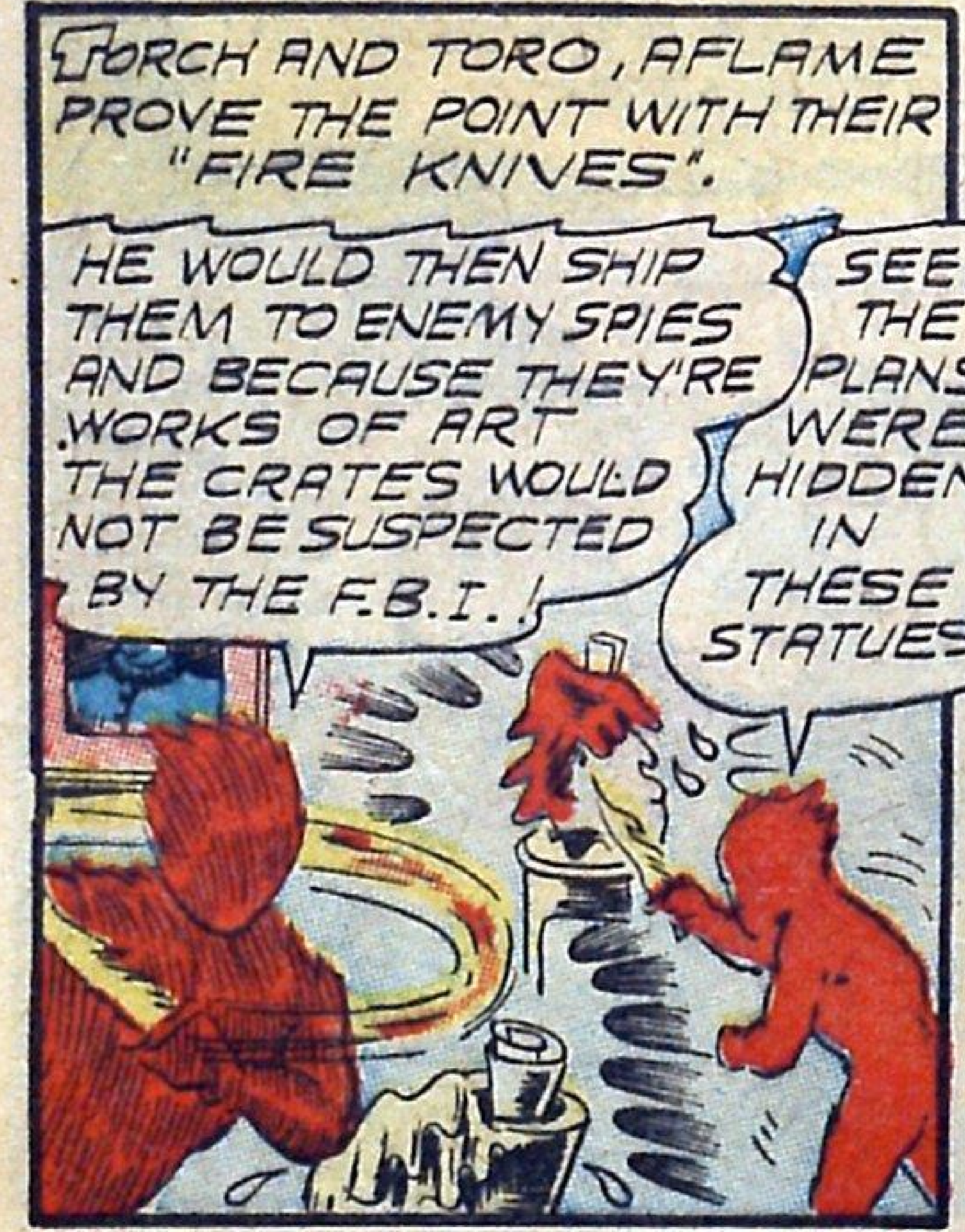
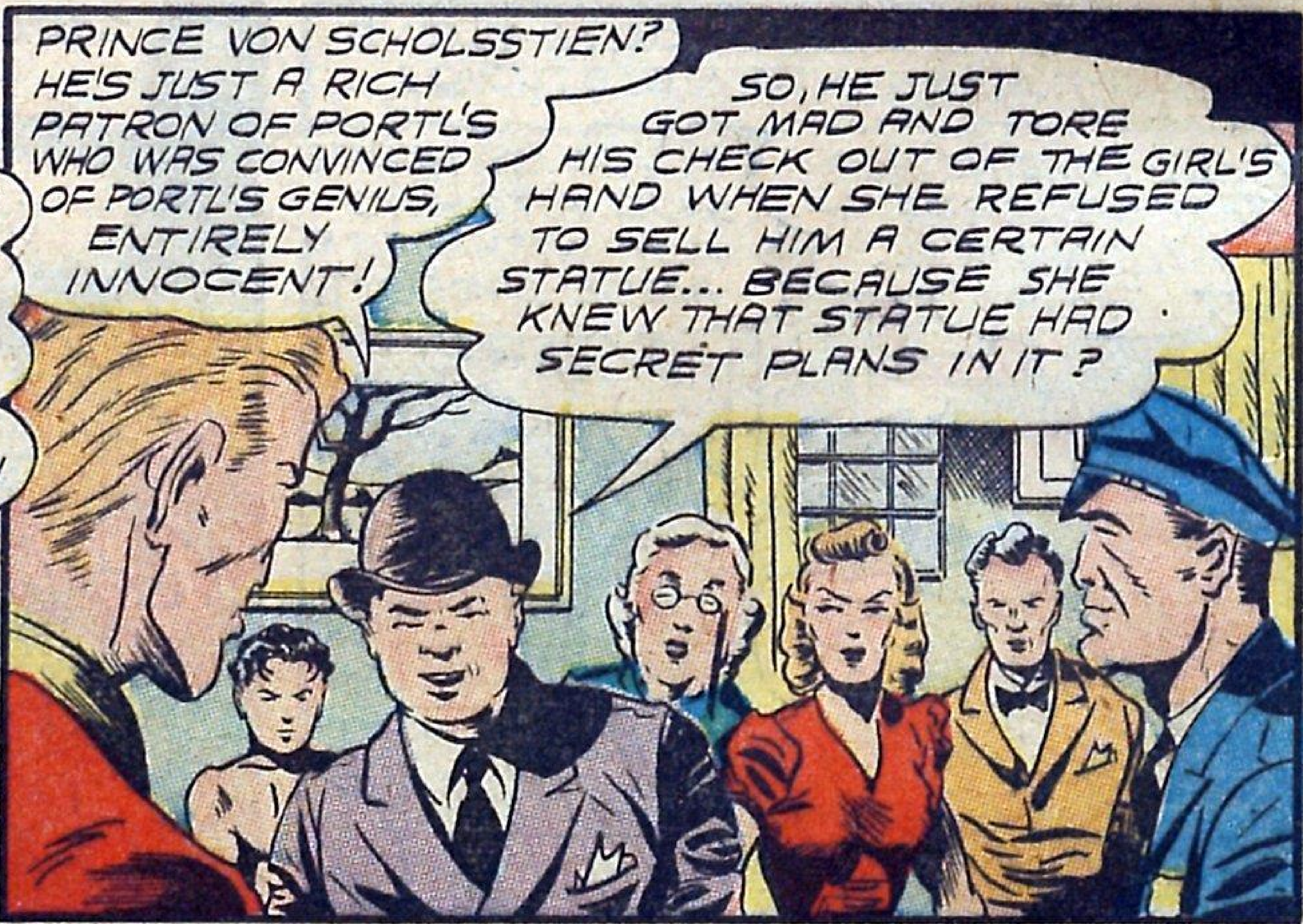
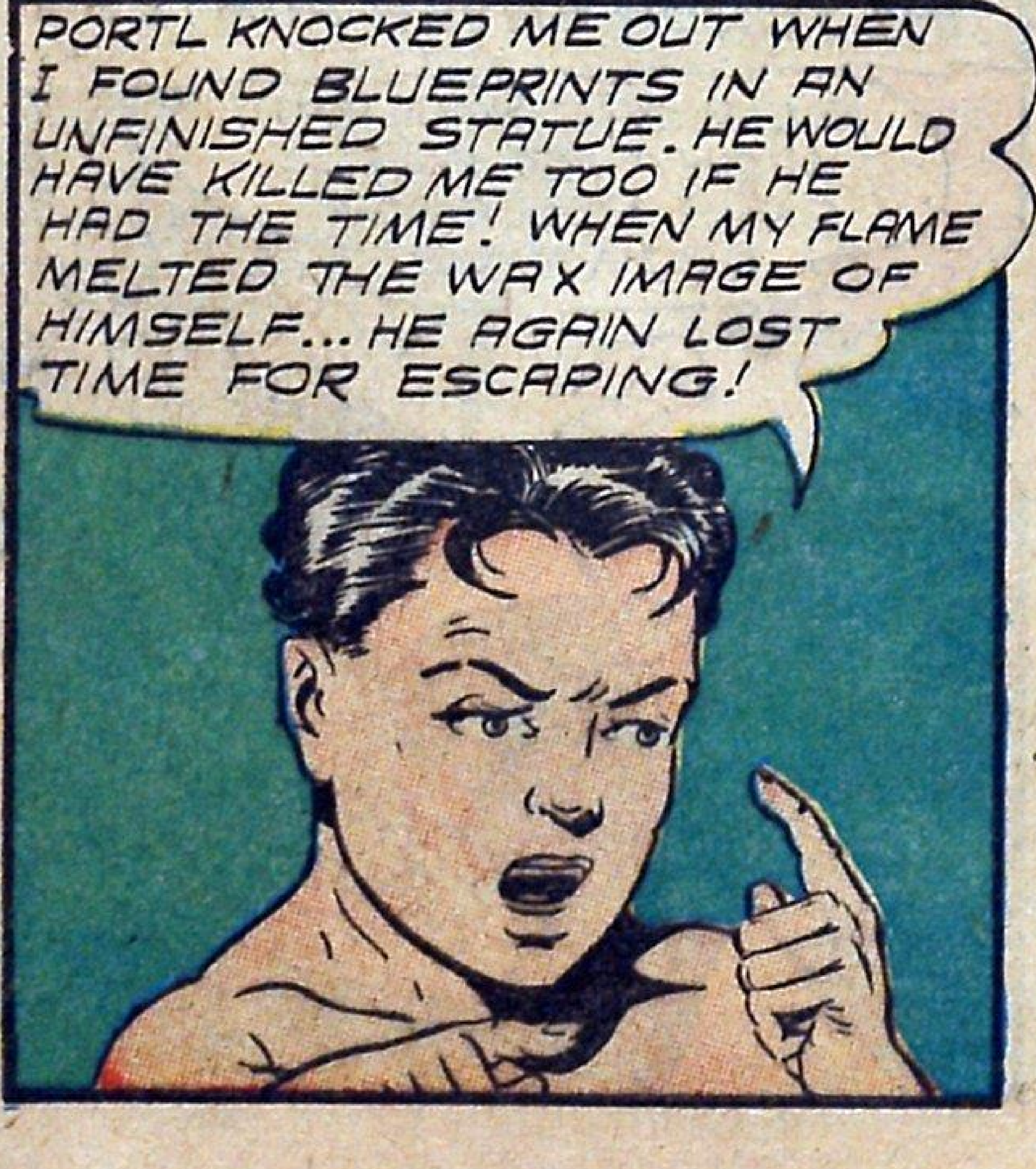
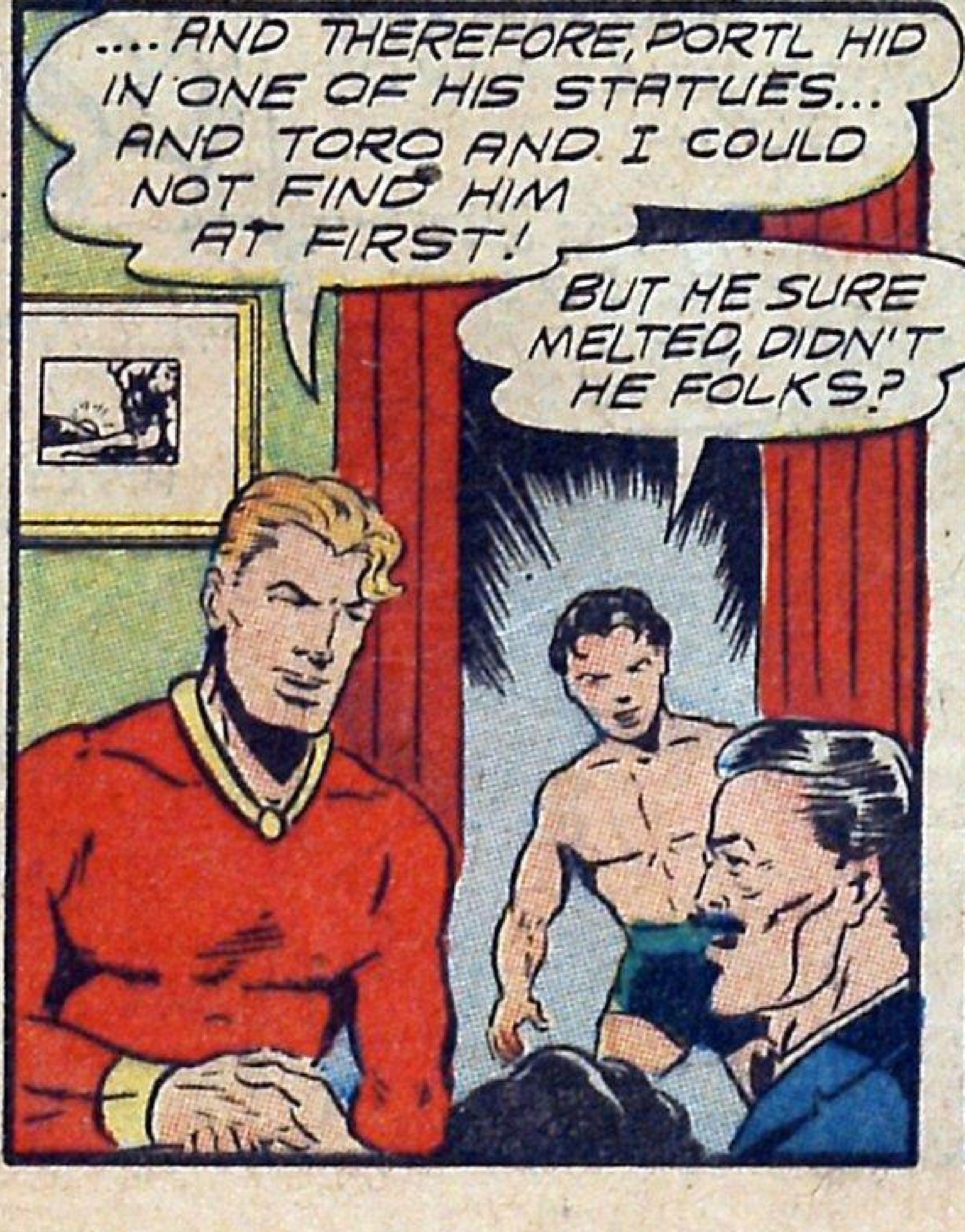

TORCH AND TORO BRING PORTL, THE MURDERER BEFORE THE WAITING POLICE...
PORTL'S YOUR MURDERER, HE'LL CONFESS NOW OR TORO AND I WILL BRING OUT A ROPE OF EVIDENCE THAT WILL CHOKE HIM TO DEATH!
I'LL CONFESS!
WHAT? THE PRINCE AND THE BUTLER ENTIRELY INNOCENT?


YES, I KILLED HER BECAUSE SHE FOUND OUT I WAS CONCEALING PLANS AND BLUEPRINTS OF THE MILITARY WEAPONS I WAS DESIGNING, I PUT THEM IN BUSTS AND STATUES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE FOR WHOM I DID SCULPTURE!


TORCH AND TORO, AFLAME PROVE THE POINT WITH THEIR "FIRE KNIVES".
HE WOULD THEN SHIP THEM TO ENEMY SPIES AND BECAUSE THEY'RE WORKS OF ART THE CRATES WOULD NOT BE SUSPECTED BY THE F.B.I.!
SEE? THE PLANS WERE HIDDEN IN THESE STATUES!


PRINCE VON SCHOLSSTIEN? HE'S JUST A RICH PATRON OF PORTL'S WHO WAS CONVINCED OF PORTL'S GENIUS, ENTIRELY INNOCENT!
SO, HE JUST GOT MAD AND TORE HIS CHECK OUT OF THE GIRL'S HAND WHEN SHE REFUSED TO SELL HIM A CERTAIN STATUE... BECAUSE SHE KNEW THAT STATUE HAD SECRET PLANS IN IT?


PORTL KNOCKED ME OUT WHEN I FOUND BLUEPRINTS IN AN UNFINISHED STATUE. HE WOULD HAVE KILLED ME TOO IF HE HAD THE TIME! WHEN MY FLAME MELTED THE WAX IMAGE OF HIMSELF... HE AGAIN LOST TIME FOR ESCAPING!


....AND THEREFORE, PORTL HID IN ONE OF HIS STATUES... AND TORO AND I COULD NOT FIND HIM AT FIRST!
BUT HE SURE MELTED, DIDN'T HE FOLKS?

TORCH GOES IN FOR CRIME DETECTION IN A **REAL** WAY, DOESN'T HE?

SO ENDS THE CASE OF THE **STATUES OF DOOM!**

MAYBE TORCH WILL GET INTO ANOTHER MURDER MYSTERY IN THE NEXT **MARVEL** COMICS!

P.S. -- HOW DID YOU LIKE **THIS** THRILLER?

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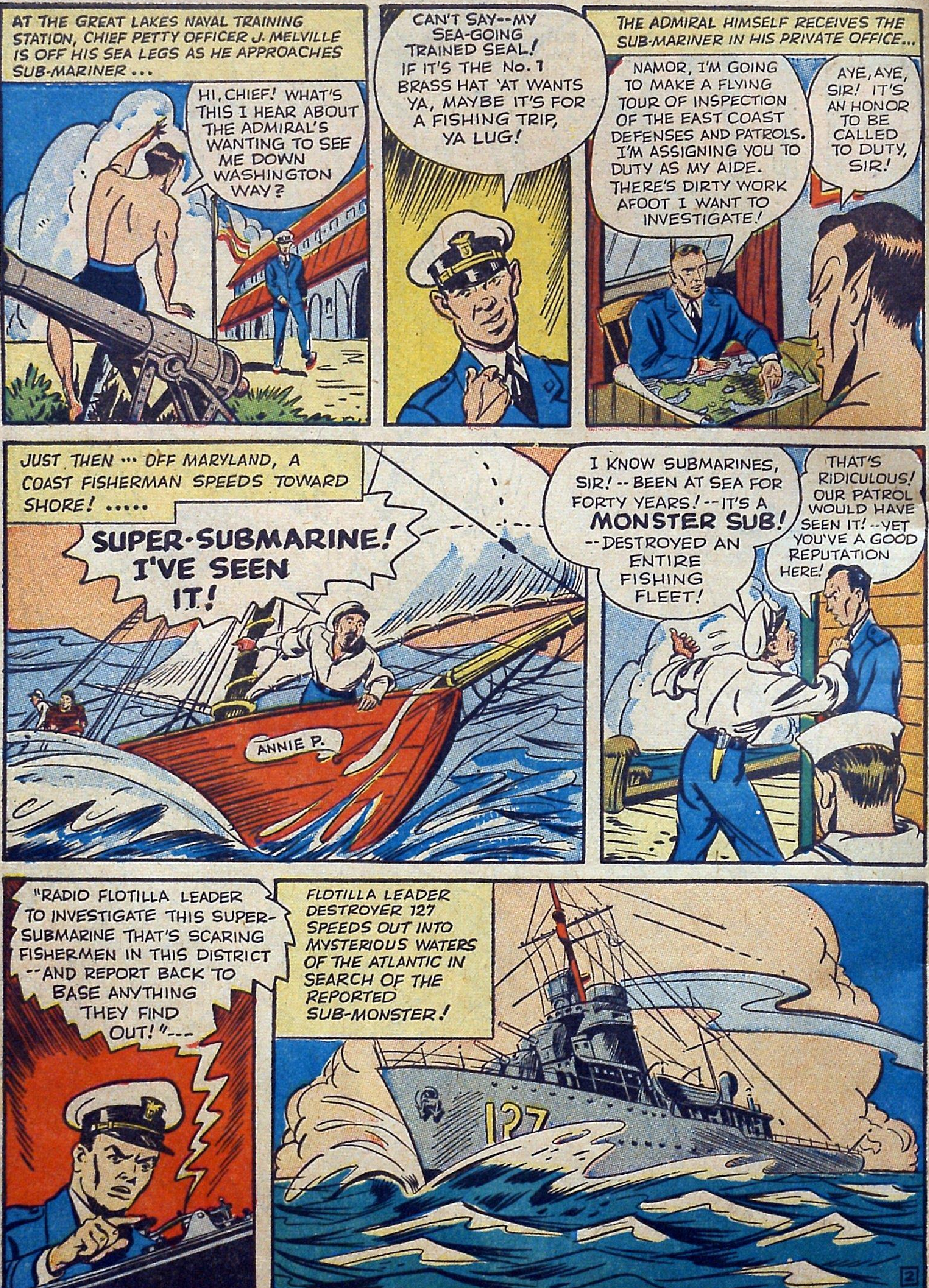
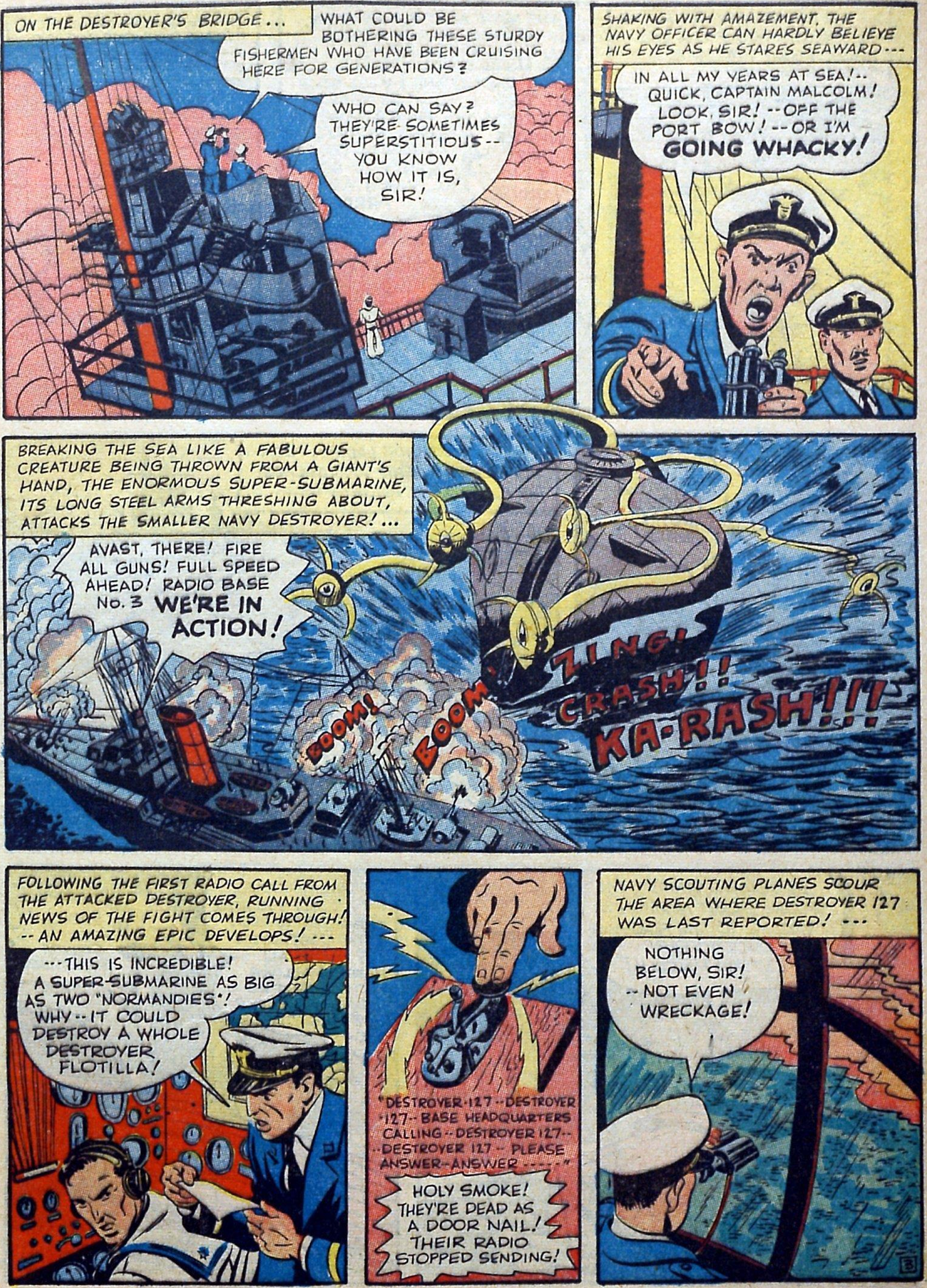
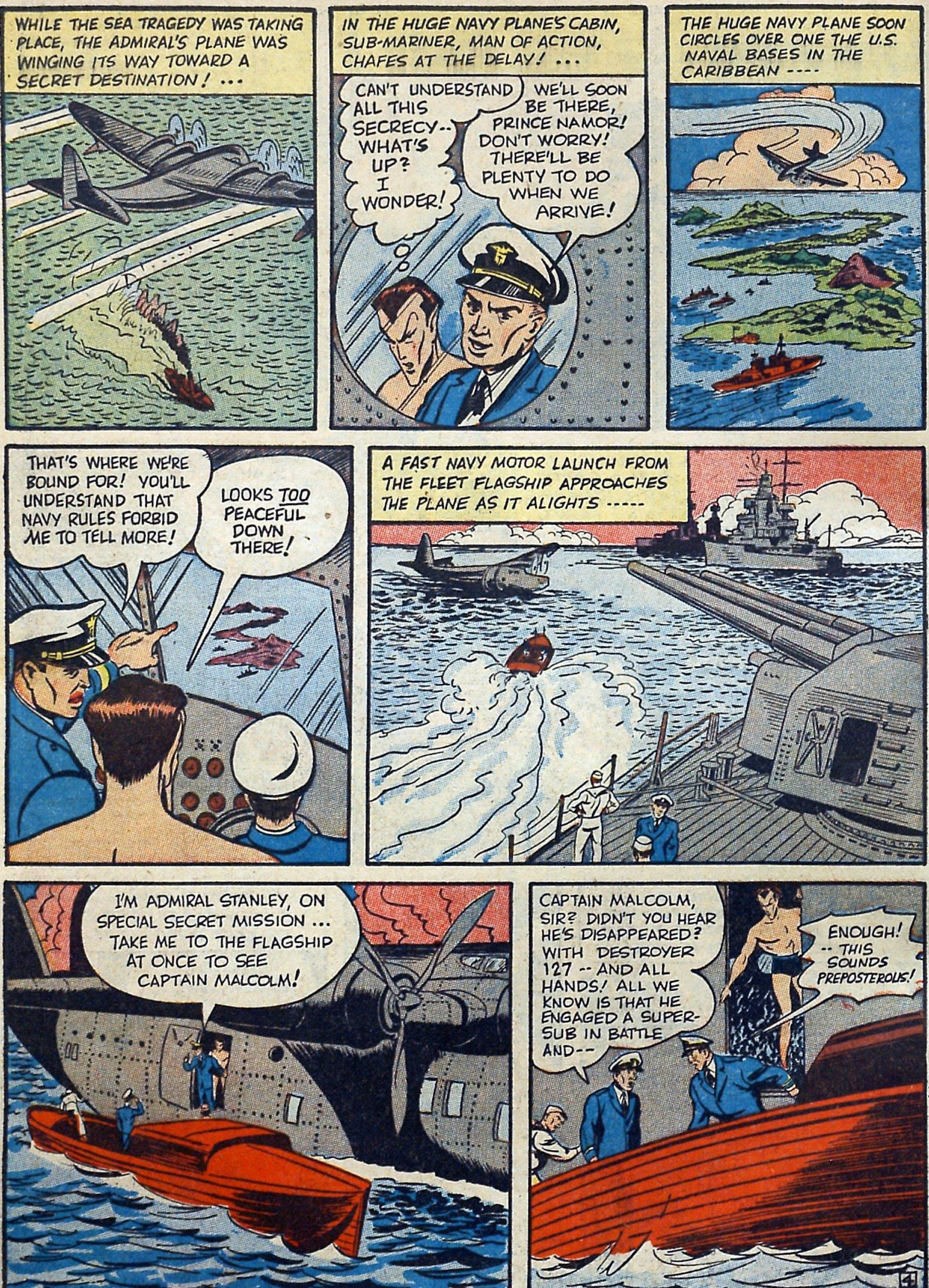
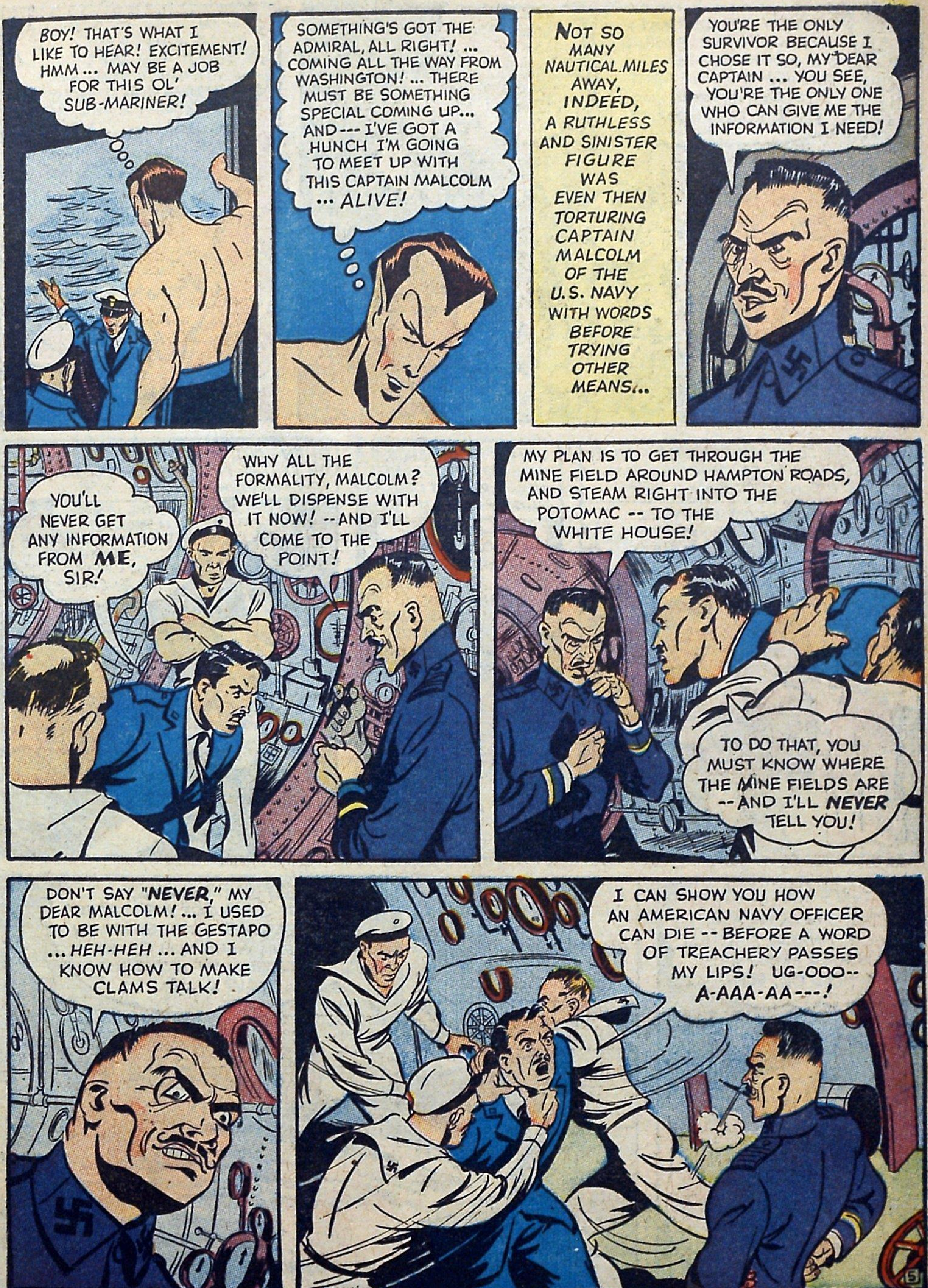
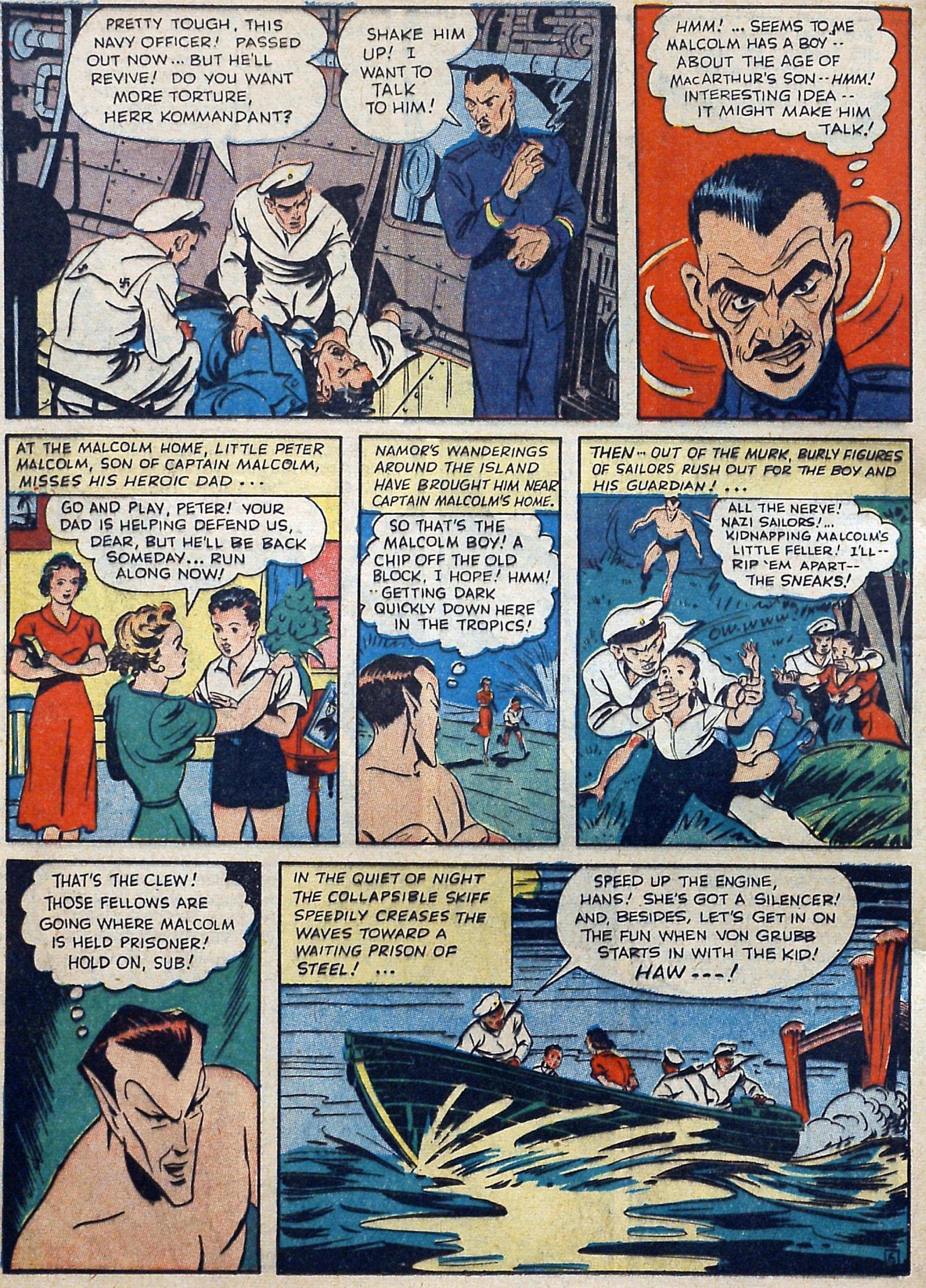
SUB-MARINER
FINGERS OF DEATH! JAGGED METAL HANDS GRIPPED SUB-MARINER IN THEIR MERCILESS CLUTCH AS HE FOUGHT OFF A TERRIFYING MAN-MADE SEA MONSTER!... THIS NEW AND AMAZING MENACE IN THE AMERICAN SEAS!
STORY BY ELVEY JAY

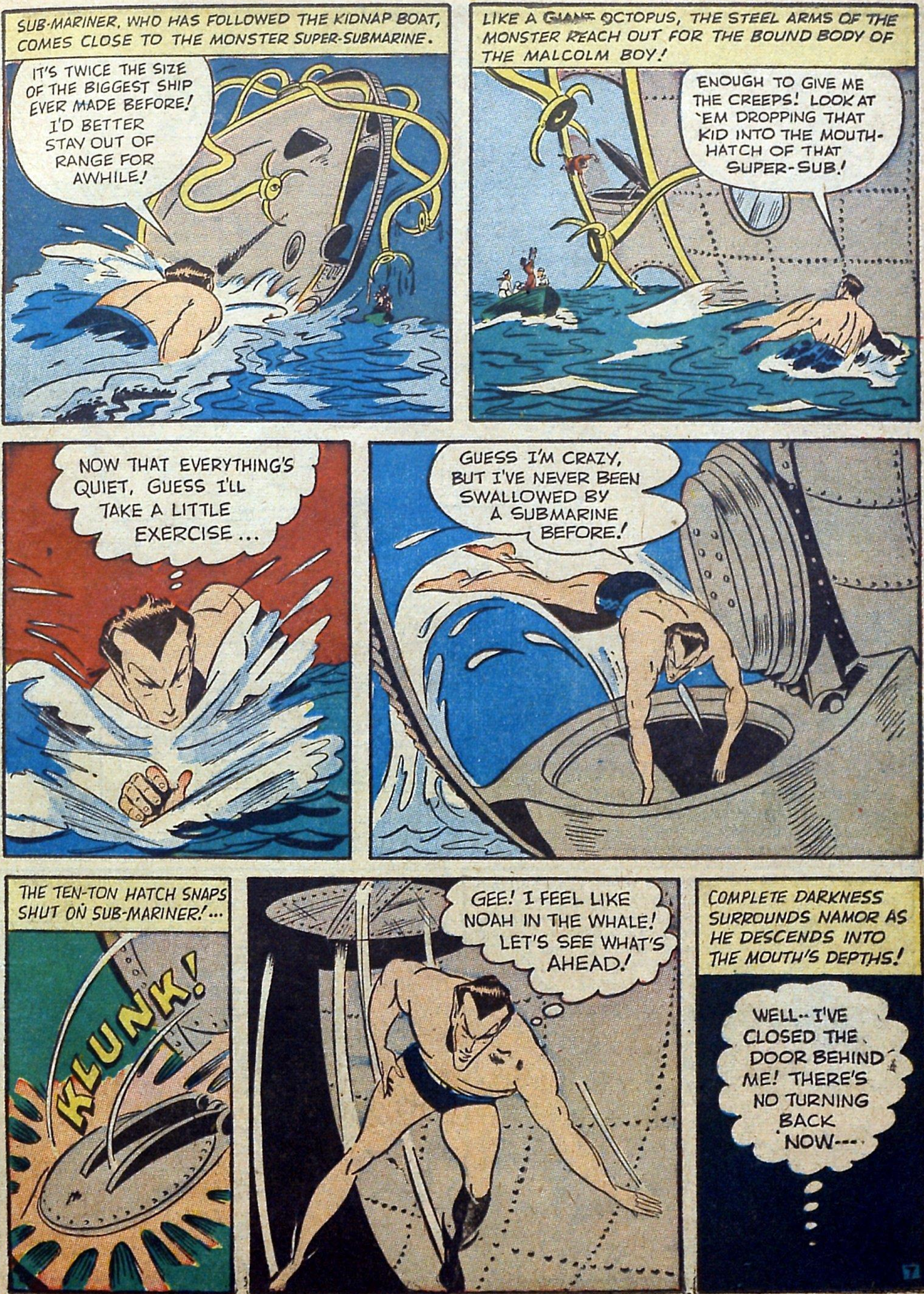

AT THE GREAT LAKES NAVAL TRAINING STATION, CHIEF PETTY OFFICER J. MELVILLE IS OFF HIS SEA LEGS AS HE APPROACHES SUB-MARINER ...
HI, CHIEF! WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT THE ADMIRAL'S WANTING TO SEE ME DOWN WASHINGTON WAY?
CAN'T SAY--MY SEA-GOING TRAINED SEAL! IF IT'S THE No. 1 BRASS HAT 'AT WANTS YA, MAYBE IT'S FOR A FISHING TRIP, YA LUG!
THE ADMIRAL HIMSELF RECEIVES THE SUB-MARINER IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE...
NAMOR, I'M GOING TO MAKE A FLYING TOUR OF INSPECTION OF THE EAST COAST DEFENSES AND PATROLS. I'M ASSIGNING YOU TO DUTY AS MY AIDE. THERE'S DIRTY WORK AFOOT I WANT TO INVESTIGATE!
AYE, AYE, SIR! IT'S AN HONOR TO BE CALLED TO DUTY, SIR!
JUST THEN ... OFF MARYLAND, A COAST FISHERMAN SPEEDS TOWARD SHORE! .....
SUPER-SUBMARINE! I'VE SEEN IT!
ANNIE P.
I KNOW SUBMARINES, SIR! --BEEN AT SEA FOR FORTY YEARS! --IT'S A MONSTER SUB! --DESTROYED AN ENTIRE FISHING FLEET!
THAT'S RIDICULOUS! OUR PATROL WOULD HAVE SEEN IT! --YET YOU'VE A GOOD REPUTATION HERE!
"RADIO FLOTILLA LEADER TO INVESTIGATE THIS SUPER-SUBMARINE THAT'S SCARING FISHERMEN IN THIS DISTRICT --AND REPORT BACK TO BASE ANYTHING THEY FIND OUT!"---
FLOTILLA LEADER DESTROYER 127 SPEEDS OUT INTO MYSTERIOUS WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC IN SEARCH OF THE REPORTED SUB-MONSTER!
127

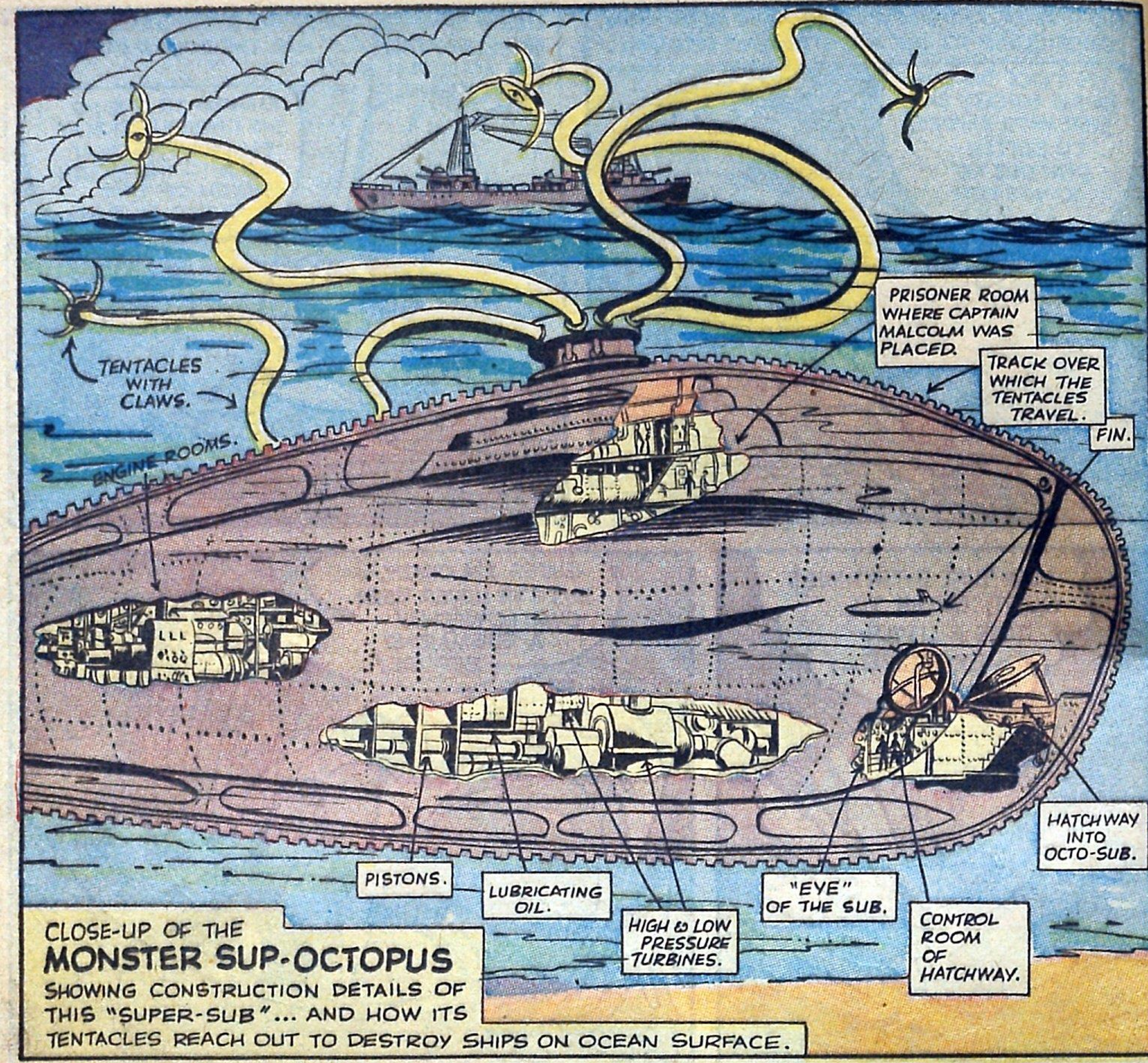

ON THE DESTROYER'S BRIDGE...
WHAT COULD BE BOTHERING THESE STURDY FISHERMEN WHO HAVE BEEN CRUISING HERE FOR GENERATIONS?
WHO CAN SAY? THEY'RE SOMETIMES SUPERSTITIOUS -- YOU KNOW HOW IT IS, SIR!
SHAKING WITH AMAZEMENT, THE NAVY OFFICER CAN HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EYES AS HE STARES SEAWARD---
IN ALL MY YEARS AT SEA! -- QUICK, CAPTAIN MALCOLM! LOOK, SIR! -- OFF THE PORT BOW! -- OR I'M GOING WHACKY!
BREAKING THE SEA LIKE A FABULOUS CREATURE BEING THROWN FROM A GIANT'S HAND, THE ENORMOUS SUPER-SUBMARINE, ITS LONG STEEL ARMS THRESHING ABOUT, ATTACKS THE SMALLER NAVY DESTROYER!...
AVAST, THERE! FIRE ALL GUNS! FULL SPEED AHEAD! RADIO BASE No. 3 WE'RE IN ACTION!
BOOM!
BOOM
ZING!
CRASH!!
KA-RASH!!!
FOLLOWING THE FIRST RADIO CALL FROM THE ATTACKED DESTROYER, RUNNING NEWS OF THE FIGHT COMES THROUGH! -- AN AMAZING EPIC DEVELOPS! ---
---THIS IS INCREDIBLE! A SUPER-SUBMARINE AS BIG AS TWO "NORMANDIES"! WHY -- IT COULD DESTROY A WHOLE DESTROYER FLOTILLA!
"DESTROYER 127 -- DESTROYER 127 -- BASE HEADQUARTERS CALLING -- DESTROYER 127 -- DESTROYER 127 -- PLEASE ANSWER -- ANSWER ----"
HOLY SMOKE! THEY'RE DEAD AS A DOOR NAIL! THEIR RADIO STOPPED SENDING!
NAVY SCOUTING PLANES SCOUR THE AREA WHERE DESTROYER 127 WAS LAST REPORTED! ---
NOTHING BELOW, SIR! -- NOT EVEN WRECKAGE!
3

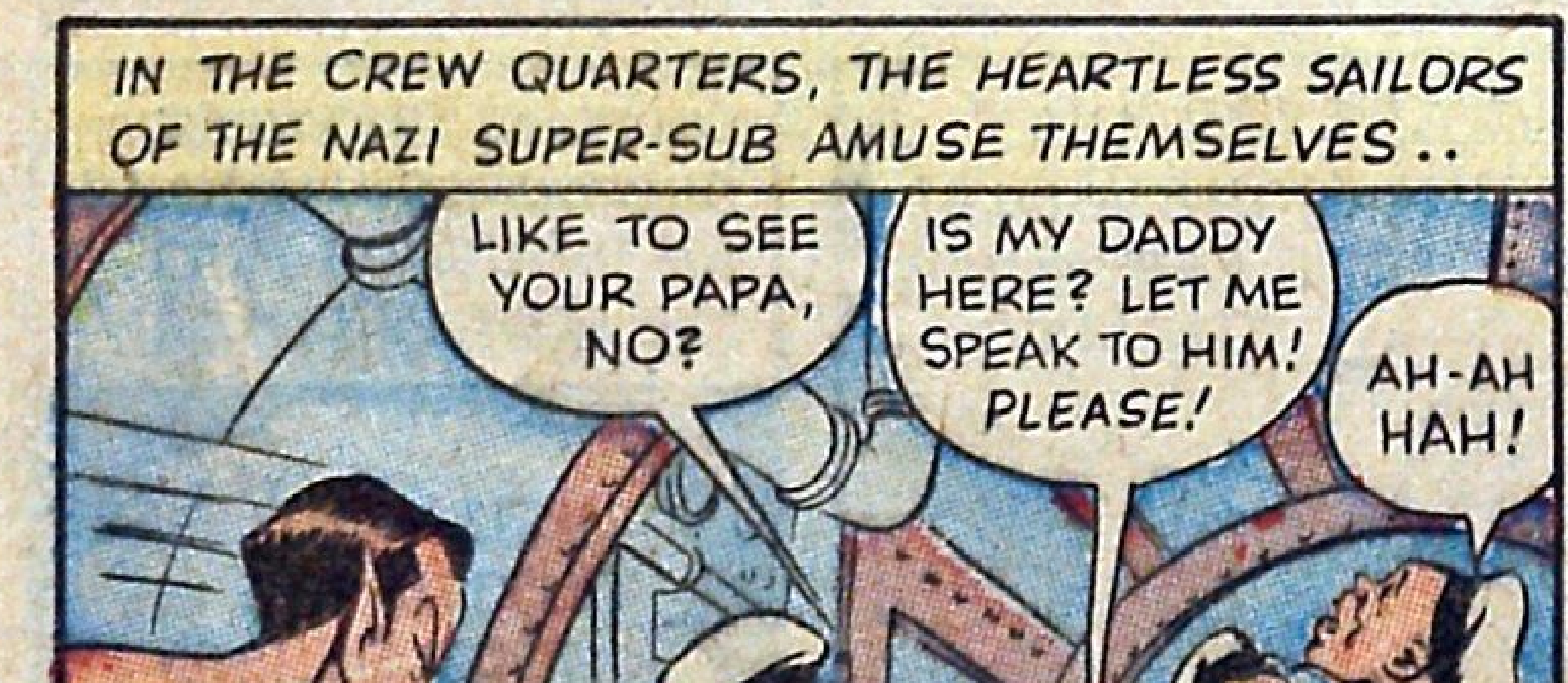

WHILE THE SEA TRAGEDY WAS TAKING PLACE, THE ADMIRAL'S PLANE WAS WINGING ITS WAY TOWARD A SECRET DESTINATION! ...
IN THE HUGE NAVY PLANE'S CABIN, SUB-MARINER, MAN OF ACTION, CHAFES AT THE DELAY! ...
CAN'T UNDERSTAND ALL THIS SECRECY-- WHAT'S UP? I WONDER!
WE'LL SOON BE THERE, PRINCE NAMOR! DON'T WORRY! THERE'LL BE PLENTY TO DO WHEN WE ARRIVE!
THE HUGE NAVY PLANE SOON CIRCLES OVER ONE THE U.S. NAVAL BASES IN THE CARIBBEAN ----
THAT'S WHERE WE'RE BOUND FOR! YOU'LL UNDERSTAND THAT NAVY RULES FORBID ME TO TELL MORE!
LOOKS TOO PEACEFUL DOWN THERE!
A FAST NAVY MOTOR LAUNCH FROM THE FLEET FLAGSHIP APPROACHES THE PLANE AS IT ALIGHTS -----
I'M ADMIRAL STANLEY, ON SPECIAL SECRET MISSION ... TAKE ME TO THE FLAGSHIP AT ONCE TO SEE CAPTAIN MALCOLM!
CAPTAIN MALCOLM, SIR? DIDN'T YOU HEAR HE'S DISAPPEARED? WITH DESTROYER 127 -- AND ALL HANDS! ALL WE KNOW IS THAT HE ENGAGED A SUPER-SUB IN BATTLE AND--
ENOUGH! -- THIS SOUNDS PREPOSTEROUS!

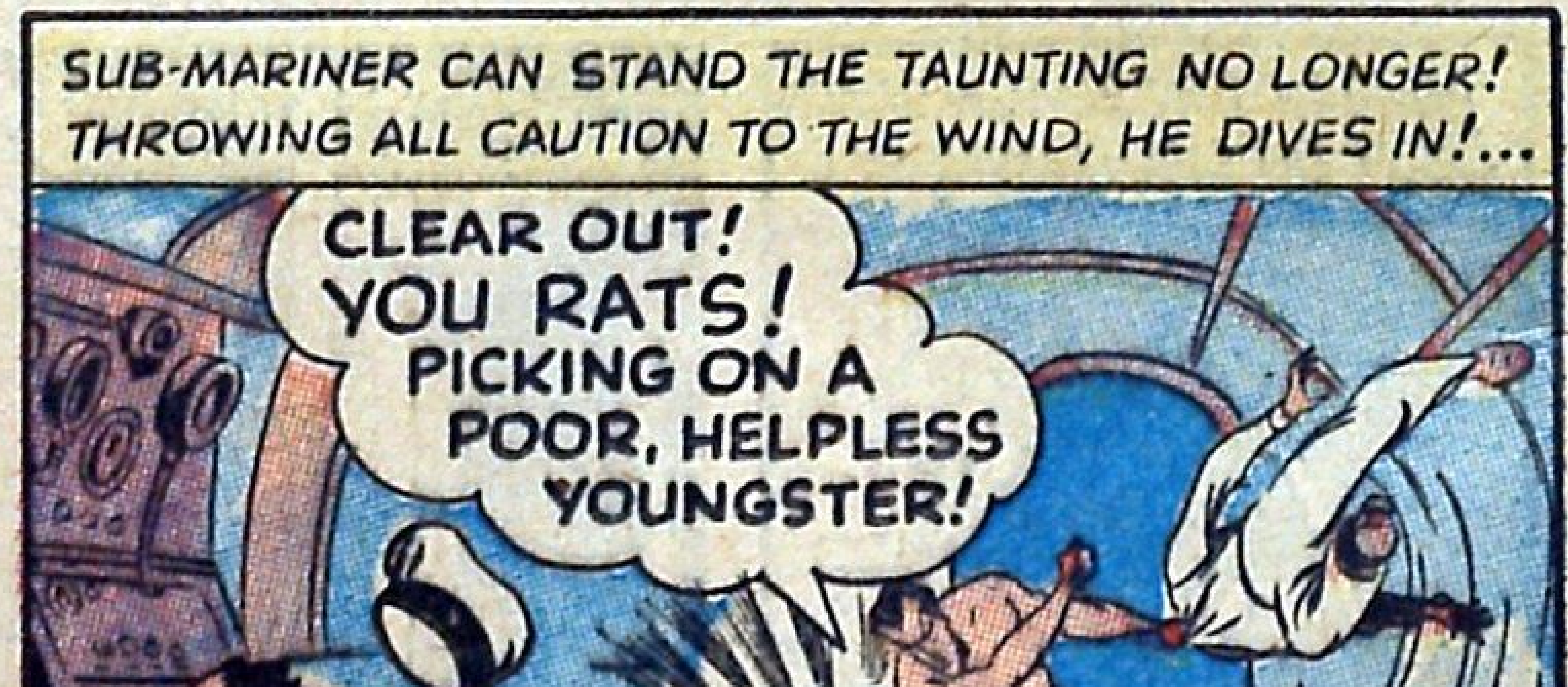

BOY! THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR! EXCITEMENT! HMM ... MAY BE A JOB FOR THIS OL' SUB-MARINER!
SOMETHING'S GOT THE ADMIRAL, ALL RIGHT! ... COMING ALL THE WAY FROM WASHINGTON! ... THERE MUST BE SOMETHING SPECIAL COMING UP... AND--- I'VE GOT A HUNCH I'M GOING TO MEET UP WITH THIS CAPTAIN MALCOLM ... *ALIVE!*
NOT SO MANY NAUTICAL MILES AWAY, INDEED, A RUTHLESS AND SINISTER FIGURE WAS EVEN THEN TORTURING CAPTAIN MALCOLM OF THE U.S. NAVY WITH WORDS BEFORE TRYING OTHER MEANS...
YOU'RE THE ONLY SURVIVOR BECAUSE I CHOSE IT SO, MY DEAR CAPTAIN ... YOU SEE, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN GIVE ME THE INFORMATION I NEED!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ANY INFORMATION FROM **ME**, SIR!
WHY ALL THE FORMALITY, MALCOLM? WE'LL DISPENSE WITH IT NOW! --AND I'LL COME TO THE POINT!
MY PLAN IS TO GET THROUGH THE MINE FIELD AROUND HAMPTON ROADS, AND STEAM RIGHT INTO THE POTOMAC -- TO THE WHITE HOUSE!
TO DO THAT, YOU MUST KNOW WHERE THE MINE FIELDS ARE --AND I'LL ***NEVER*** TELL YOU!
DON'T SAY "**NEVER**," MY DEAR MALCOLM! ... I USED TO BE WITH THE GESTAPO ... *HEH-HEH* ... AND I KNOW HOW TO MAKE CLAMS TALK!
I CAN SHOW YOU HOW AN AMERICAN NAVY OFFICER CAN DIE -- BEFORE A WORD OF TREACHERY PASSES MY LIPS! UG-ODO-- A-AAA-AA---!
5

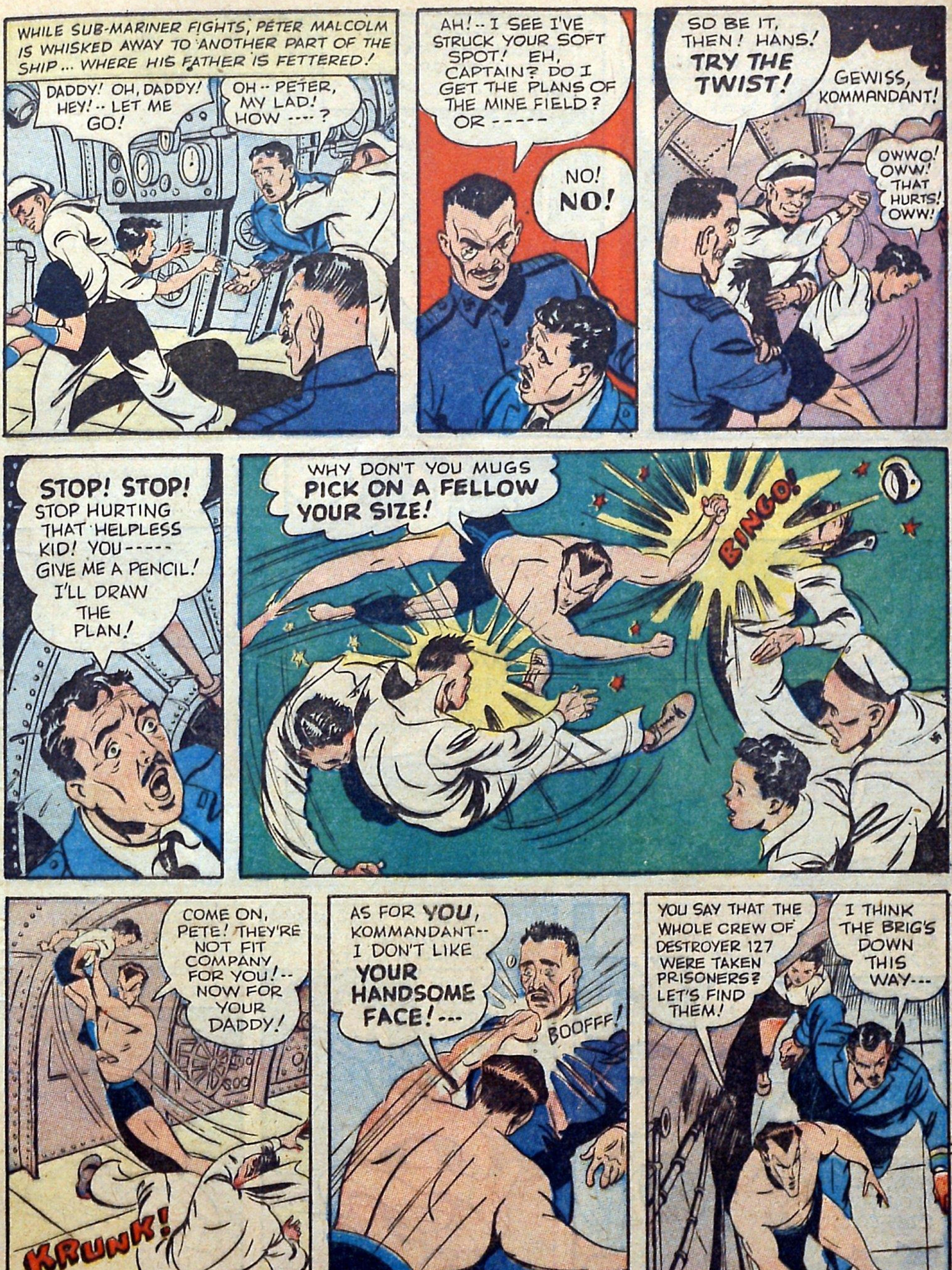

PRETTY TOUGH, THIS NAVY OFFICER! PASSED OUT NOW... BUT HE'LL REVIVE! DO YOU WANT MORE TORTURE, HERR KOMMANDANT?
SHAKE HIM UP! I WANT TO TALK TO HIM!
HMM! ... SEEMS TO ME MALCOLM HAS A BOY -- ABOUT THE AGE OF MacARTHUR'S SON -- HMM! INTERESTING IDEA -- IT MIGHT MAKE HIM TALK!
AT THE MALCOLM HOME, LITTLE PETER MALCOLM, SON OF CAPTAIN MALCOLM, MISSES HIS HEROIC DAD ...
GO AND PLAY, PETER! YOUR DAD IS HELPING DEFEND US, DEAR, BUT HE'LL BE BACK SOMEDAY... RUN ALONG NOW!
NAMOR'S WANDERINGS AROUND THE ISLAND HAVE BROUGHT HIM NEAR CAPTAIN MALCOLM'S HOME.
SO THAT'S THE MALCOLM BOY! A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK, I HOPE! HMM! .. GETTING DARK QUICKLY DOWN HERE IN THE TROPICS!
THEN... OUT OF THE MURK, BURLY FIGURES OF SAILORS RUSH OUT FOR THE BOY AND HIS GUARDIAN! ...
ALL THE NERVE! NAZI SAILORS!... KIDNAPPING MALCOLM'S LITTLE FELLER! I'LL -- RIP 'EM APART -- THE SNEAKS!
OW-WWW!
THAT'S THE CLEW! THOSE FELLOWS ARE GOING WHERE MALCOLM IS HELD PRISONER! HOLD ON, SUB!
IN THE QUIET OF NIGHT THE COLLAPSIBLE SKIFF SPEEDILY CREASES THE WAVES TOWARD A WAITING PRISON OF STEEL! ...
SPEED UP THE ENGINE, HANS! SHE'S GOT A SILENCER! AND, BESIDES, LET'S GET IN ON THE FUN WHEN VON GRUBB STARTS IN WITH THE KID! HAW ---!
3

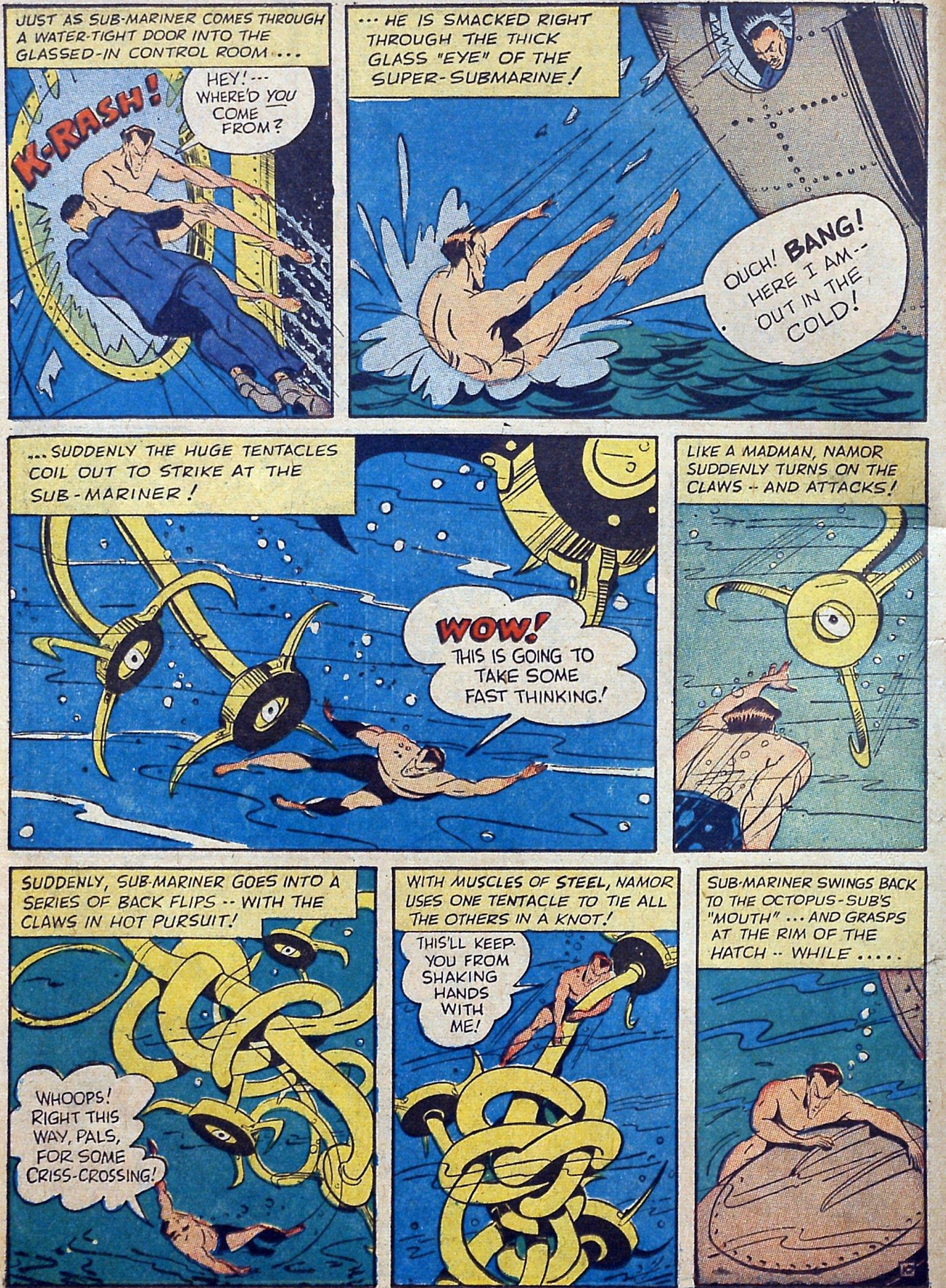

SUB-MARINER, WHO HAS FOLLOWED THE KIDNAP BOAT, COMES CLOSE TO THE MONSTER SUPER-SUBMARINE.
IT'S TWICE THE SIZE OF THE BIGGEST SHIP EVER MADE BEFORE! I'D BETTER STAY OUT OF RANGE FOR AWHILE!
LIKE A GIANT OCTOPUS, THE STEEL ARMS OF THE MONSTER REACH OUT FOR THE BOUND BODY OF THE MALCOLM BOY!
ENOUGH TO GIVE ME THE CREEPS! LOOK AT 'EM DROPPING THAT KID INTO THE MOUTH-HATCH OF THAT SUPER-SUB!
NOW THAT EVERYTHING'S QUIET, GUESS I'LL TAKE A LITTLE EXERCISE...
GUESS I'M CRAZY, BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN SWALLOWED BY A SUBMARINE BEFORE!
THE TEN-TON HATCH SNAPS SHUT ON SUB-MARINER!...
KLUNK!
GEE! I FEEL LIKE NOAH IN THE WHALE! LET'S SEE WHAT'S AHEAD!
COMPLETE DARKNESS SURROUNDS NAMOR AS HE DESCENDS INTO THE MOUTH'S DEPTHS!
WELL-- I'VE CLOSED THE DOOR BEHIND ME! THERE'S NO TURNING BACK NOW---
7


PRISONER ROOM WHERE CAPTAIN MALCOLM WAS PLACED.
TRACK OVER WHICH THE TENTACLES TRAVEL.
FIN.
TENTACLES WITH CLAWS.
ENGINE ROOMS.
HATCHWAY INTO OCTO-SUB.
PISTONS.
LUBRICATING OIL.
HIGH & LOW PRESSURE TURBINES.
"EYE" OF THE SUB.
CONTROL ROOM OF HATCHWAY.
CLOSE-UP OF THE MONSTER SUP-OCTOPUS SHOWING CONSTRUCTION DETAILS OF THIS "SUPER-SUB"... AND HOW ITS TENTACLES REACH OUT TO DESTROY SHIPS ON OCEAN SURFACE.


IN THE CREW QUARTERS, THE HEARTLESS SAILORS OF THE NAZI SUPER-SUB AMUSE THEMSELVES..
LIKE TO SEE YOUR PAPA, NO?
IS MY DADDY HERE? LET ME SPEAK TO HIM! PLEASE!
AH-AH HAH!

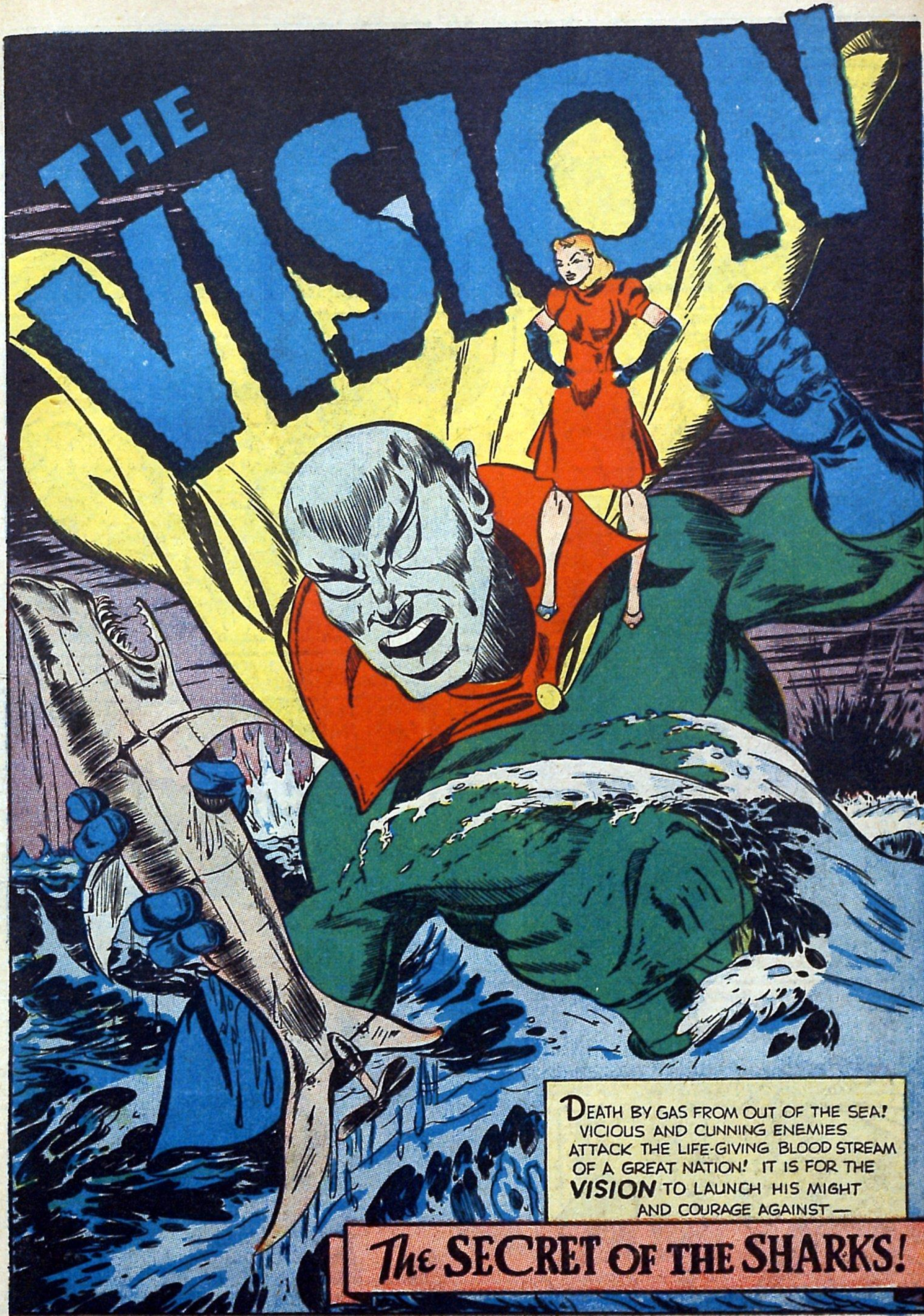

SUB-MARINER CAN STAND THE TAUNTING NO LONGER! THROWING ALL CAUTION TO THE WIND, HE DIVES IN!...
CLEAR OUT! YOU RATS! PICKING ON A POOR, HELPLESS YOUNGSTER!
8


WHILE SUB-MARINER FIGHTS, PETER MALCOLM IS WHISKED AWAY TO ANOTHER PART OF THE SHIP... WHERE HIS FATHER IS FETTERED!
DADDY! OH, DADDY! HEY!-- LET ME GO!
OH -- PETER, MY LAD! HOW ---- ?
AH!-- I SEE I'VE STRUCK YOUR SOFT SPOT! EH, CAPTAIN? DO I GET THE PLANS OF THE MINE FIELD? OR -----
NO! NO!
SO BE IT, THEN! HANS! TRY THE TWIST!
GEWISS, KOMMANDANT!
OWWO! OWW! THAT HURTS! OWW!
STOP! STOP! STOP HURTING THAT HELPLESS KID! YOU----- GIVE ME A PENCIL! I'LL DRAW THE PLAN!
WHY DON'T YOU MUGS PICK ON A FELLOW YOUR SIZE!
BINGO!
COME ON, PETE! THEY'RE NOT FIT COMPANY FOR YOU!-- NOW FOR YOUR DADDY!
KRUNK!
AS FOR YOU, KOMMANDANT-- I DON'T LIKE YOUR HANDSOME FACE!---
BOOFFF!
YOU SAY THAT THE WHOLE CREW OF DESTROYER 127 WERE TAKEN PRISONERS? LET'S FIND THEM!
I THINK THE BRIG'S DOWN THIS WAY---
9

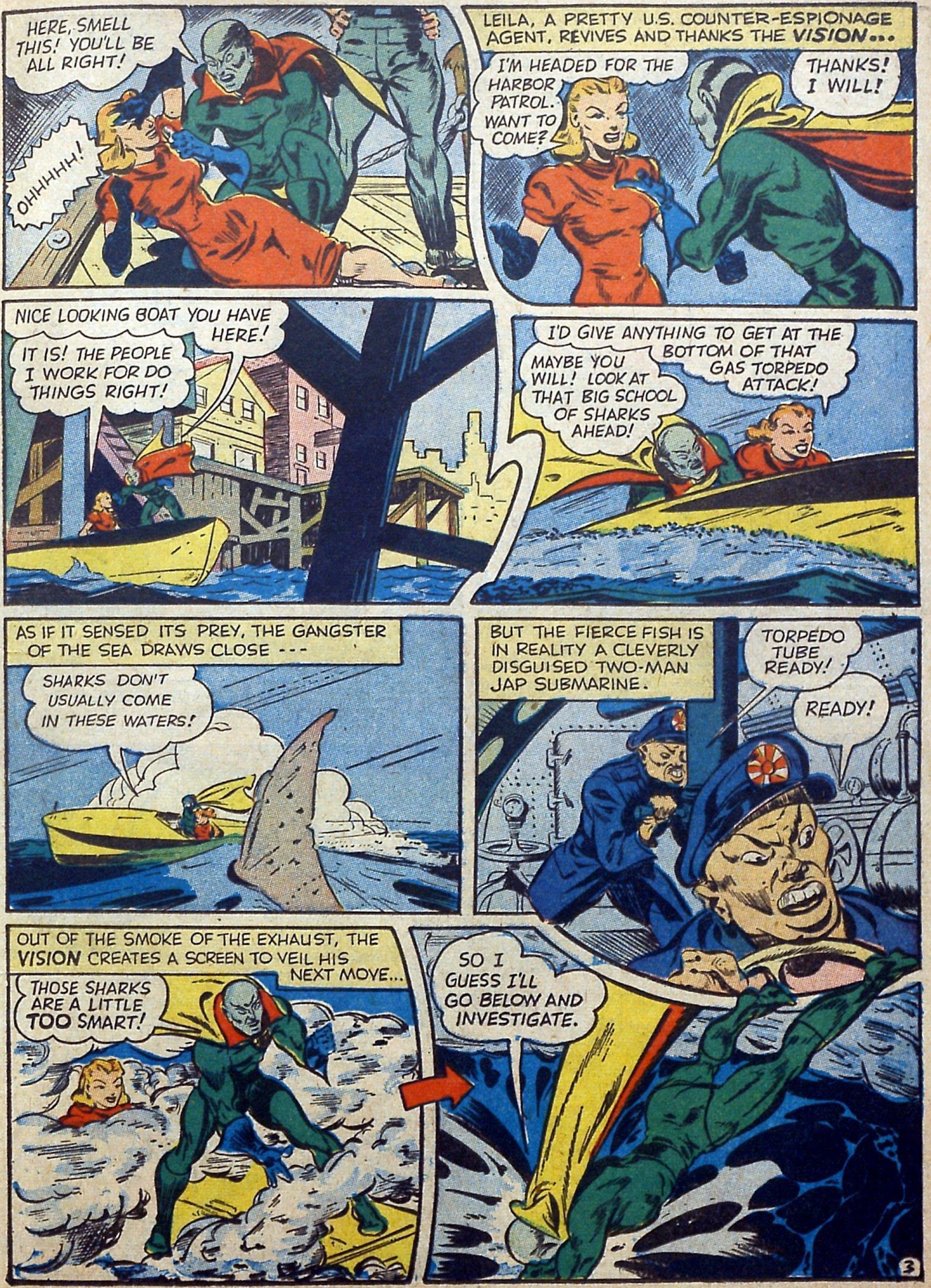

JUST AS SUB-MARINER COMES THROUGH A WATER-TIGHT DOOR INTO THE GLASSED-IN CONTROL ROOM ...
K-RASH!
HEY! --- WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?
... HE IS SMACKED RIGHT THROUGH THE THICK GLASS "EYE" OF THE SUPER-SUBMARINE!
OUCH! BANG! HERE I AM -- OUT IN THE COLD!
... SUDDENLY THE HUGE TENTACLES COIL OUT TO STRIKE AT THE SUB-MARINER!
WOW! THIS IS GOING TO TAKE SOME FAST THINKING!
LIKE A MADMAN, NAMOR SUDDENLY TURNS ON THE CLAWS -- AND ATTACKS!
SUDDENLY, SUB-MARINER GOES INTO A SERIES OF BACK FLIPS -- WITH THE CLAWS IN HOT PURSUIT!
WHOOPS! RIGHT THIS WAY, PALS, FOR SOME CRISS-CROSSING!
WITH MUSCLES OF STEEL, NAMOR USES ONE TENTACLE TO TIE ALL THE OTHERS IN A KNOT!
THIS'LL KEEP YOU FROM SHAKING HANDS WITH ME!
SUB-MARINER SWINGS BACK TO THE OCTOPUS-SUB'S "MOUTH" ... AND GRASPS AT THE RIM OF THE HATCH -- WHILE .....
13

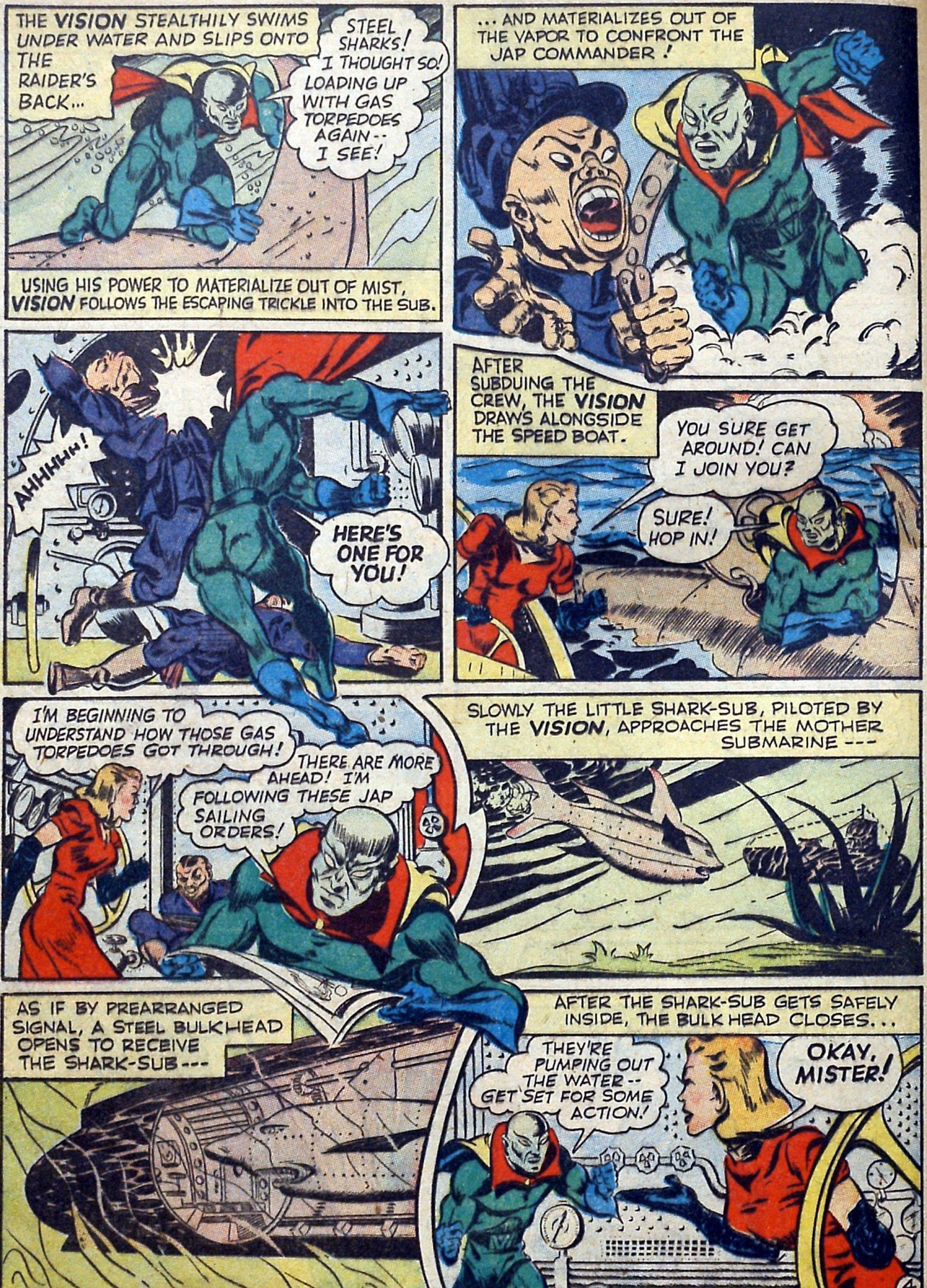
INSIDE THE OCTOPUS-SUB, THE RESOURCEFUL VON GRUBB PLANS TO GIVE SUB-MARINER A SURPRISE...
I'M NOT LICKED YET! I'LL TRAP THAT FISH IN THE WATER COMPARTMENT OF THE HATCHWAY! STAND BY TO FLOOD THE HATCH TOWER!
SUDDENLY...
RELEASE THE HATCH LOCK!
SUB-MARINER SEES THE HATCH OPEN ... HE DIVES INTO THE HATCHWAY! ...
... JUST AS IT SNAPS TIGHT LIKE THE MOUTH OF A GIANT TURTLE! ...
KRUNK!
BUT THE SUB-MARINER IS NO ORDINARY PRISONER TO SURPRISE IN SUCH A SPOT!
OPEN UP, OR I'LL RIP THIS DOOR OFF -- AND YOU'LL DROWN LIKE RATS!
WHAT'S THAT? -- SURRENDER OR YOU'LL DIE!
SUB-MARINER TEARS HIS WAY INTO THE SUB-OCTOPUS, THUS RELEASING ALL THE WATER IN THE LOCK SECTION!
FOOLS! YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU WERE IN FOR A BATH -- AND A BATTLE!
IT'S YOU I WANT, VON GRUBB!
TO THE ENGINE ROOM -- OR WE DROWN -- CLOSE ALL WATERTIGHT COMPARTMENTS!

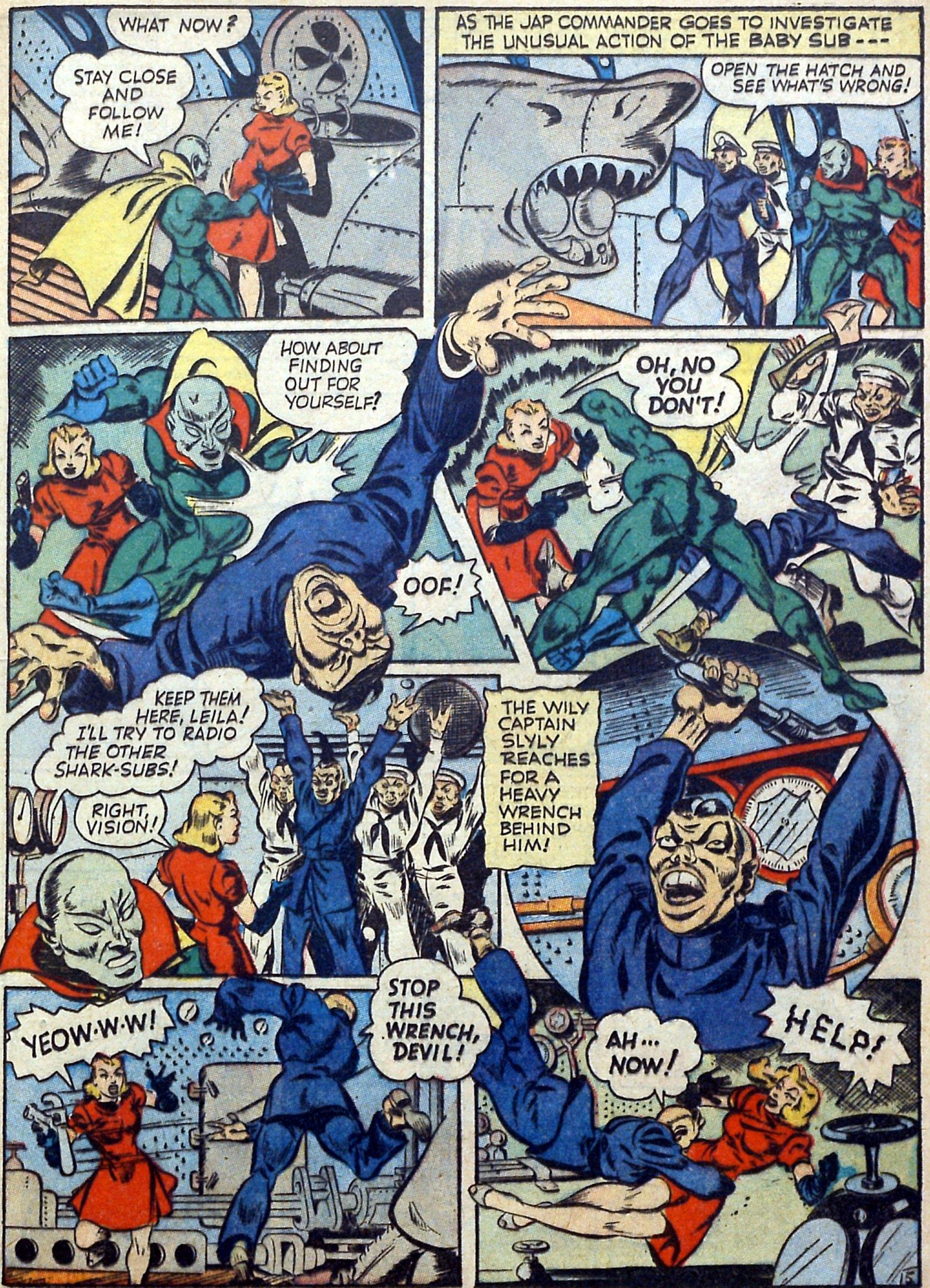
MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN MALCOLM HAS RELEASED THE IMPRISONED BLUEJACKETS WHO ARE ITCHING FOR ACTION!
BUT WHERE'S SUB-MARINER? GEE! HE'S A SWELL FELLOW!
DON'T KNOW-- BUT HERE COMES VON GRUBB! I'VE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH HIM!
THE REMNANTS OF THE NAZI CREW ARE CAUGHT BY THE BATTLING BLUEJACKETS!
LET ME ROCK YOU TO SLEEP IN THE DEEP!
COME ON, HANSIE! FIGHT!
MERCY! PLEASE!
KAMERAD!
CAPTAIN MALCOLM CAN NAVIGATE THIS CRAFT! I'VE GOT SOME SPECIAL BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO FOR LITTLE PETER!
UNEXPECTEDLY, A VISITOR SHOWS UP AT THE MALCOLM HOME! ...
I'M THE SUB-MARINER, MRS. MALCOLM ... I'M BRINGING NEWS THAT YOUR HUSBAND AND SON ARE SAFE!
SAFE! OH, THAT'S WONDERFUL!
CAPTAIN MALCOLM TAKES THE HELM OF THE SUB-OCTOPUS...
THIS'LL BE AN INTERESTING CRAFT FOR OUR NAVAL EXPERTS TO LOOK OVER, PETER!
CAN'T I STEER THE SHIP, DAD?
SKILFULLY, CAPTAIN MALCOLM NAVIGATES THE ENEMY SUB INTO A U.S. NAVY HARBOR ...
I'M WORRIED ABOUT THOSE MINES! ... STILL, I KNOW THE INLET WELL!
WOW! I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE BASE! I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT THE ADMIRAL!
AS CAPTAIN MALCOLM TURNS THE SUB-OCTOPUS OVER TO THE ADMIRAL, TOGETHER WITH THE PRISONER CREW...
I'M PROUD OF YOU, CAPTAIN MALCOLM ... YOU UPHOLD OUR PROUDEST TRADITIONS!
HE SAVED MY DADDY AND ME!
THANK THE SUB-MARINER, TOO!
AS FOR YOU, SUB-MARINER, IT SEEMS YOU ARE A.W.O.L.! COME ON! WE'VE STILL GOT A JOB TO DO!
YES!
THE SUB-MARINER IS IN FOR A CASE OF INSUBORDINATION! --IF THE ADMIRAL INSISTS!
BUT SUCH A GOOD FELLOW SHOULD BE ON THE LOOSE FOR MORE ADVENTURES IN EVERY ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!
12

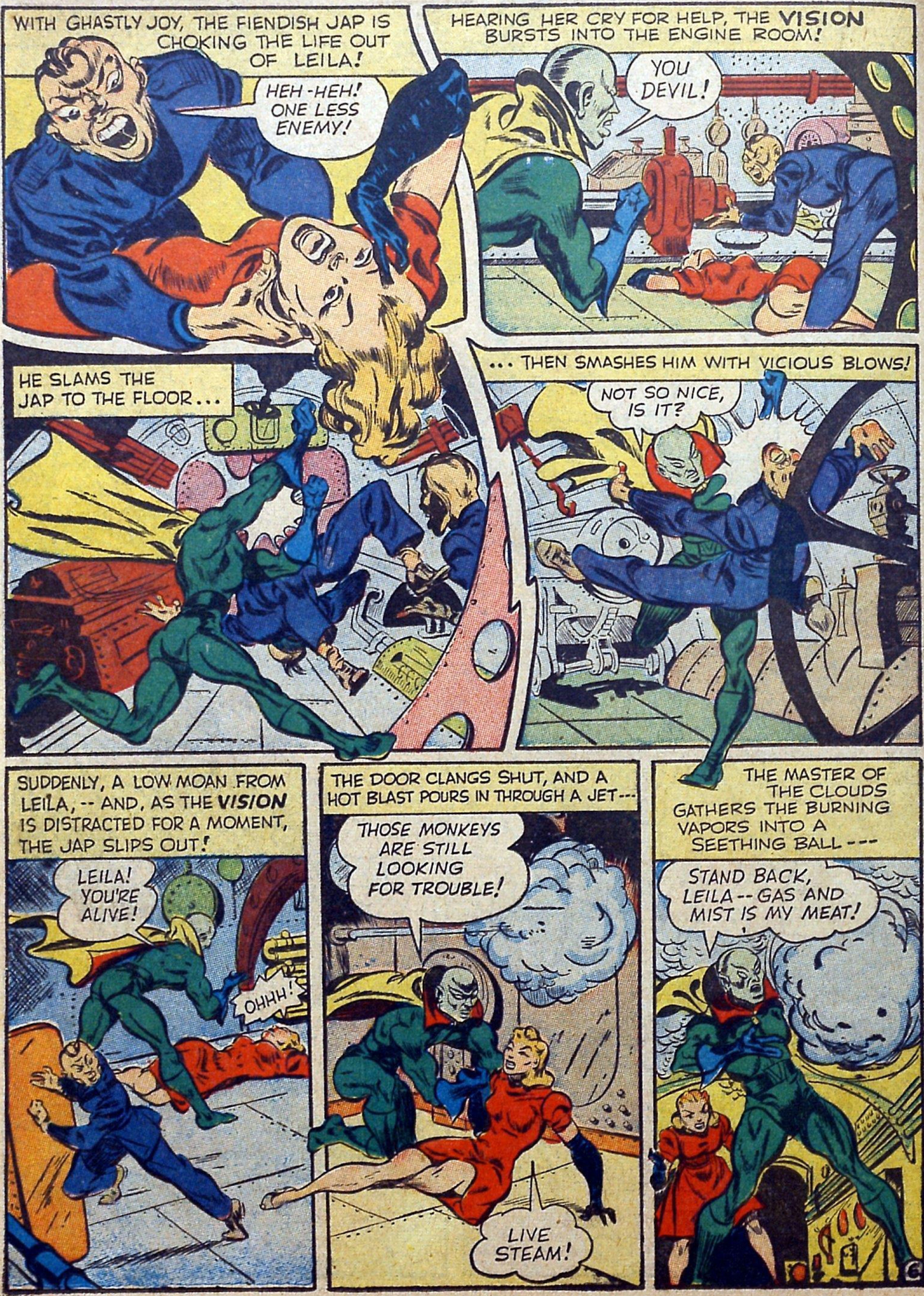

THE VISION
DEATH BY GAS FROM OUT OF THE SEA! VICIOUS AND CUNNING ENEMIES ATTACK THE LIFE-GIVING BLOOD STREAM OF A GREAT NATION! IT IS FOR THE **VISION** TO LAUNCH HIS MIGHT AND COURAGE AGAINST —
The SECRET OF THE SHARKS!

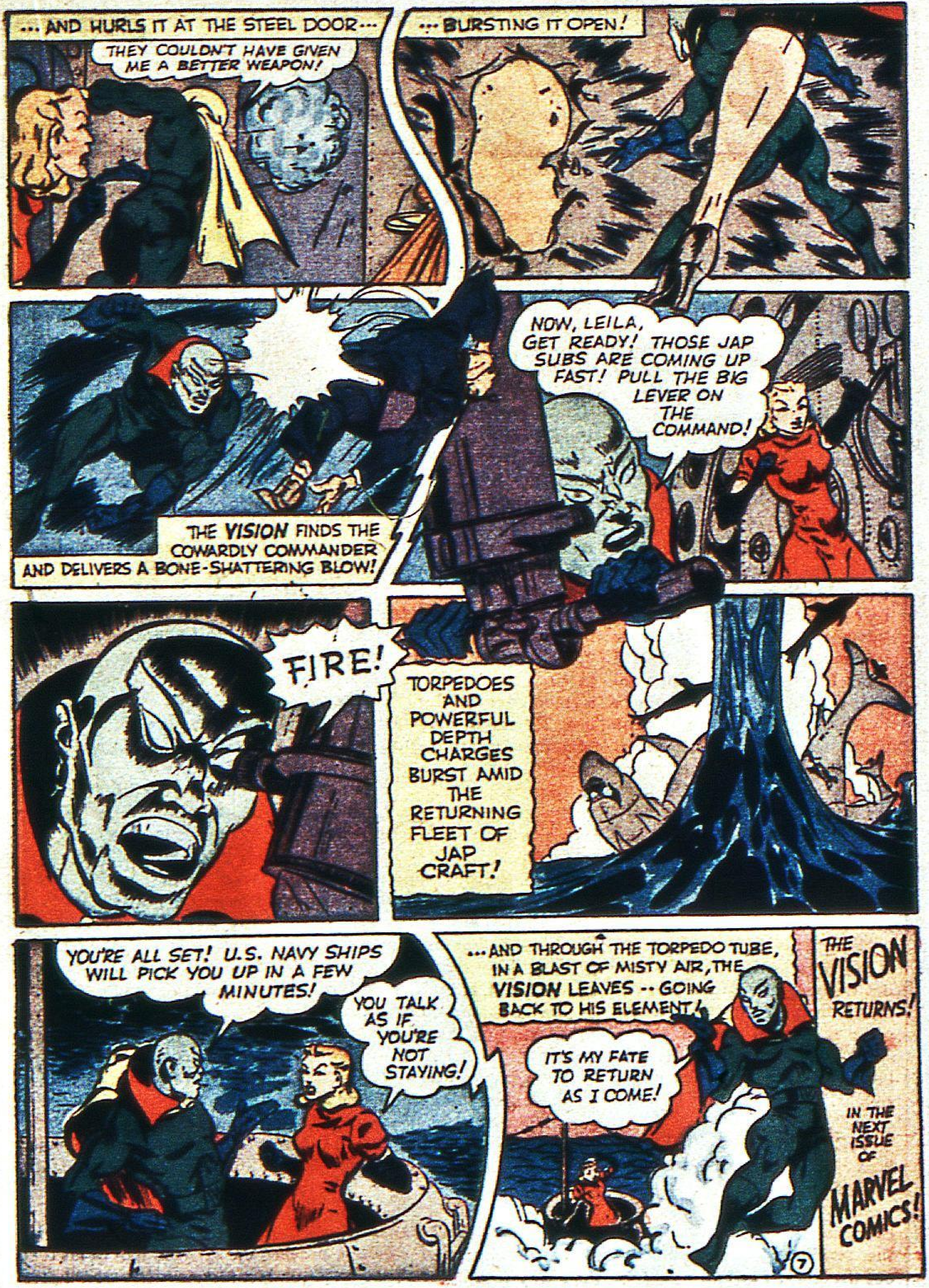
KILLER SHARKS CUT THROUGH THE WAVES NEAR THE ENTRANCE OF THE BUSY PORT OF SANTA CRUZ...
DEADLY TORPEDOES SPEED OUT OF THE UGLY "SHARK" SNOUTS TOWARD LOADING U.S. FREIGHTERS.
THEY SMASH INTO UNSUSPECTING SHIPSIDES WITH DULL THUDS... SOMETHING BESIDES MERE EXPLOSIVES!
BOOM!
BOOM!
KA-A-A-A-R! GAS!
MY THROAT! AIR! AIR! GASP...
CAUTION
IN THE WHIRLING SMOKE AND FUMES, SUDDENLY APPEARS A STATELY FIGURE --- THE VISION!
ANOTHER PEARL HARBOR! JUST AS COWARDLY AN ATTACK!
CREATING A HEAVY, HARMLESS MIST, HE FORCES THE HEAVY, POISONOUS GAS TO THE GROUND...
WHEW! IF THAT HAD LASTED ANOTHER SECOND I'D BE PUSHIN' UP DAISIES!
HEY! GET A DOCTOR! THIS DAME'S OUT COLD!
2
THE VISION, MASTER OF FOG AND FUMES, RUSHES TO THE VICTIM...


HERE, SMELL THIS! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
OHHHHH!
LEILA, A PRETTY U.S. COUNTER-ESPIONAGE AGENT, REVIVES AND THANKS THE VISION...
I'M HEADED FOR THE HARBOR PATROL. WANT TO COME?
THANKS! I WILL!
NICE LOOKING BOAT YOU HAVE HERE!
IT IS! THE PEOPLE I WORK FOR DO THINGS RIGHT!
I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO GET AT THE BOTTOM OF THAT GAS TORPEDO ATTACK!
MAYBE YOU WILL! LOOK AT THAT BIG SCHOOL OF SHARKS AHEAD!
AS IF IT SENSED ITS PREY, THE GANGSTER OF THE SEA DRAWS CLOSE ---
SHARKS DON'T USUALLY COME IN THESE WATERS!
BUT THE FIERCE FISH IS IN REALITY A CLEVERLY DISGUISED TWO-MAN JAP SUBMARINE.
TORPEDO TUBE READY!
READY!
OUT OF THE SMOKE OF THE EXHAUST, THE VISION CREATES A SCREEN TO VEIL HIS NEXT MOVE...
THOSE SHARKS ARE A LITTLE TOO SMART!
SO I GUESS I'LL GO BELOW AND INVESTIGATE.


THE VISION STEALTHILY SWIMS UNDER WATER AND SLIPS ONTO THE RAIDER'S BACK...
STEEL SHARKS! I THOUGHT SO! LOADING UP WITH GAS TORPEDOES AGAIN -- I SEE!
USING HIS POWER TO MATERIALIZE OUT OF MIST, VISION FOLLOWS THE ESCAPING TRICKLE INTO THE SUB.
... AND MATERIALIZES OUT OF THE VAPOR TO CONFRONT THE JAP COMMANDER !
AHHHHH!
HERE'S ONE FOR YOU!
AFTER SUBDUING THE CREW, THE VISION DRAWS ALONGSIDE THE SPEED BOAT.
YOU SURE GET AROUND! CAN I JOIN YOU?
SURE! HOP IN!
I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND HOW THOSE GAS TORPEDOES GOT THROUGH!
THERE ARE MORE AHEAD! I'M FOLLOWING THESE JAP SAILING ORDERS!
SLOWLY THE LITTLE SHARK-SUB, PILOTED BY THE VISION, APPROACHES THE MOTHER SUBMARINE ---
AS IF BY PREARRANGED SIGNAL, A STEEL BULKHEAD OPENS TO RECEIVE THE SHARK-SUB ---
AFTER THE SHARK-SUB GETS SAFELY INSIDE, THE BULK HEAD CLOSES...
THEY'RE PUMPING OUT THE WATER -- GET SET FOR SOME ACTION!
OKAY, MISTER!


WHAT NOW?
STAY CLOSE AND FOLLOW ME!
AS THE JAP COMMANDER GOES TO INVESTIGATE THE UNUSUAL ACTION OF THE BABY SUB ---
OPEN THE HATCH AND SEE WHAT'S WRONG!
HOW ABOUT FINDING OUT FOR YOURSELF?
OOF!
OH, NO YOU DON'T!
KEEP THEM HERE, LEILA! I'LL TRY TO RADIO THE OTHER SHARK-SUBS!
RIGHT, VISION!
THE WILY CAPTAIN SLYLY REACHES FOR A HEAVY WRENCH BEHIND HIM!
YEOW-W-W!
STOP THIS WRENCH, DEVIL!
AH... NOW!
HELP!


WITH GHASTLY JOY, THE FIENDISH JAP IS CHOKING THE LIFE OUT OF LEILA!
HEH-HEH! ONE LESS ENEMY!
HEARING HER CRY FOR HELP, THE VISION BURSTS INTO THE ENGINE ROOM!
YOU DEVIL!
HE SLAMS THE JAP TO THE FLOOR...
... THEN SMASHES HIM WITH VICIOUS BLOWS!
NOT SO NICE, IS IT?
SUDDENLY, A LOW MOAN FROM LEILA, -- AND, AS THE VISION IS DISTRACTED FOR A MOMENT, THE JAP SLIPS OUT!
LEILA! YOU'RE ALIVE!
OHHH!
THE DOOR CLANGS SHUT, AND A HOT BLAST POURS IN THROUGH A JET---
THOSE MONKEYS ARE STILL LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!
LIVE STEAM!
THE MASTER OF THE CLOUDS GATHERS THE BURNING VAPORS INTO A SEETHING BALL ---
STAND BACK, LEILA -- GAS AND MIST IS MY MEAT!


... AND HURLS IT AT THE STEEL DOOR ...
THEY COULDN'T HAVE GIVEN ME A BETTER WEAPON!
... BURSTING IT OPEN!
THE VISION FINDS THE COWARDLY COMMANDER AND DELIVERS A BONE-SHATTERING BLOW!
NOW, LEILA, GET READY! THOSE JAP SUBS ARE COMING UP FAST! PULL THE BIG LEVER ON THE COMMAND!
FIRE!
TORPEDOES AND POWERFUL DEPTH CHARGES BURST AMID THE RETURNING FLEET OF JAP CRAFT!
YOU'RE ALL SET! U.S. NAVY SHIPS WILL PICK YOU UP IN A FEW MINUTES!
YOU TALK AS IF YOU'RE NOT STAYING!
... AND THROUGH THE TORPEDO TUBE, IN A BLAST OF MISTY AIR, THE VISION LEAVES -- GOING BACK TO HIS ELEMENT!
IT'S MY FATE TO RETURN AS I COME!
THE VISION RETURNS! IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!
7

LAST RIDE

by Mickey Spillane

DANK mist swirled about the narrow streets of lower Manhattan, rolling in off the river like a huge prehistoric monster. Slowly it blotted out the docks, and continued in its relentless course up the narrow avenues, enveloping the tall buildings until all that remained were the weird, eerie eyes of the street lamps, glowing faintly through the grey shroud.

Standing at the curb in front of the International Bank Building, a black sedan ran softly, its rear door open. Suddenly, out of the heavy blanket of fog came the muffled reports of several shots. Immediately, two men ran out of the bank carrying a leather bag under each arm. They leaped into the sedan, slammed the door after them, and the car roared into life down the street. Mike Greer sat back against the cushions and looked at his companion. "Some haul, eh!" The skinny, mean looking guy beside him turned with a grunt.

"Sure thing, Mike, and we had it timed perfectly, too. You sure did a smart thing when you decided to pull this job under cover of the fog!"

"Well, that's the way it is, Doc, be smart and you never get caught!"

VIC RENOLDS SLID his husky body out of the car and walked into the bank. Inside, the medical examiner was bending over the two watchmen, while the terrified president blurted out the story. The two would be killers had walked in unseen, a minute before closing, shot at the watchmen without batting an eyelash, forced the teller to fill their bags with bills, then ran out to a waiting car and sped away into the fog.

Hands on hips, Vic listened to the story. As the ace investigator for Eastern Insurance, it was up to him to get to the bottom of the whole bloody mess before the crooks could get rid of the hot dough. The job had been so smoothly handled, that outside of the slugs expected from the watchmen, there were no other clues. The only witnesses were the president and the tellers, who were so frightened and confused that their descriptions of the men conflicted in every detail.

Holding the red stained slugs in his hand, little Jake Morse walked over to Vic. "Here they are, Reynolds, they look like Magnum slugs to me! What d'ya think?"

"Magnum, eh, that's a pretty tricky gun for any of the local hoods to carry. Any other clues around?"

"Nothing that I can see," Jake said, "except maybe for the position of the bullet wounds. It seems to me that the skunks shot from hip level, and did a pretty neat job of it, at that!" Vic's eyes narrowed. He looked at the little M.E. "Do you remember Mike Greer?"

"Yeah, but he was sent up out on the coast a couple of years back. Why?"

"He's the only bird I know of that uses a Magnum. I wonder . . ."

WHEN JAKE HAD the wounded watchmen safely on their way to a hospital, the two stepped out of the bank into the medical examiner's dilapidated old jallopy. For a few minutes they rattled along in silence, then pulled up in front of a dirty brown building. Vic looked questioningly at Jake. "What are we stopping here for?"

"I can read your mind, pal. You've been brooding over that Greer angle, and I know you wouldn't be happy until you did a little investigating on the old boy. This is the place where he used to hang out. Come on, let's go in!"

They went into a musty old pool room. Dim light hung from the ceiling, over the faded green cloth of the tables. Two hawk-eyed men wielded the cues expertly, while lounging against the desk was the fat, scowling owner. Vic and Jake walked over to him.

"What do youse guys want?" he snarled. The little M. E., for all his size, bristled like an alley cat. "Button your lip, punk, I'll do the talking. We're looking for Greer. Now cut out the comics and play ball, or you'll get your teeth slapped down your throat!

"Why you little . . ." A beefy hand swung through the air, but Vic had seen it coming, pushed Jake out of the way, and snapped over a hard right. The big man hit the floor with a thud. Vic looked down at him.

"Now where's Greer?" The fat guy looked up with a sneer. If looks could kill, this one would have done away with them both. He didn't answer at first, but his eyes glowed hate.

"You'll never find him!" Vic lean down. Heavy as the guy was, Vic dragged him to his feet and let him have a few hard jabs to the chin, until blood trickled slowly from the corner of the mouth. Vic gave him a shove and he sat down hard in his own desk chair.

"You told me more than you think!" the ace investigator said. "Come on, Jake, I got ideas!"

THEIR NEXT STOP was a swanky uptown apartment house. A uniformed doorman frowned at the rattletrap old car, but a flash of the M.E.'s badge soon had him tamed down. They went into the elevator, with Jake dying of curiosity. "What are we doing in this place, Vic? It isn't anything like the places Greer hung out in. I don't get it!"

Vic smiled. "Like all cheap crooks who get their hands on some dough, our friend, Greer, had to put on a front. This place was where he lived—under an assumed name of course—while he as in the money. No one was supposed to be in the know, but Greer was tailed on another job once, and led us here. What I'm banking on is that he couldn't give up the place after getting back into circulation."

"Oh, once a king always a king, eh?"

"Something like that. Here we are. Be quiet. If this pans out the way I expect it to, you'll have to watch your hide. Greer's a nervous man with a gun!" Vic took a gun from each of his two shoulder holsters. He handed one to Jake. Stepping out of the elevator, the two tip-toed noiselessly to the end of the corridor.

Warily, they stood to each side of the door. Vic rapped sharp tattoo on the door with his gun butt. Footsteps, then the bolt rasped. The door opened, and a tall skinny man nodded at them. "What can I do fer you guys!" Vic gave him a cold glance.

"Well, well, 'Doc' Gibbons, in the flesh!" Vic's hand shot out and grabbed his shirt front. "Where's Greer?" Just then something round and hard pressed into Vic and Jake's backs

"Here I am, feller! It looks like you forgot that my apartment had two doorways leading out to the hall. Well, it'll be the last mistake you'll ever make! Turn around and start walking. You're going for a nice long ride down to the river!"

VIC TURNED AROUND. Greer stood there grinning from ear to ear, a Magnum in each hand. He motioned, and Jake and he walked slowly to the elevators. Greer shoved the guns into each pocket. The first false move would be their last, Vic knew. This called for some fast thinking.

Without a word being spoken, they rode down the elevator. Whenever they hesitated, the gun muzzles went into their backs, a gentle reminder. Outside the trio halted. No one took any notice of them, for apparently they were but three men bent on business.

Little Jake was so nervous that he started to shake visibly. Greer only grinned at this. Had he but seen the queer expression on the insurance investigators face he might have been puzzled, for Vic was smiling, a smile that said. "If you're going to do what I *think* you're going to do, you wouldn't be so happy!"

The killer whistled for a cab and they got in, Jake on the end, Vic in the middle, and Greer covering them from the other end. Vic leaned over Jake, seemingly to open the window, but Greer rammed the gun into his ribs. "Leave the window down, bud. I don't want you hollering to the nearest cop!"

"Lot of good that would do, right?"

"Right! This the end of the trail for you boys! Maybe when they find your bodies in the river I'll send you a batch of posies. Ha, ha!" Greer leaned forward and rolled down the window behind the driver. "Over to the water front, cabbie!" He turned the window back up again and sat back.

"Tell me!" Vic said, "Was it you who pulled the job on the Central Trust Banks and knocked off the guards?"

"Seeing how you'll never squeal—yeah, it was me. Not half bad either, was it?" The crook threw his head back and roared at the thought. "Yep! They let me out of the jug on good behavior, and two days later I had two jobs under my belt!"

TALKING ABOUT HIS various escapades. Greer never noticed the direction the cab was taking. Nor did he dare take his eyes from Vic or Jake for a moment. The cab jolted to a stop along the curb. Immediately the place was a bedlam of blue coated cops, shouting for all they were worth.

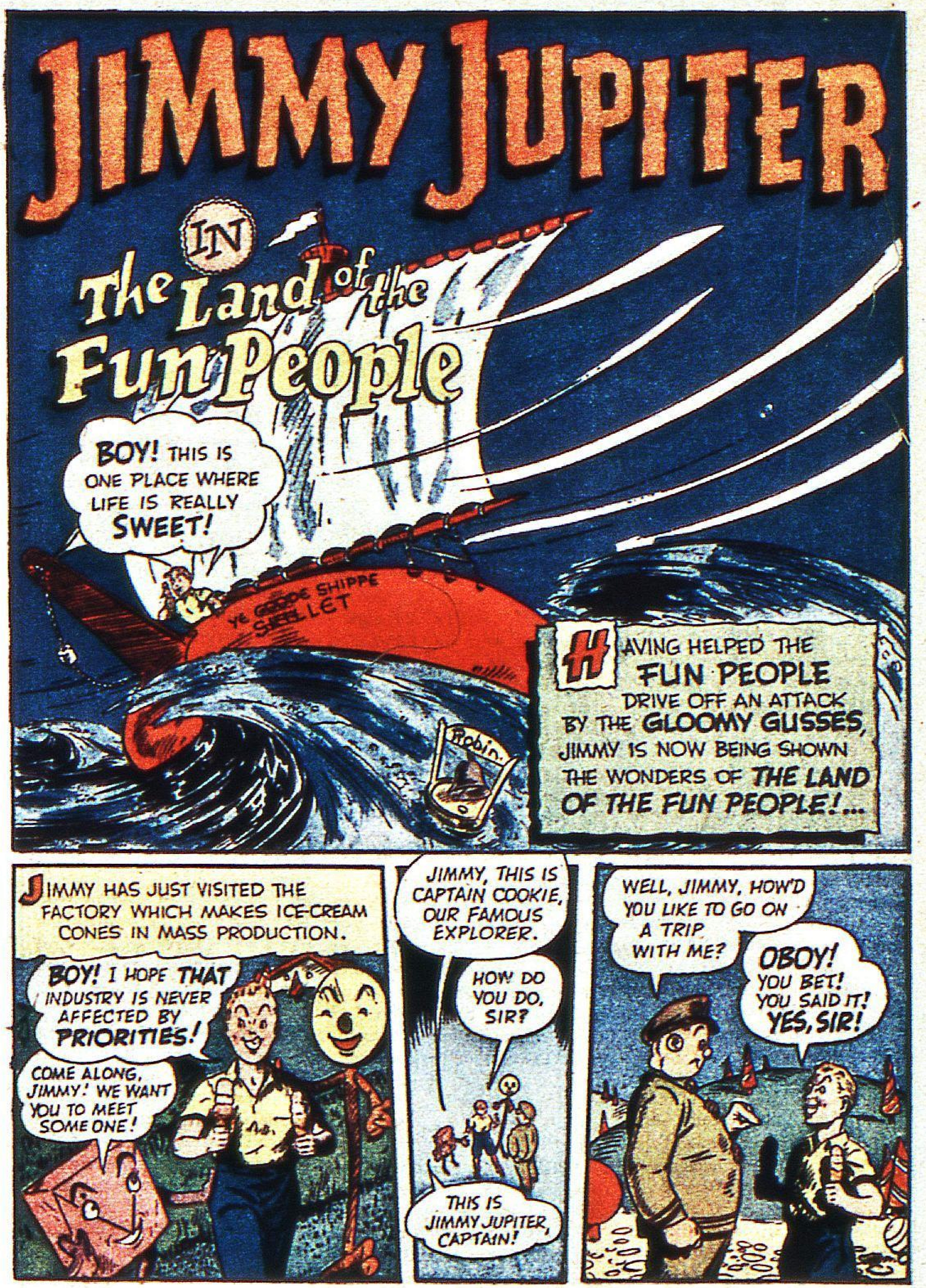
The surprise of the police jolted Greer into immobility. Vic and Jake grabbed his gun, and shoved him out of the cab. In a minute the cops had the whole story, then Vic turned to the cabbie, winked broadly, and slipped him a five spot.

Some time later the still puzzled Jake shoved Vic into a doorway and faced him, hands on his hips. "Listen, you! I was in on this snatch as well as you! Now that Greer has come clean about where the dough is, and his accomplices were, maybe you can loosen up and tell me how you foxed him!"

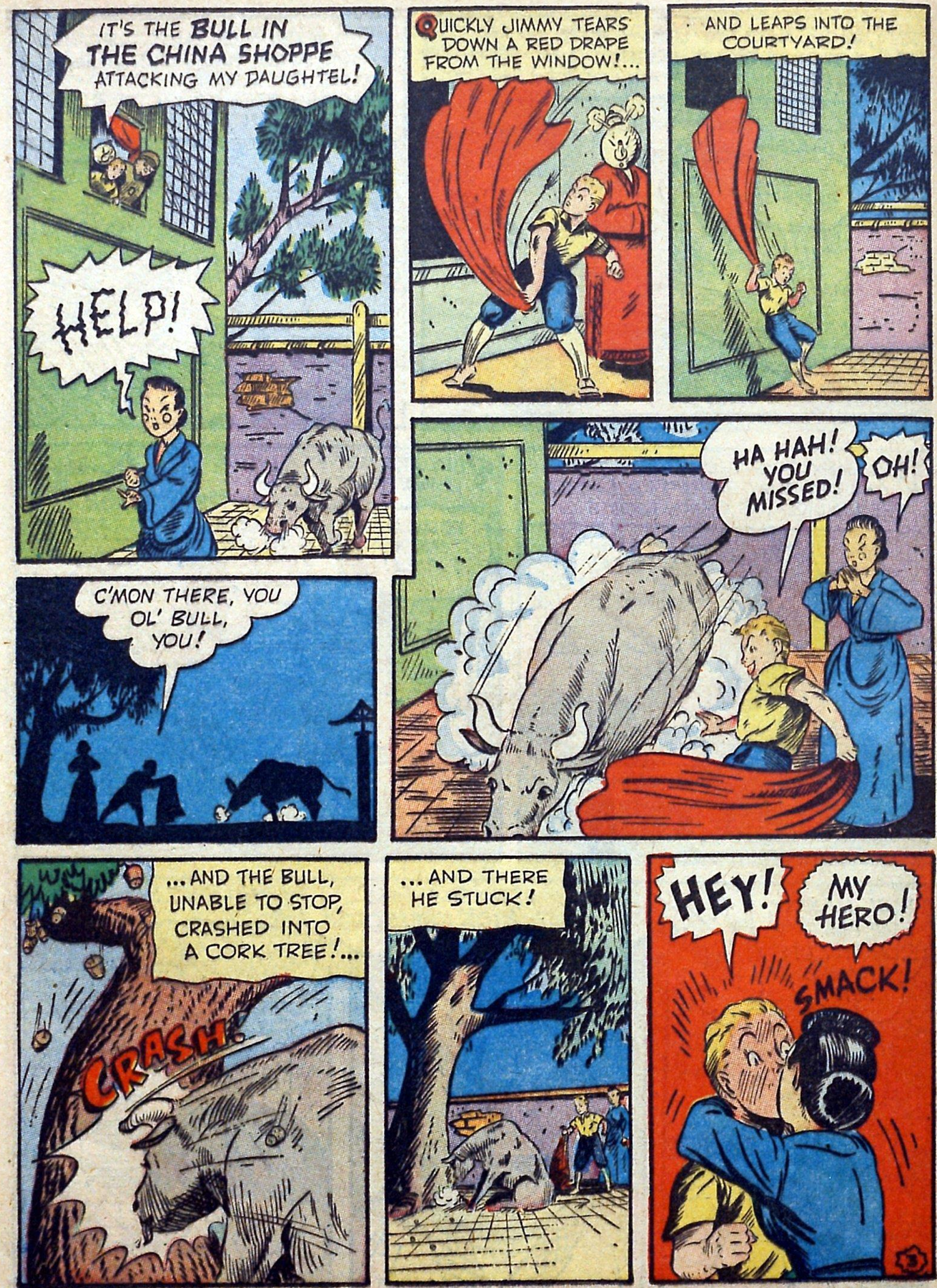
Vic grinned. "Remember when I went to roll down the cab window? Well, I really flipped the switch on the little two-way telephone system in the cab. The driver heard every word of the conversation, and deliberately drove the wrong way up a one-way street to the station house, just as all the cops were lined up outside for inspection!"

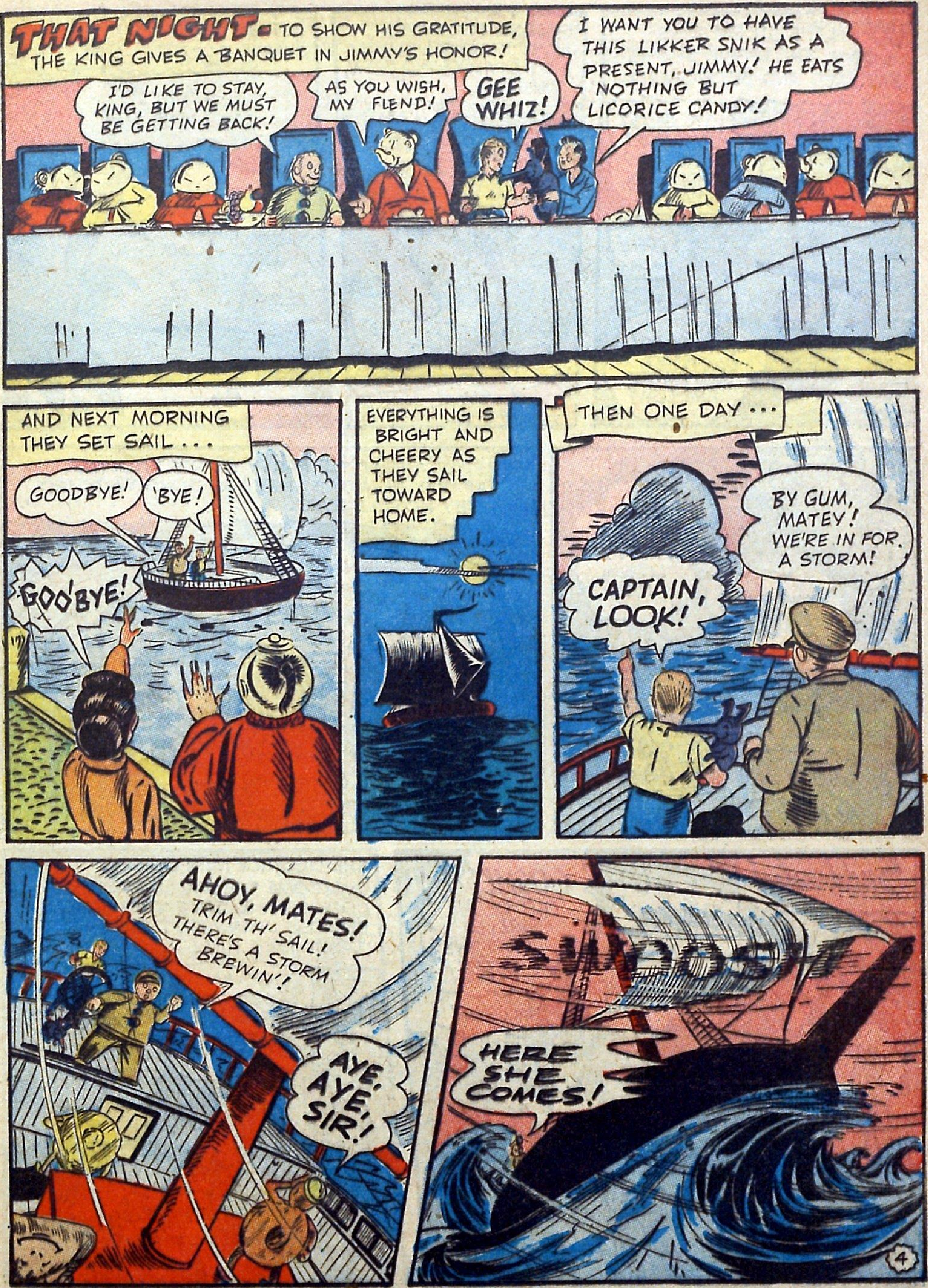
THE END

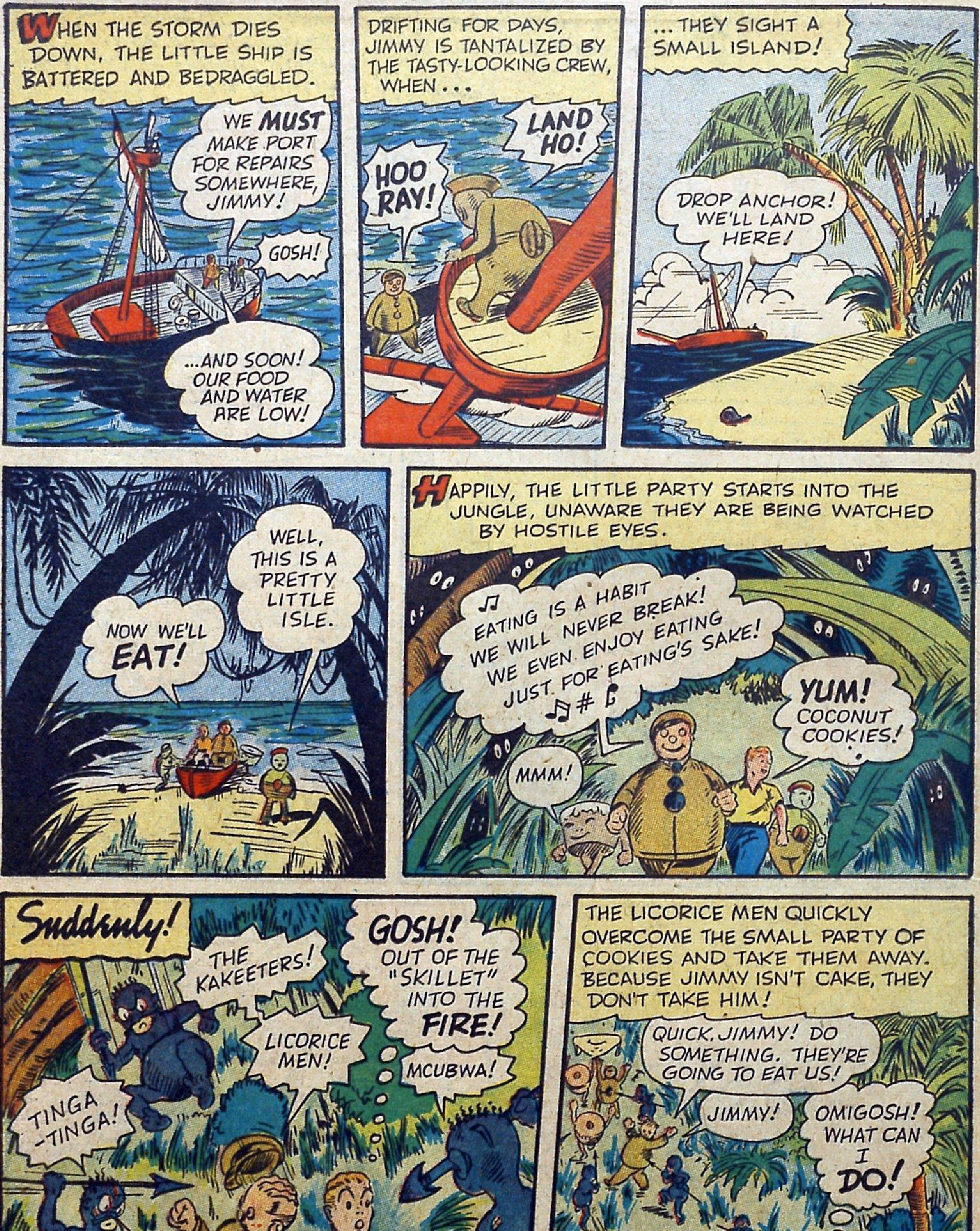
JIMMY JUPITER IN The Land of the Fun People

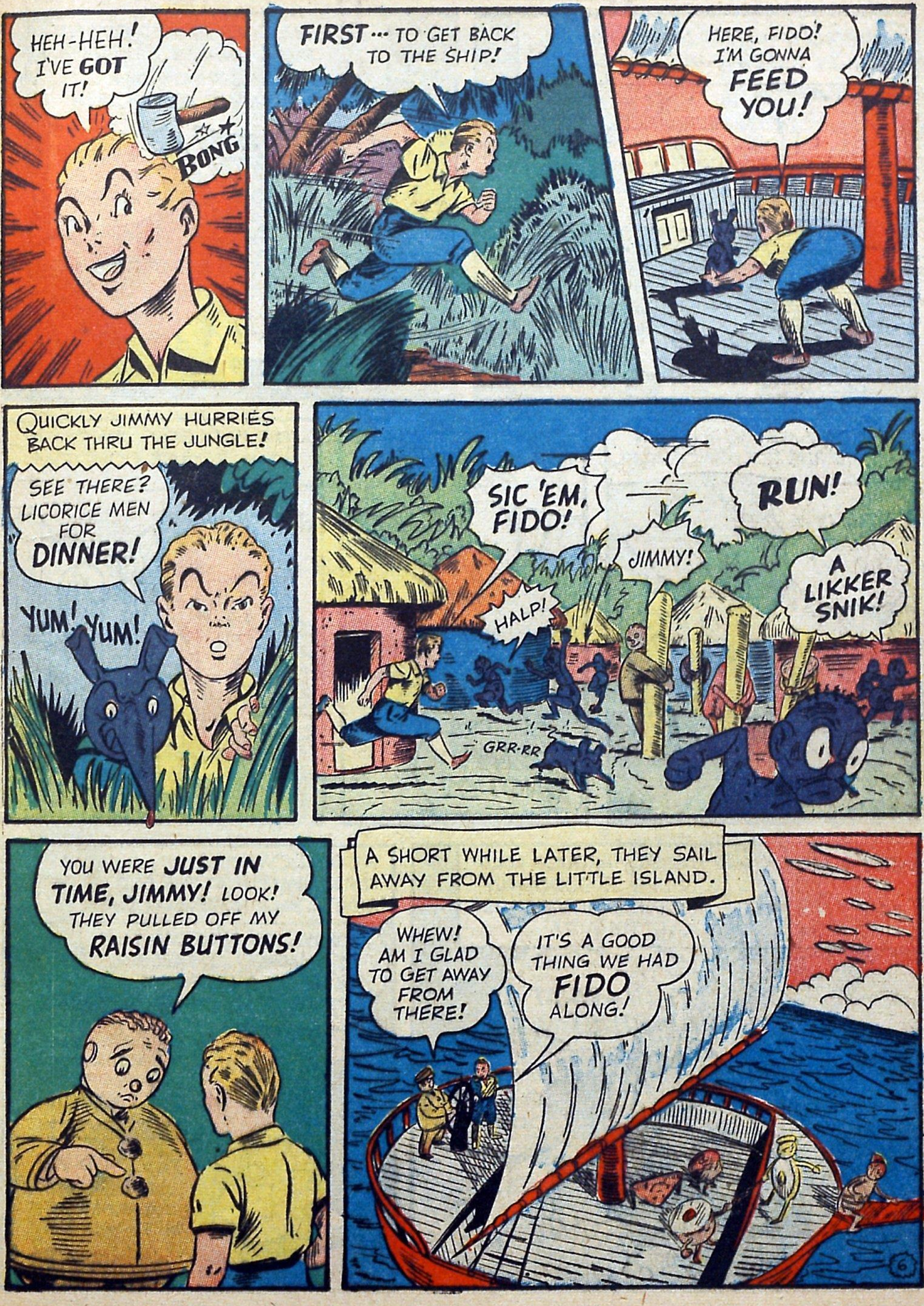

BOY! THIS IS ONE PLACE WHERE LIFE IS REALLY SWEET!
YE GOODE SHIPPE SKELLET
Robin
HAVING HELPED THE FUN PEOPLE DRIVE OFF AN ATTACK BY THE GLOOMY GUSSES, JIMMY IS NOW BEING SHOWN THE WONDERS OF THE LAND OF THE FUN PEOPLE!...
JIMMY HAS JUST VISITED THE FACTORY WHICH MAKES ICE-CREAM CONES IN MASS PRODUCTION.
BOY! I HOPE THAT INDUSTRY IS NEVER AFFECTED BY PRIORITIES!
COME ALONG, JIMMY! WE WANT YOU TO MEET SOME ONE!
JIMMY, THIS IS CAPTAIN COOKIE, OUR FAMOUS EXPLORER.
HOW DO YOU DO, SIR?
THIS IS JIMMY JUPITER, CAPTAIN!
WELL, JIMMY, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO ON A TRIP WITH ME?
OBOY! YOU BET! YOU SAID IT! YES, SIR!

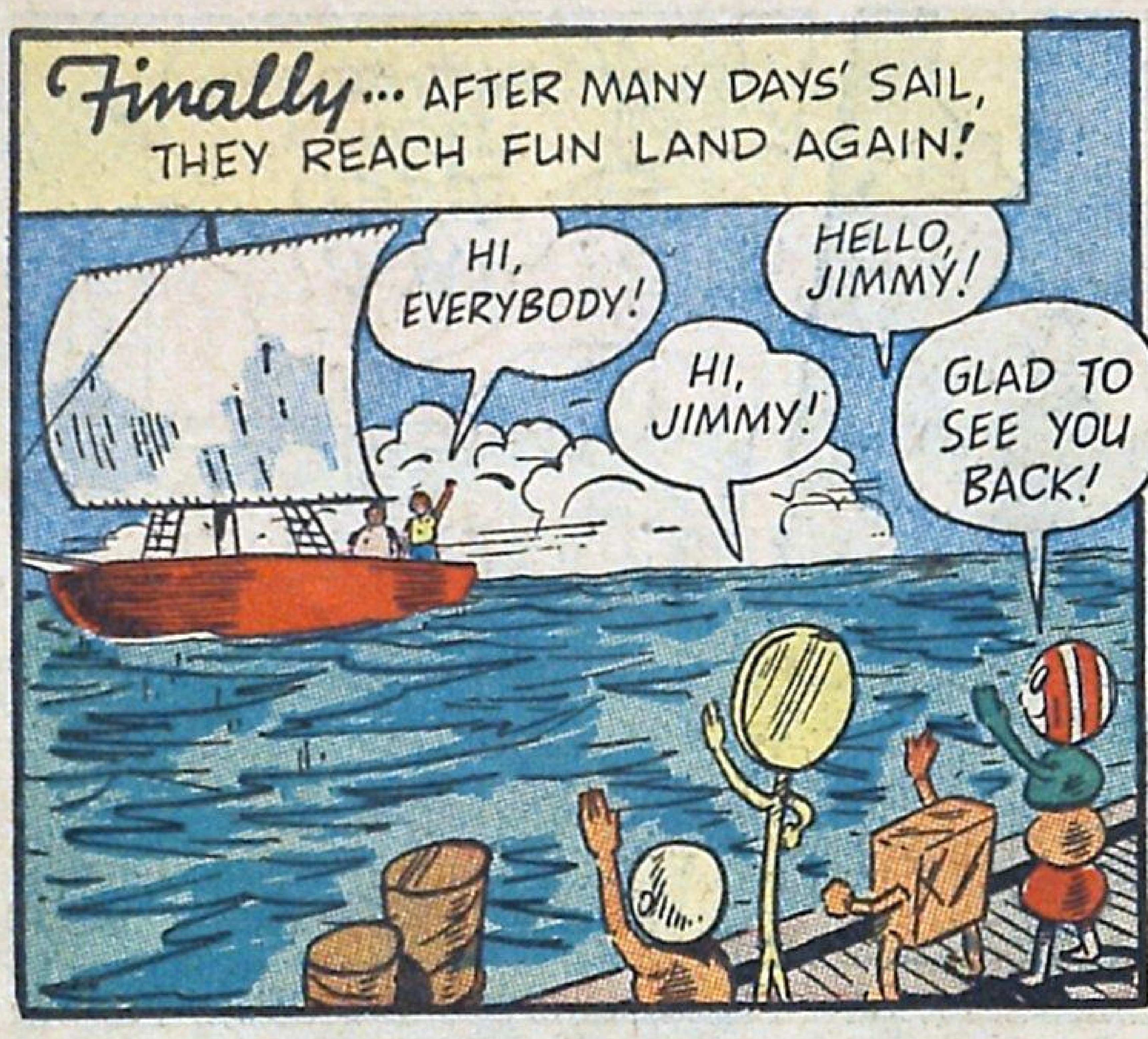
SO—THE NEXT DAY, JIMMY BIDS GOODBYE TO HIS FRIENDS AND SAILS AWAY WITH CAPTAIN COOKIE...
G'BYE!
YE GOODE SHIPPE SKILLET
AND A CREW OF TARTS, CUPCAKES AND APPLE TURNOVERS... THE LATTER BEING IMMUNE TO SEA-SICKNESS BECAUSE OF THEIR UPSIDE-DOWN POSITION.
FOR MANY DAYS THEY SAIL... THEN ONE DAY THEY SIGHT TEA LAND, THE LAND OF THE CHINA PEOPLE...
LAND HO!
THEY ARE MET BY A LITTLE CHINA TEA-CUP...
FOLLOW ME, PLEASE!
HE'S TAKING US TO THE KING'S PALACE!
GEE WHIZ!
YOUL MAJESTY, HELE ALE TWO STLANGELS OFF STLANGE SLIP!
? ? STLANGELS ? ? ?
WE WANT NO STLANGELS HELE-- KICK THEM OUT!
AT THAT MOMENT...
WHAT'S THAT?
EEEEEEEEEK

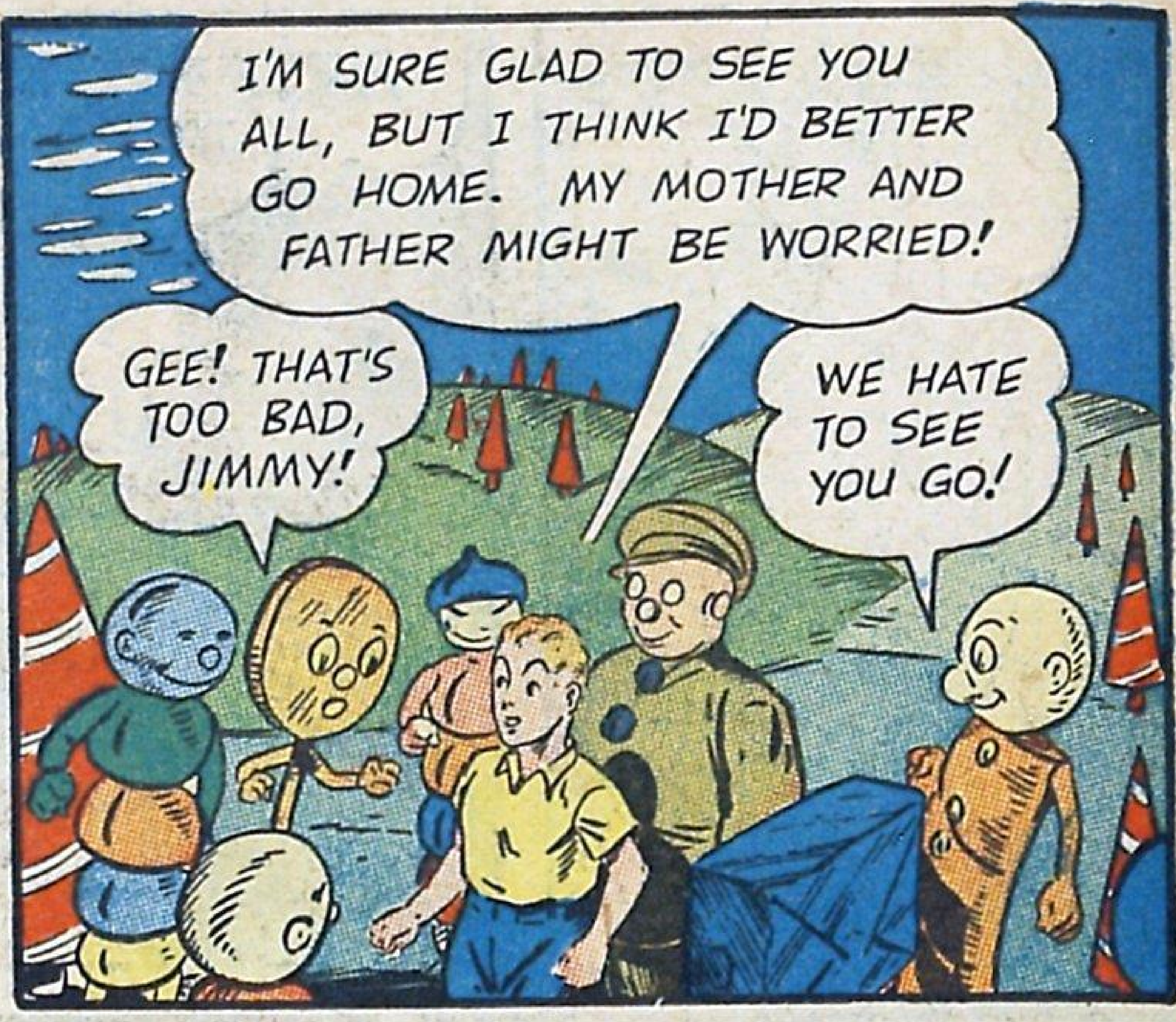

IT'S THE BULL IN THE CHINA SHOPPE ATTACKING MY DAUGHTEL!
HELP!
QUICKLY JIMMY TEARS DOWN A RED DRAPE FROM THE WINDOW!...
AND LEAPS INTO THE COURTYARD!
C'MON THERE, YOU OL' BULL, YOU!
HA HAH! YOU MISSED!
OH!
...AND THE BULL, UNABLE TO STOP, CRASHED INTO A CORK TREE!...
CRASH
...AND THERE HE STUCK!
HEY!
MY HERO!
SMACK!
3

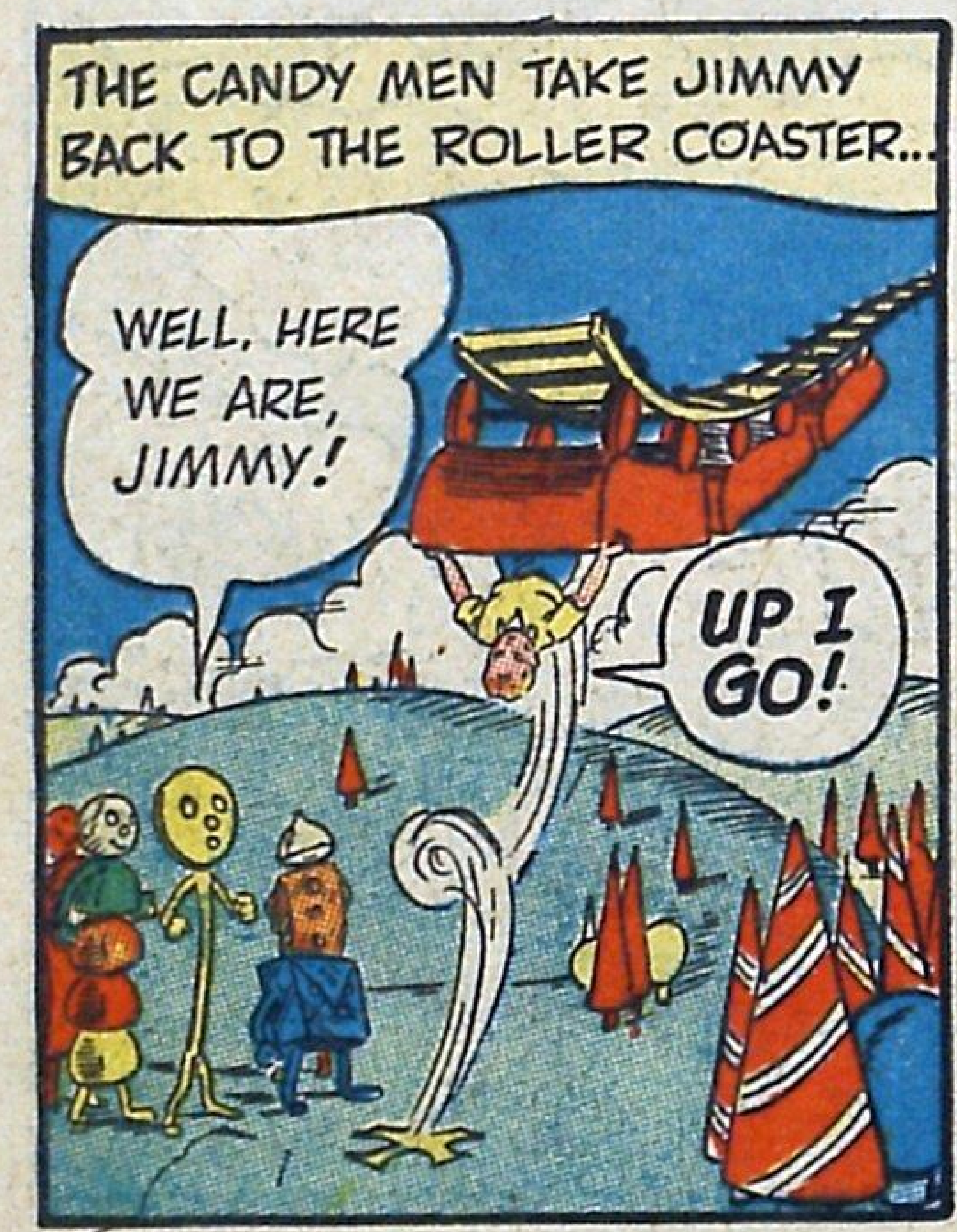

THAT NIGHT — TO SHOW HIS GRATITUDE, THE KING GIVES A BANQUET IN JIMMY'S HONOR!
I'D LIKE TO STAY, KING, BUT WE MUST BE GETTING BACK!
AS YOU WISH, MY FLEND!
GEE WHIZ!
I WANT YOU TO HAVE THIS LIKKER SNIK AS A PRESENT, JIMMY! HE EATS NOTHING BUT LICORICE CANDY!
AND NEXT MORNING THEY SET SAIL . . .
GOODBYE!
'BYE!
GOO'BYE!
EVERYTHING IS BRIGHT AND CHEERY AS THEY SAIL TOWARD HOME.
THEN ONE DAY . . .
BY GUM, MATEY! WE'RE IN FOR A STORM!
CAPTAIN, LOOK!
AHOY, MATES! TRIM TH' SAIL! THERE'S A STORM BREWIN'!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
SWOOSH
HERE SHE COMES!
4

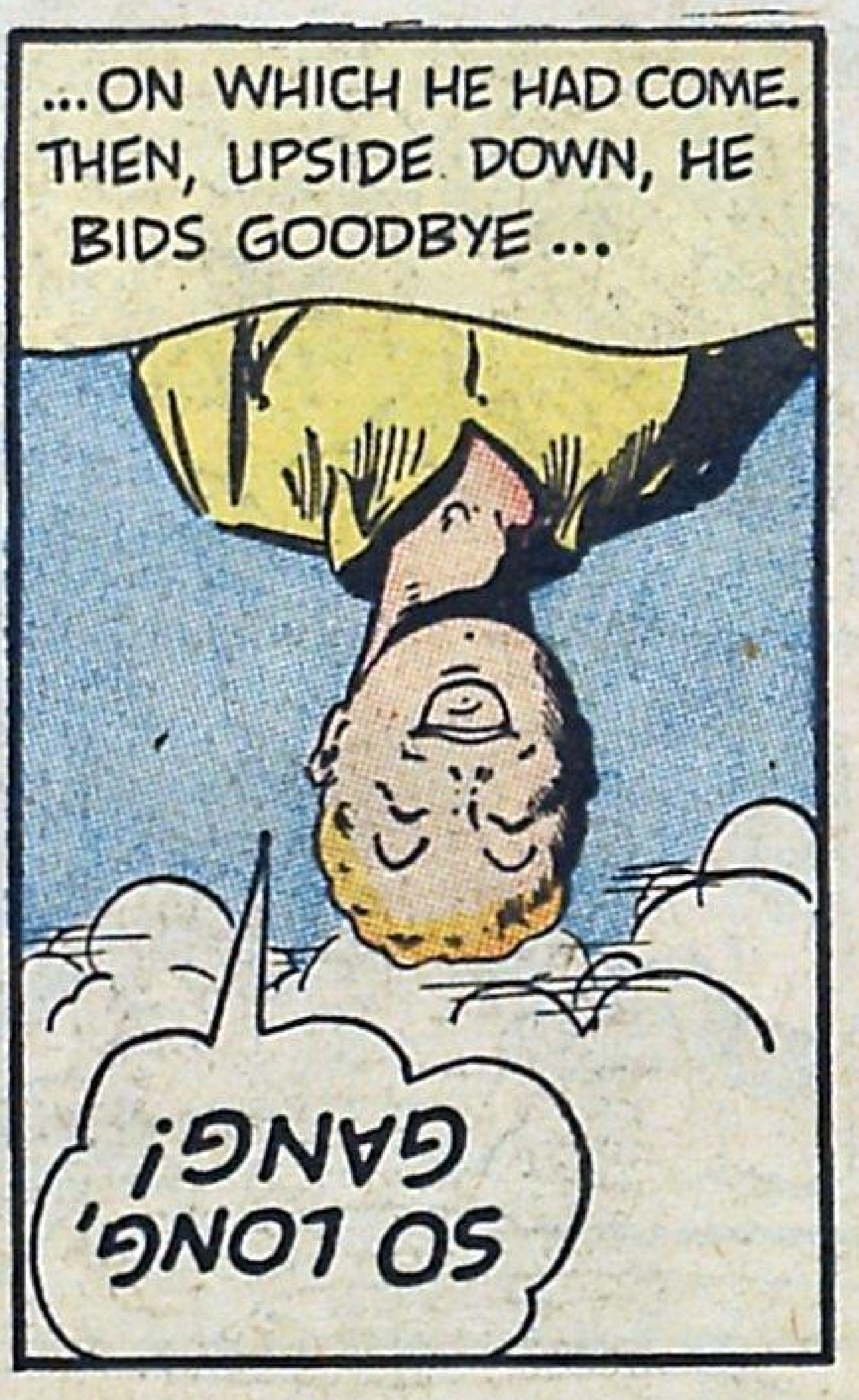

WHEN THE STORM DIES DOWN, THE LITTLE SHIP IS BATTERED AND BEDRAGGLED.
WE **MUST** MAKE PORT FOR REPAIRS SOMEWHERE, JIMMY!
GOSH!
...AND SOON! OUR FOOD AND WATER ARE LOW!
DRIFTING FOR DAYS, JIMMY IS TANTALIZED BY THE TASTY-LOOKING CREW, WHEN . . .
LAND HO!
HOO RAY!
... THEY SIGHT A SMALL ISLAND!
DROP ANCHOR! WE'LL LAND HERE!
WELL, THIS IS A PRETTY LITTLE ISLE.
NOW WE'LL **EAT!**
HAPPILY, THE LITTLE PARTY STARTS INTO THE JUNGLE, UNAWARE THEY ARE BEING WATCHED BY HOSTILE EYES.
♫ EATING IS A HABIT WE WILL NEVER BREAK! WE EVEN ENJOY EATING JUST FOR EATING'S SAKE! ♫ #
YUM! COCONUT COOKIES!
MMM!
Suddenly!
THE KAKEETERS!
GOSH! OUT OF THE "SKILLET" INTO THE **FIRE!**
LICORICE MEN!
MCUBWA!
TINGA -TINGA!
THE LICORICE MEN QUICKLY OVERCOME THE SMALL PARTY OF COOKIES AND TAKE THEM AWAY. BECAUSE JIMMY ISN'T CAKE, THEY DON'T TAKE HIM!
QUICK, JIMMY! DO SOMETHING. THEY'RE GOING TO EAT US!
JIMMY!
OMIGOSH! WHAT CAN I **DO!**

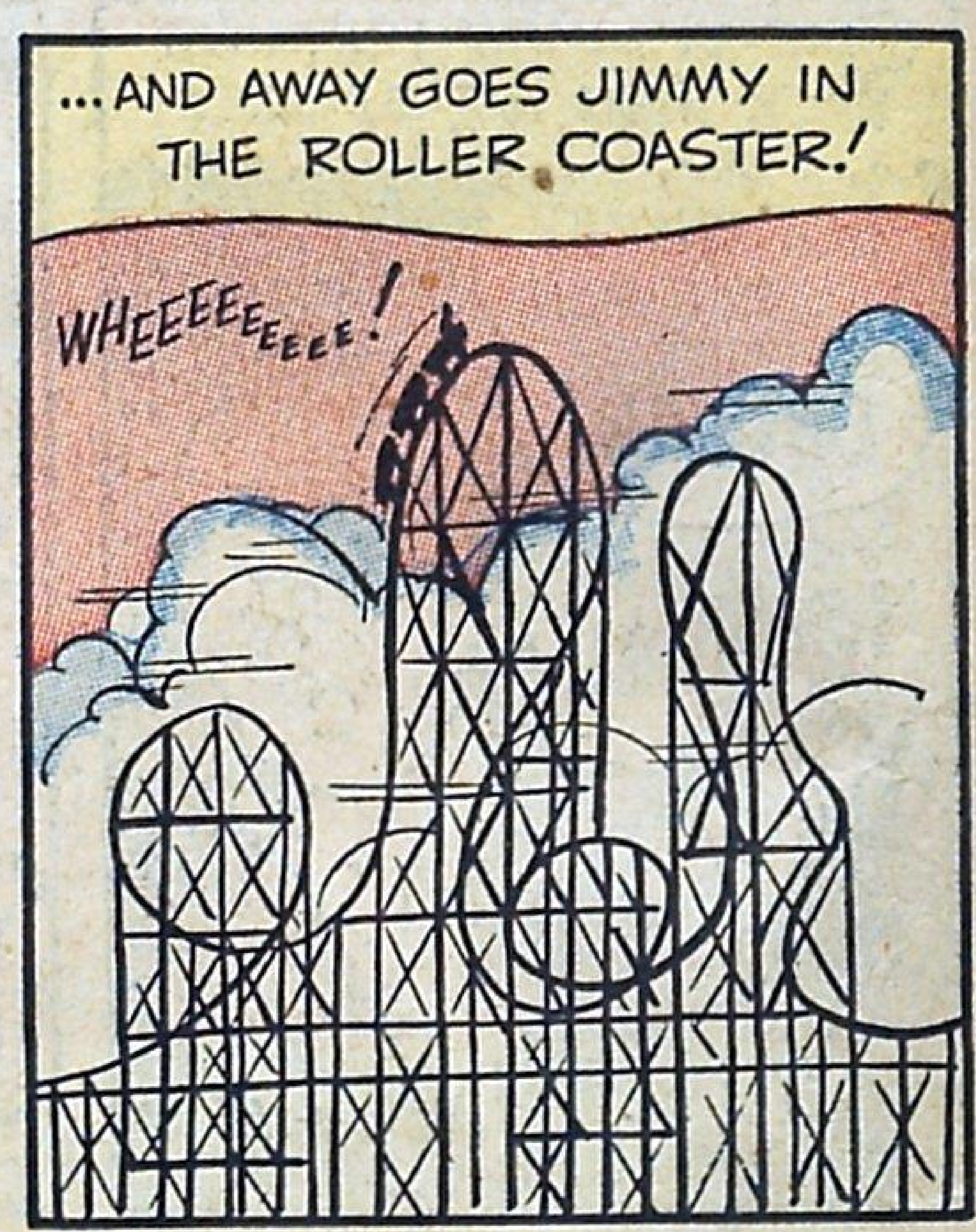

HEH-HEH! I'VE GOT IT!
BONG
FIRST... TO GET BACK TO THE SHIP!
HERE, FIDO! I'M GONNA FEED YOU!
QUICKLY JIMMY HURRIES BACK THRU THE JUNGLE!
SEE THERE? LICORICE MEN FOR DINNER!
YUM! YUM!
SIC 'EM, FIDO!
HALP!
JIMMY!
RUN!
A LIKKER SNIK!
GRR-RR
YOU WERE JUST IN TIME, JIMMY! LOOK! THEY PULLED OFF MY RAISIN BUTTONS!
A SHORT WHILE LATER, THEY SAIL AWAY FROM THE LITTLE ISLAND.
WHEW! AM I GLAD TO GET AWAY FROM THERE!
IT'S A GOOD THING WE HAD FIDO ALONG!
6

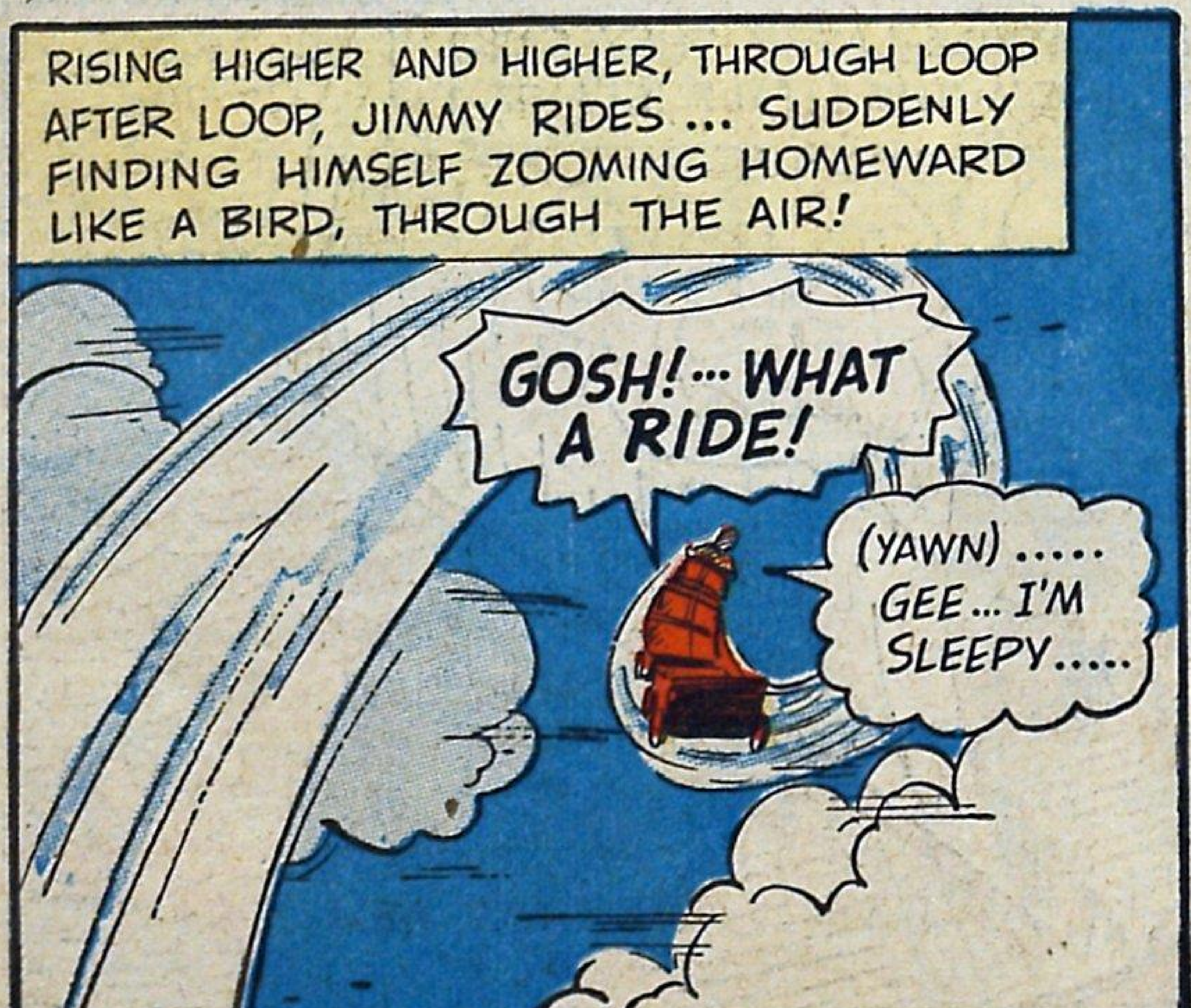

Finally... AFTER MANY DAYS' SAIL, THEY REACH FUN LAND AGAIN!
HI, EVERYBODY!
HELLO, JIMMY!
HI, JIMMY!
GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK!

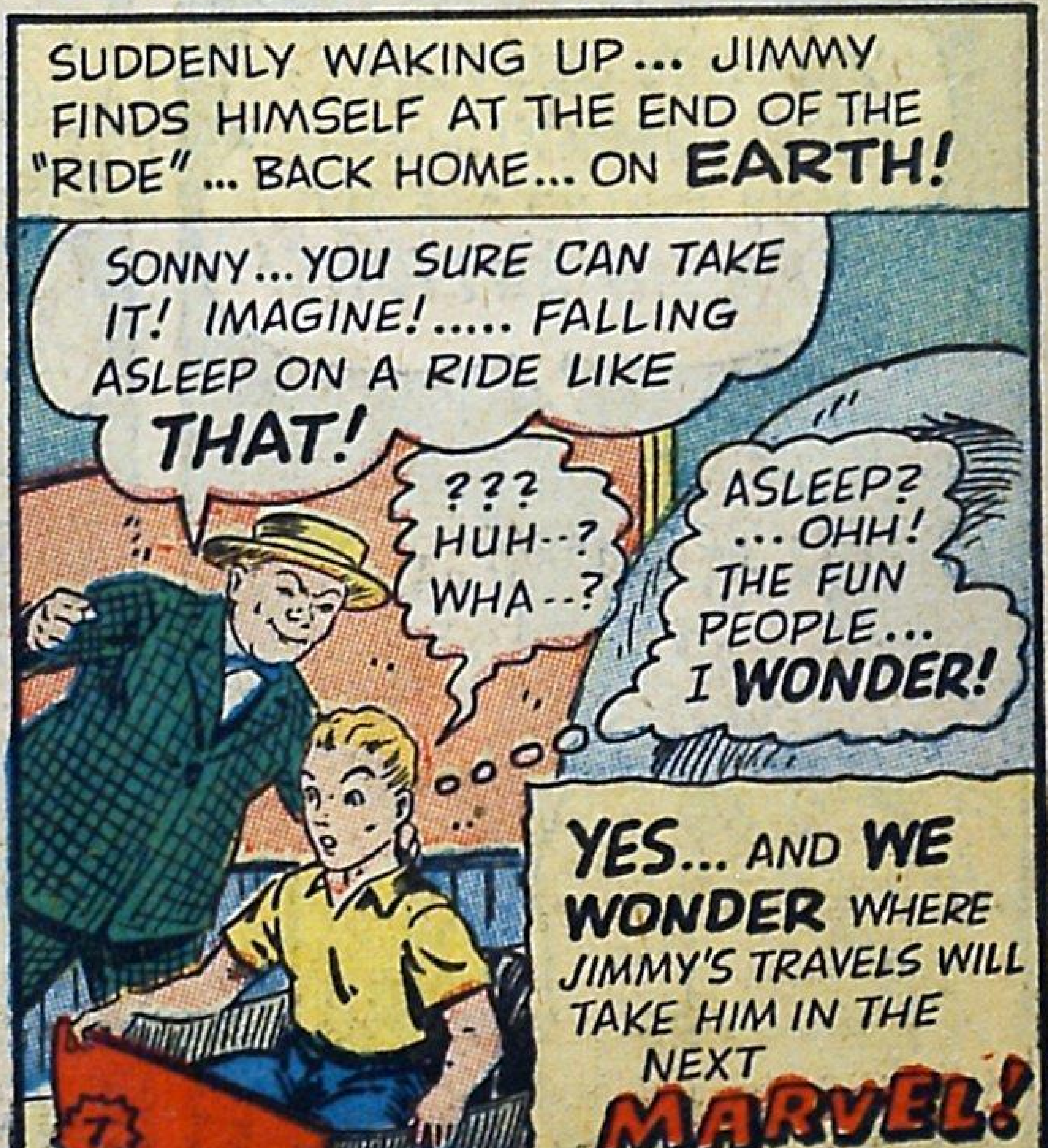

I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU ALL, BUT I THINK I'D BETTER GO HOME. MY MOTHER AND FATHER MIGHT BE WORRIED!
GEE! THAT'S TOO BAD, JIMMY!
WE HATE TO SEE YOU GO!


THE CANDY MEN TAKE JIMMY BACK TO THE ROLLER COASTER...
WELL, HERE WE ARE, JIMMY!
UP I GO!


...ON WHICH HE HAD COME. THEN, UPSIDE DOWN, HE BIDS GOODBYE ...
SO LONG, GANG!


...AND AWAY GOES JIMMY IN THE ROLLER COASTER!
WHEEEEEEEEE!


RISING HIGHER AND HIGHER, THROUGH LOOP AFTER LOOP, JIMMY RIDES ... SUDDENLY FINDING HIMSELF ZOOMING HOMEWARD LIKE A BIRD, THROUGH THE AIR!
GOSH!... WHAT A RIDE!
(YAWN) ..... GEE... I'M SLEEPY.....


SUDDENLY WAKING UP... JIMMY FINDS HIMSELF AT THE END OF THE "RIDE" ... BACK HOME... ON EARTH!
SONNY... YOU SURE CAN TAKE IT! IMAGINE!..... FALLING ASLEEP ON A RIDE LIKE THAT!
??? HUH--? WHA--?
ASLEEP? ... OHH! THE FUN PEOPLE... I WONDER!
YES... AND WE WONDER WHERE JIMMY'S TRAVELS WILL TAKE HIM IN THE NEXT MARVEL!
7

MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS ELECTION CONTEST WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE

OF $50.00 GOES TO

DAVID LANG

114 PIERMONT ST.
WOLLASTON,
MASS.

WHOSE LETTER WAS JUDGED THE BEST OF THE MANY THOUSANDS OF FINE LETTERS WHICH WERE SENT TO MARVEL COMICS IN OUR ELECTION CONTEST!

SECOND PRIZE

OF $25.00 GOES TO

ARLINE BAXTER
132 LARCH ROAD,
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THIRD PRIZE

OF $10.00 GOES TO

ROBERT HANSON
1116 - 20th STREET,
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THE NEXT FIFTEEN $1.00 WINNERS...

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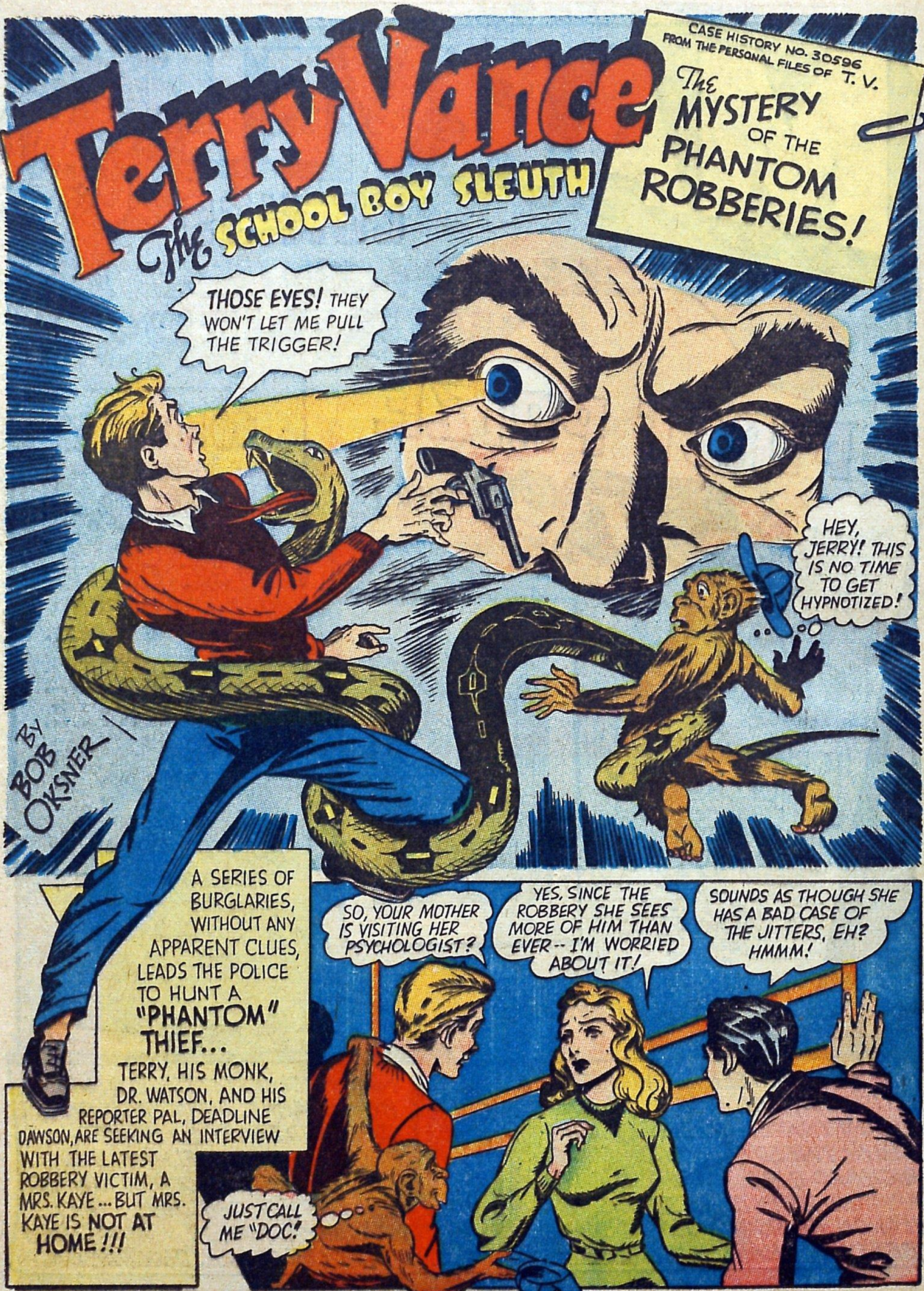
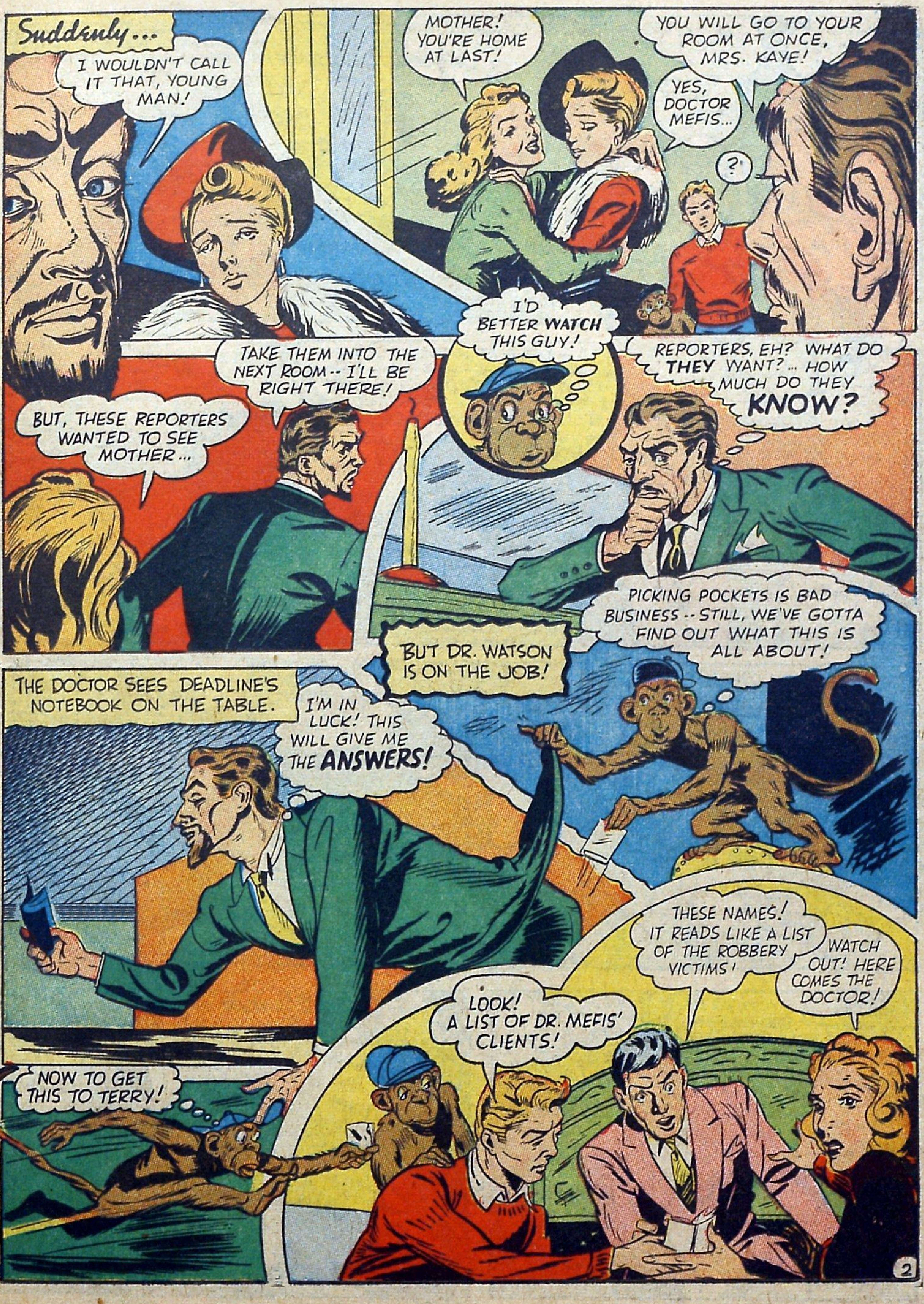
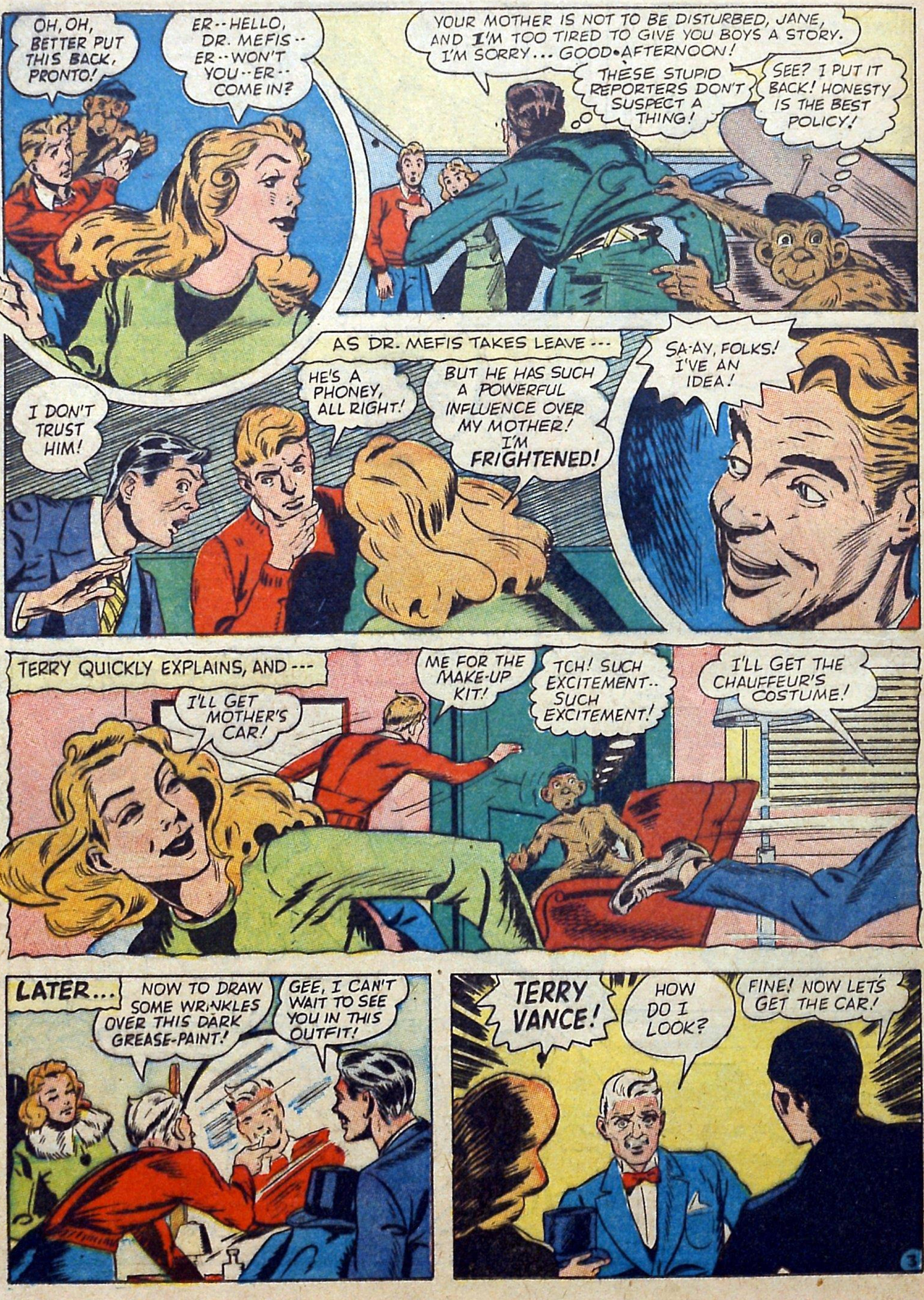
COPELAND BAILEY, Jr. HAMPTON, VA.
NELLIE CREWS, PELHAM, N.C.
J.M. MITCHEL, Jr. SOUTHBORO, MASS.
NEIL LARSEN, CRITICHELL, COLO.
LOUIS ALVASADO, NEW YORK CITY.
BOBBY LEE OLIVER, DECATUR, GA.

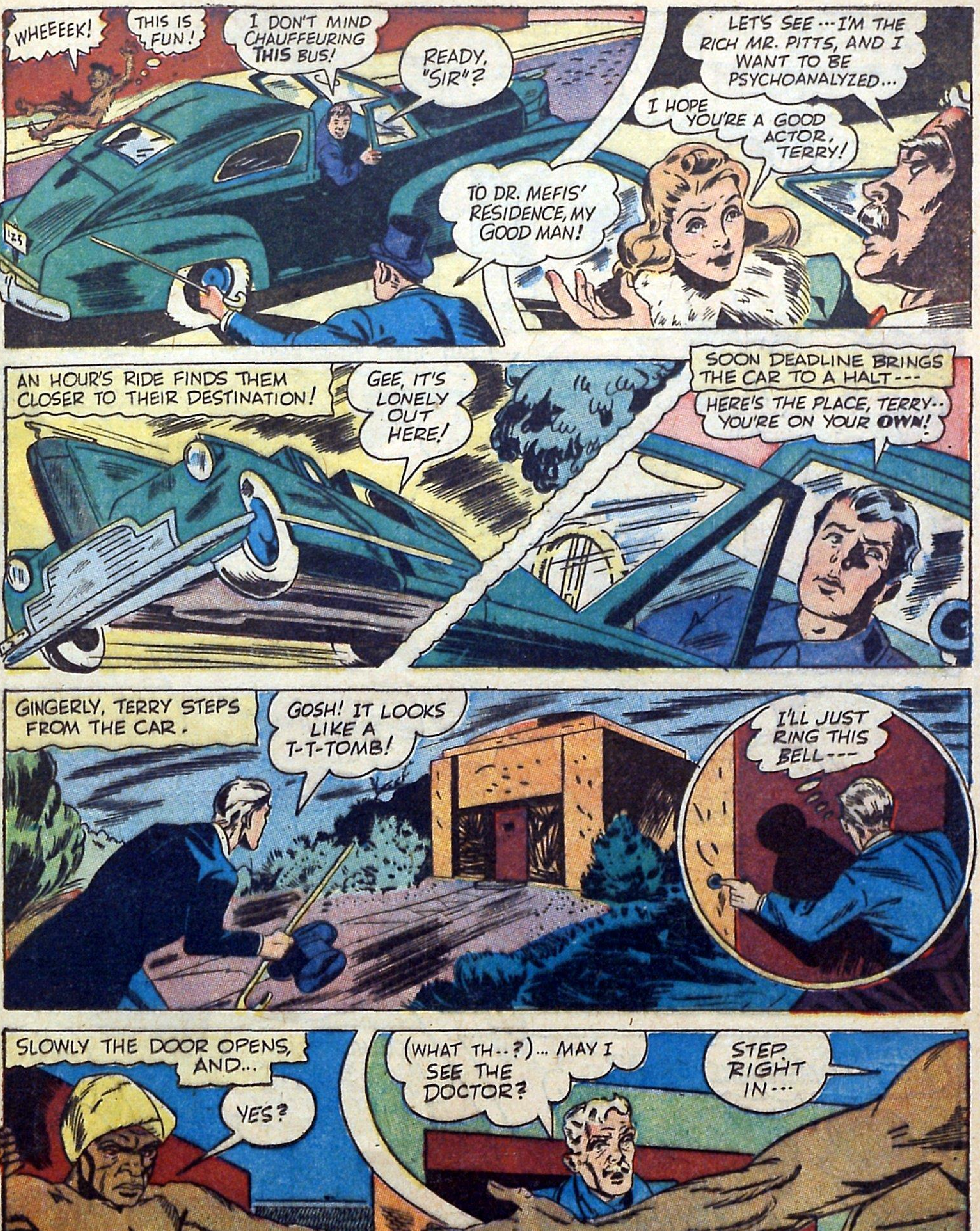
TIMELY COMICS

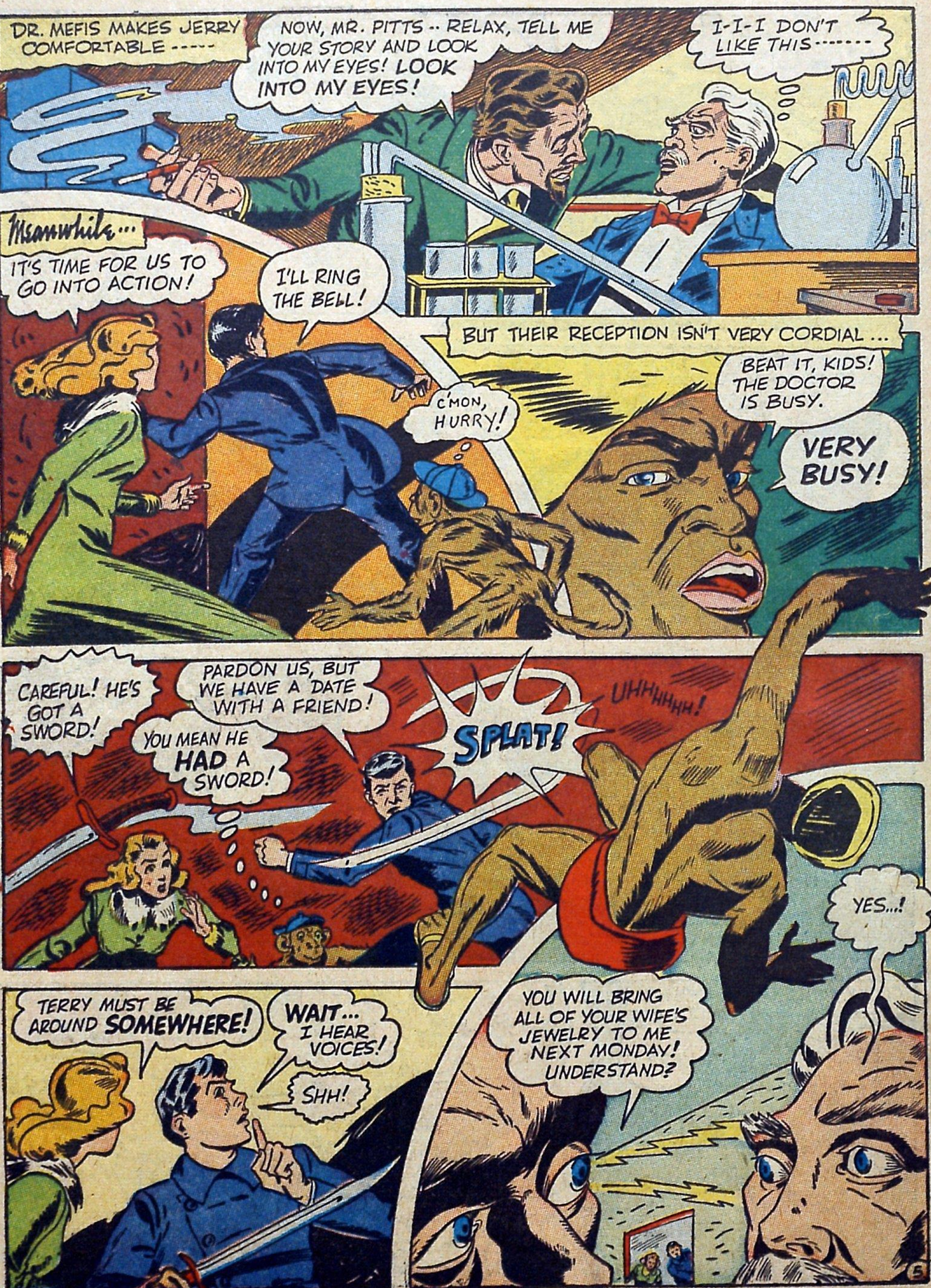

CASE HISTORY NO. 30596
FROM THE PERSONAL FILES OF T. V.
Terry Vance
The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
The MYSTERY OF THE PHANTOM ROBBERIES!
THOSE EYES! THEY WON'T LET ME PULL THE TRIGGER!
HEY, JERRY! THIS IS NO TIME TO GET HYPNOTIZED!
BY BOB OKSNER
A SERIES OF BURGLARIES, WITHOUT ANY APPARENT CLUES, LEADS THE POLICE TO HUNT A "PHANTOM" THIEF... TERRY, HIS MONK, DR. WATSON, AND HIS REPORTER PAL, DEADLINE DAWSON, ARE SEEKING AN INTERVIEW WITH THE LATEST ROBBERY VICTIM, A MRS. KAYE ... BUT MRS. KAYE IS NOT AT HOME!!!
SO, YOUR MOTHER IS VISITING HER PSYCHOLOGIST?
YES, SINCE THE ROBBERY SHE SEES MORE OF HIM THAN EVER -- I'M WORRIED ABOUT IT!
SOUNDS AS THOUGH SHE HAS A BAD CASE OF THE JITTERS, EH? HMMM!
JUST CALL ME "DOC!"


Suddenly...
I WOULDN'T CALL IT THAT, YOUNG MAN!
MOTHER! YOU'RE HOME AT LAST!
YOU WILL GO TO YOUR ROOM AT ONCE, MRS. KAYE!
YES, DOCTOR MEFIS...
?
TAKE THEM INTO THE NEXT ROOM -- I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!
BUT, THESE REPORTERS WANTED TO SEE MOTHER...
I'D BETTER WATCH THIS GUY!
REPORTERS, EH? WHAT DO THEY WANT? ... HOW MUCH DO THEY KNOW?
BUT DR. WATSON IS ON THE JOB!
PICKING POCKETS IS BAD BUSINESS -- STILL, WE'VE GOTTA FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
THE DOCTOR SEES DEADLINE'S NOTEBOOK ON THE TABLE.
I'M IN LUCK! THIS WILL GIVE ME THE ANSWERS!
NOW TO GET THIS TO TERRY!
LOOK! A LIST OF DR. MEFIS' CLIENTS!
THESE NAMES! IT READS LIKE A LIST OF THE ROBBERY VICTIMS!
WATCH OUT! HERE COMES THE DOCTOR!



OH, OH, BETTER PUT THIS BACK, PRONTO!
ER--HELLO, DR. MEFIS-- ER--WON'T YOU--ER-- COME IN?
YOUR MOTHER IS NOT TO BE DISTURBED, JANE, AND I'M TOO TIRED TO GIVE YOU BOYS A STORY. I'M SORRY... GOOD-AFTERNOON!
THESE STUPID REPORTERS DON'T SUSPECT A THING!
SEE? I PUT IT BACK! HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY!
AS DR. MEFIS TAKES LEAVE---
I DON'T TRUST HIM!
HE'S A PHONEY, ALL RIGHT!
BUT HE HAS SUCH A POWERFUL INFLUENCE OVER MY MOTHER! I'M FRIGHTENED!
SA-AY, FOLKS! I'VE AN IDEA!
TERRY QUICKLY EXPLAINS, AND---
I'LL GET MOTHER'S CAR!
ME FOR THE MAKE-UP KIT!
TCH! SUCH EXCITEMENT.. SUCH EXCITEMENT!
I'LL GET THE CHAUFFEUR'S COSTUME!
LATER...
NOW TO DRAW SOME WRINKLES OVER THIS DARK GREASE-PAINT!
GEE, I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU IN THIS OUTFIT!
TERRY VANCE!
HOW DO I LOOK?
FINE! NOW LET'S GET THE CAR!

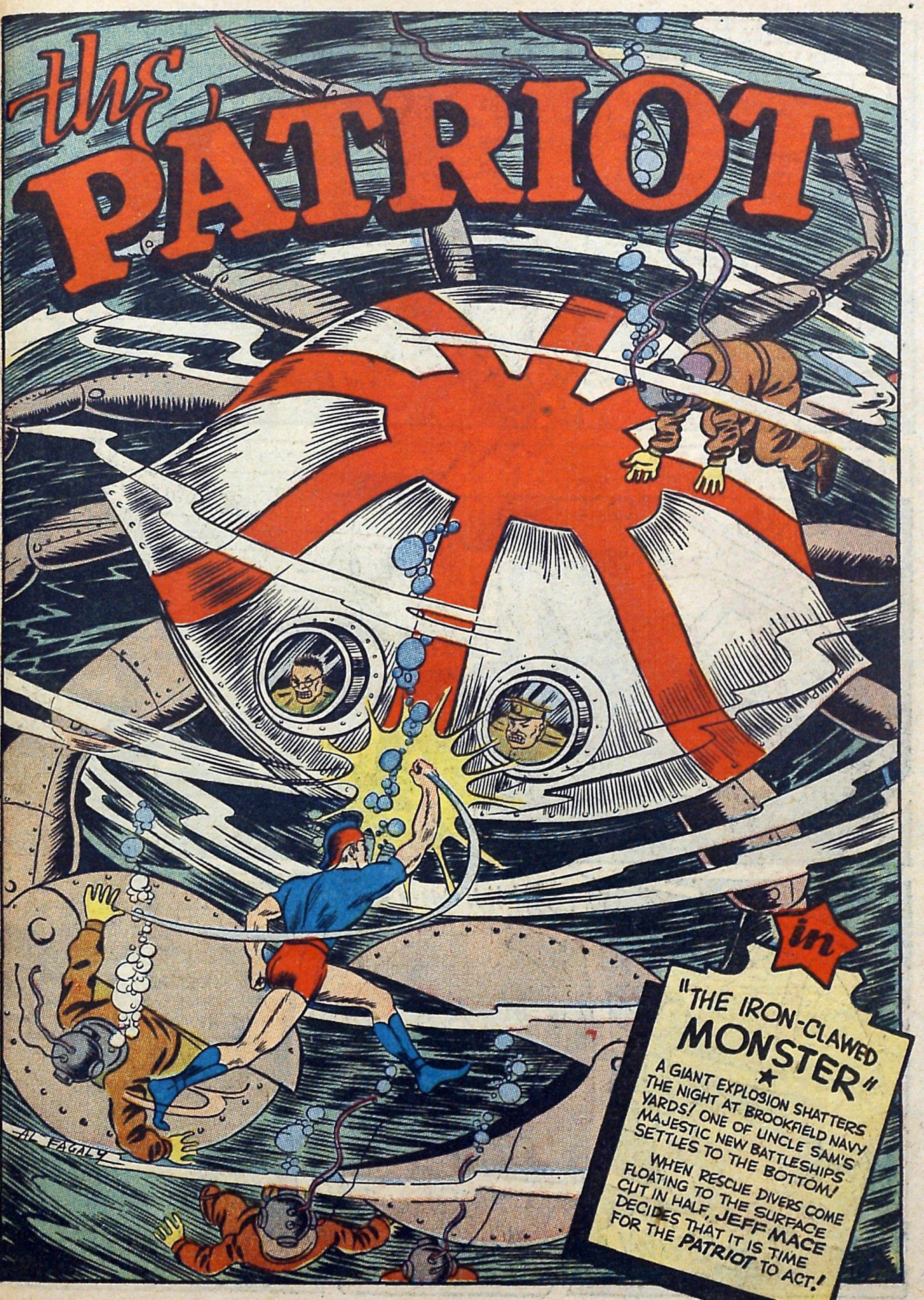

WHEEEEK!
THIS IS FUN!
I DON'T MIND CHAUFFEURING THIS BUS!
READY, "SIR"?
TO DR. MEFIS' RESIDENCE, MY GOOD MAN!
LET'S SEE ... I'M THE RICH MR. PITTS, AND I WANT TO BE PSYCHOANALYZED...
I HOPE YOU'RE A GOOD ACTOR, TERRY!
AN HOUR'S RIDE FINDS THEM CLOSER TO THEIR DESTINATION!
GEE, IT'S LONELY OUT HERE!
SOON DEADLINE BRINGS THE CAR TO A HALT---
HERE'S THE PLACE, TERRY-- YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!
GINGERLY, TERRY STEPS FROM THE CAR.
GOSH! IT LOOKS LIKE A T-T-TOMB!
I'LL JUST RING THIS BELL---
SLOWLY THE DOOR OPENS, AND...
YES?
(WHAT TH--?)... MAY I SEE THE DOCTOR?
STEP RIGHT IN...


DR. MEFIS MAKES JERRY COMFORTABLE -----
NOW, MR. PITTS -- RELAX, TELL ME YOUR STORY AND LOOK INTO MY EYES! LOOK INTO MY EYES!
I-I-I DON'T LIKE THIS -------
Meanwhile...
IT'S TIME FOR US TO GO INTO ACTION!
I'LL RING THE BELL!
BUT THEIR RECEPTION ISN'T VERY CORDIAL ...
C'MON, HURRY!
BEAT IT, KIDS! THE DOCTOR IS BUSY.
VERY BUSY!
CAREFUL! HE'S GOT A SWORD!
PARDON US, BUT WE HAVE A DATE WITH A FRIEND!
YOU MEAN HE HAD A SWORD!
SPLAT!
UHHHHHH!
TERRY MUST BE AROUND SOMEWHERE!
WAIT... I HEAR VOICES!
SHH!
YES...!
YOU WILL BRING ALL OF YOUR WIFE'S JEWELRY TO ME NEXT MONDAY! UNDERSTAND?

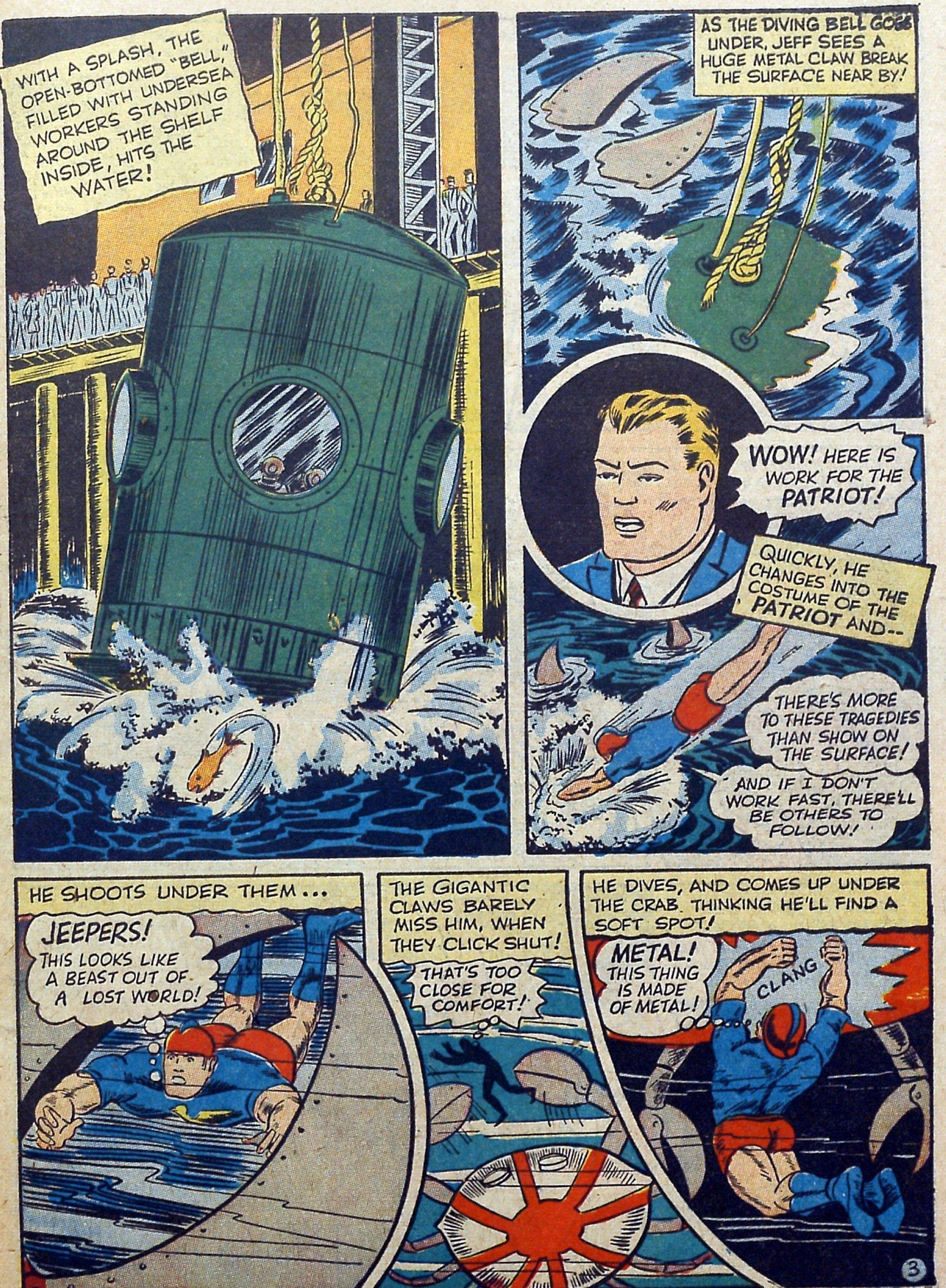
TERRY'S JUST PRETENDING TO BE HYPNOTIZED!
HA-HA!
HOWEVER...
ALL RIGHT, ENOUGH OF THIS FOOLING--- WHAT'S YOUR REAL NAME AND WHAT WAS YOUR PURPOSE IN COMING IN HERE? SPEAK UP!
MY NAME IS... TERRY VANCE.. I CAME HERE TO PROVE THAT YOU STOLE MRS. KAYE'S JEWELS......
GREAT SCOTT! HE REALLY IS HYPNOTIZED!
TERRY VANCE! .. WELL, WELL! YOU WILL DO AS I SUGGEST, MY FRIEND! .. TWO HOURS FROM NOW, WHEN YOU ARE AT HOME, YOU WILL, FOR NO APPARENT REASON, TAKE THIS LITTLE KNIFE AND GENTLY SLIT YOUR THROAT!
Y------
BUT, DR. WATSON, SENSING TERRY'S DANGER, LEAPS---!
YOUR GAME'S UP, BUD!
WHAT TH--!
HELP! I'M CHOKING!
SAVE ME! I'LL BRING TERRY BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS--I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!
OKAY, DR. WATSON! YOU CAN LET HIM GO!
AHHH!..HE'S CHOKING ME!
THE HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION IS ERASED FROM TERRY'S MIND -- BUT, IN THE CONFUSION ...
WHAT HAPPENED...?
EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT, NOW!
LOOK! DR. MEFIS! HE'S ESCAPING!
FOOLS! THEY'LL NEVER LEAVE ALIVE!

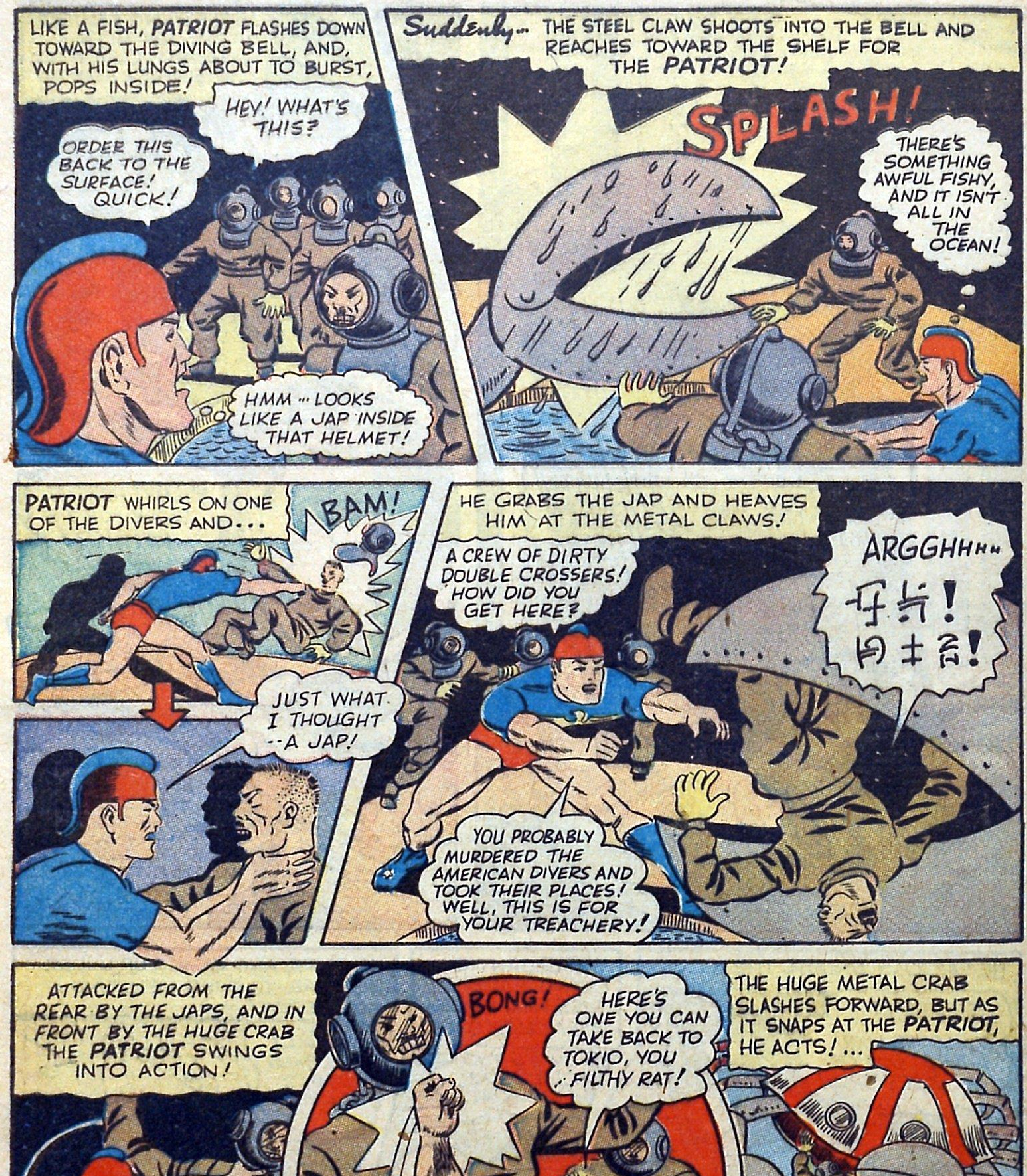
THEY RUSH INTO THE HALL AFTER HIM, AND...
THERE'S NO SIGN OF... OMIGOSH!
A BOA CONSTRICTOR!
RUN INSIDE AND CALL THE POLICE! WE'LL HANDLE THIS!
OH-OH! THE WORM TURNS!
TERRY GRASPS THE SWORD!...
C'MON, YOU OVERGROWN EARTHWORM!
...AND FEROCIOUSLY ATTACKS HIS HUGE ADVERSARY!
OH!
THERE!
WHAT A NASTY PET THAT WAS!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
DID YOU LOSE A COUPLE OF PET RATS, MISTER?
YES, THIS MAN IS THE PHANTOM BURGLAR!
TERRY TAKES OFF HIS MAKE-UP!
YOU SEE.. IT WAS THIS WAY...
THIS PHONEY PSYCHOLOGIST, BY POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION, WOULD HAVE HIS VICTIMS BRING THEIR MONEY AND JEWELRY TO HIM. THEY, OF COURSE, COULD NOT RECALL ANYTHING AND WOULD ONLY KNOW THAT THEIR FUNDS HAD BEEN LOOTED. THERE WERE NO CLUES OR TRACES OF THE THIEVES, BECAUSE THE VICTIMS ROBBED THEMSELVES!
CLEVER WORK, TERRY!
CHK!

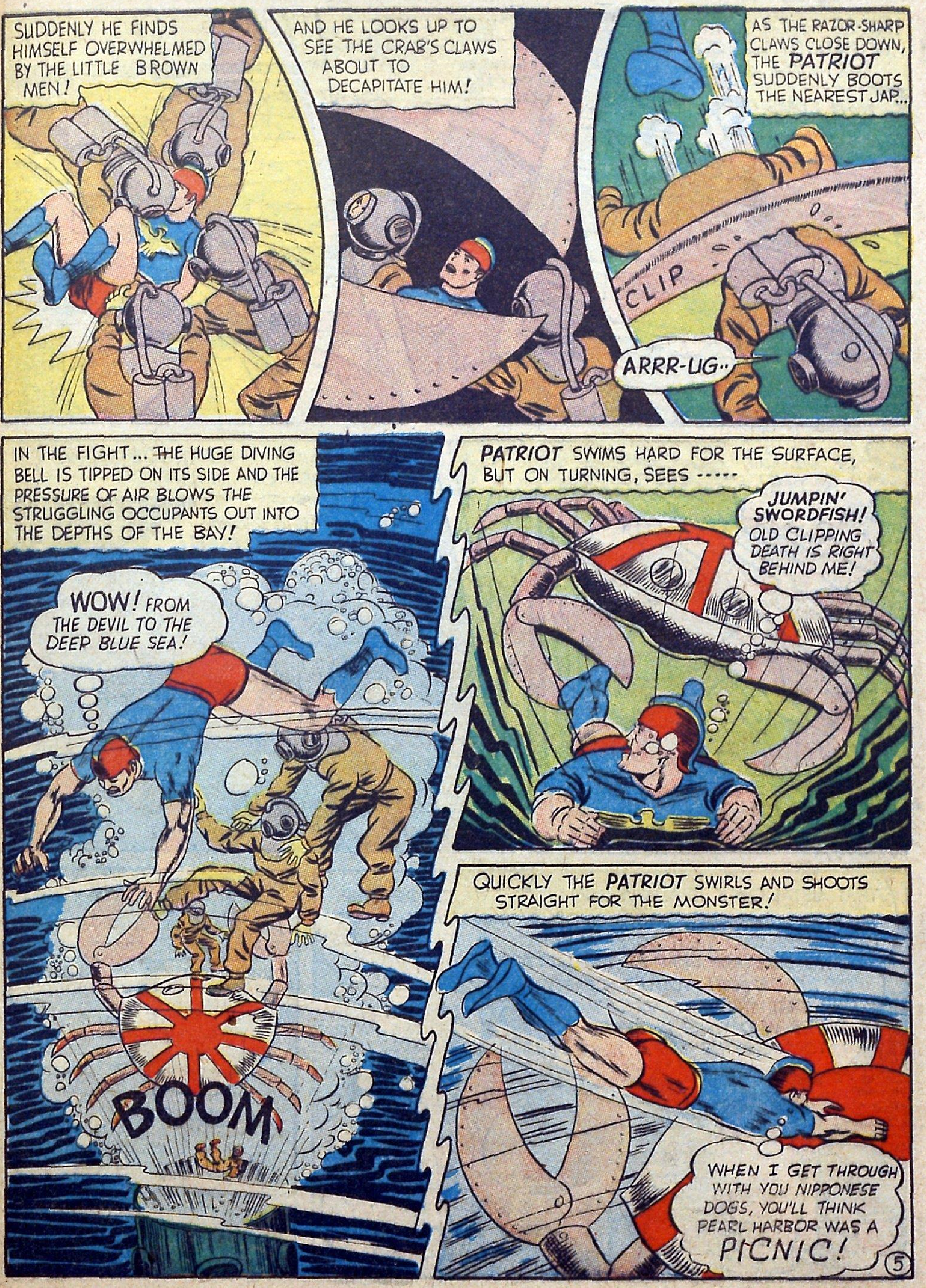
MORE MONKEY BUSINESS!
with
TERRY VANCE
AND
DR. WATSON
THE "SIMIAN SLEUTH"...
FROM THE PERSONAL CASE HISTORY FILES OF THIS FAMOUS YOUNG DETECTIVE...
IN THE NEXT
MARVEL COMICS!

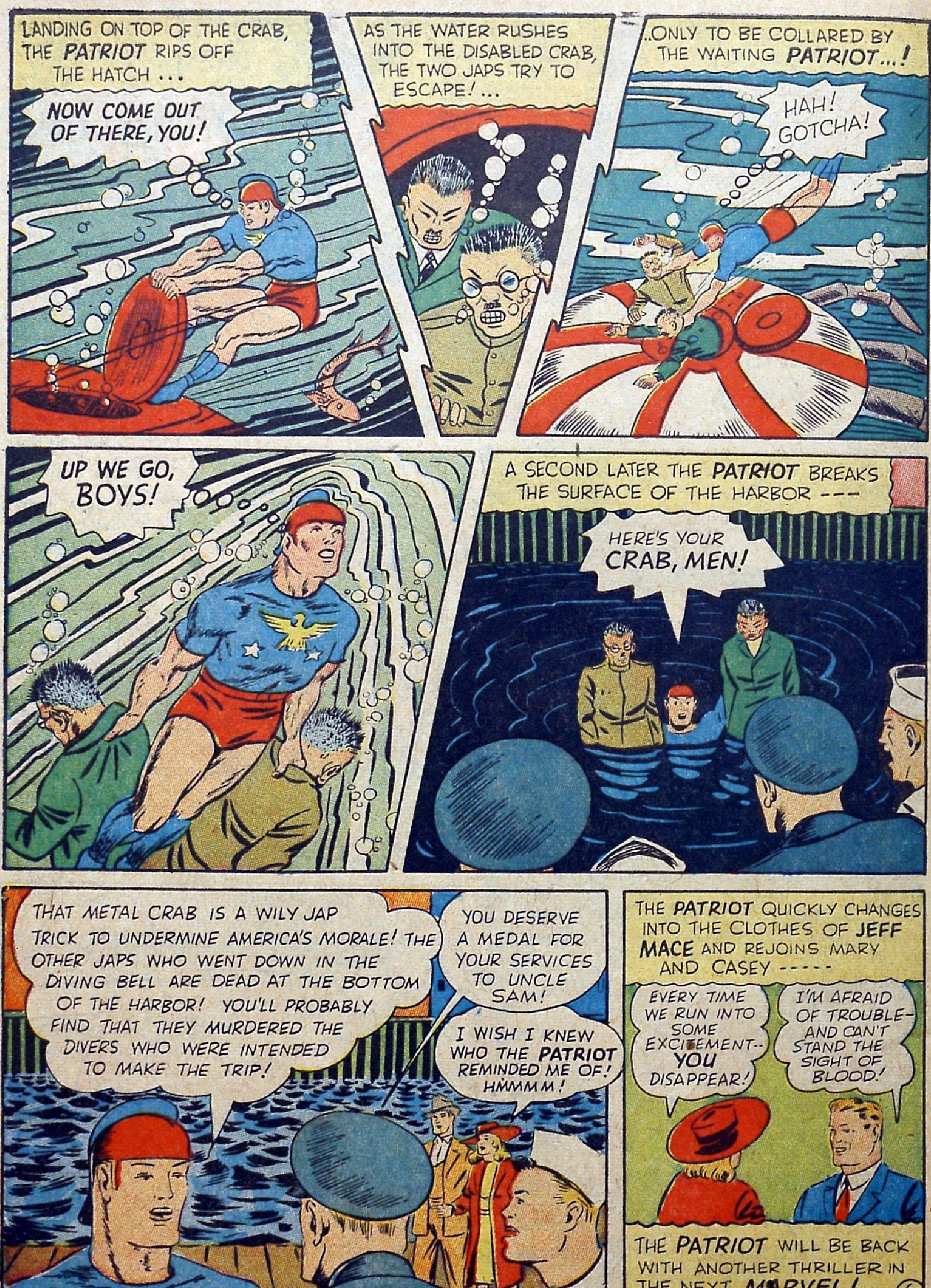

the PATRIOT
in
"THE IRON-CLAWED MONSTER"
A GIANT EXPLOSION SHATTERS THE NIGHT AT BROOKFIELD NAVY YARDS! ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S MAJESTIC NEW BATTLESHIPS SETTLES TO THE BOTTOM!
WHEN RESCUE DIVERS COME FLOATING TO THE SURFACE CUT IN HALF, JEFF MACE DECIDES THAT IT IS TIME FOR THE PATRIOT TO ACT!
AL FAGALY

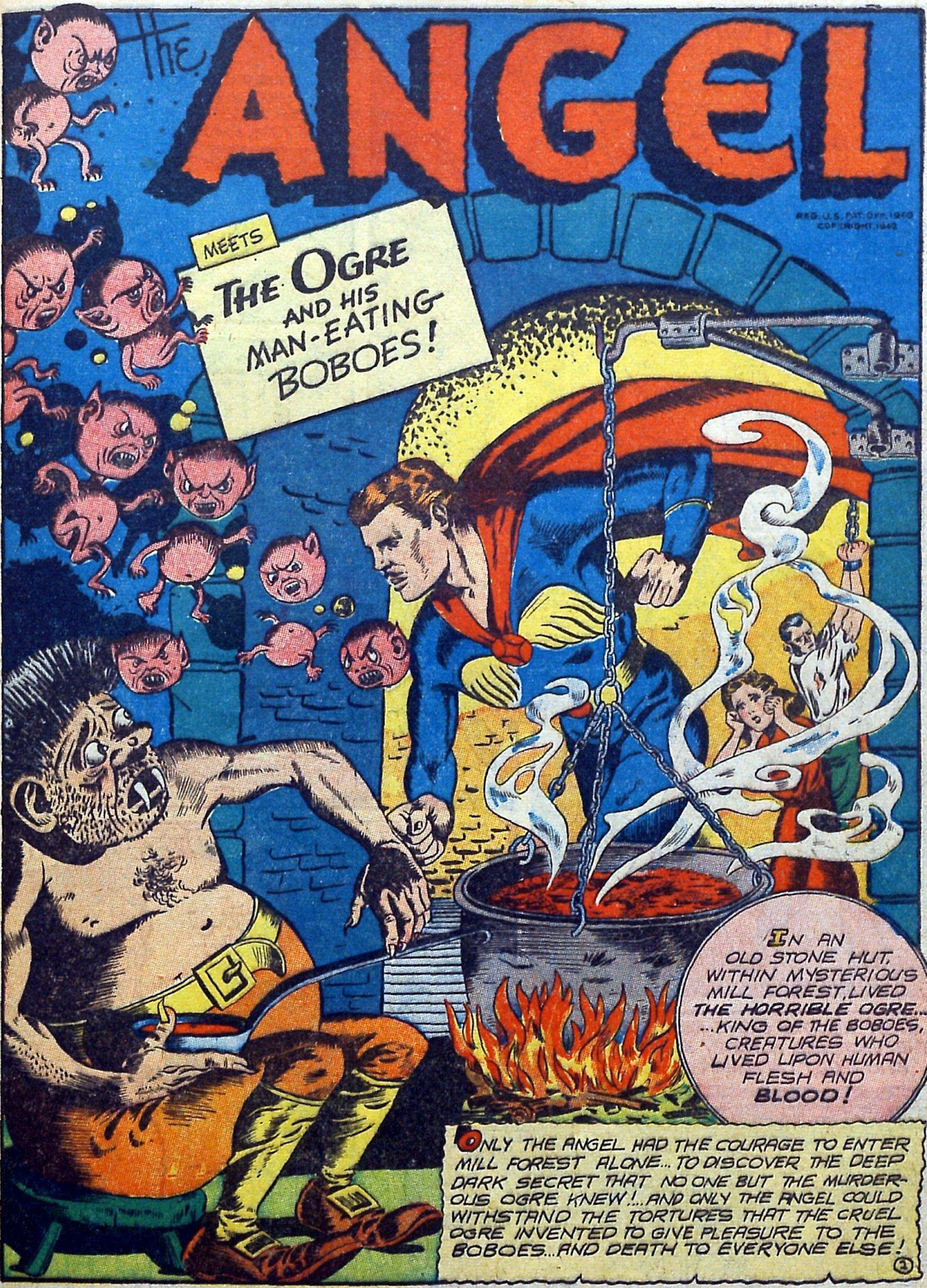
NEWS HOUND CASEY, ACCOMPANIED BY JEFF MACE AND MARY, TURNS UP AT THE SCENE OF THE DISASTROUS SINKING OF AMERICA'S NEWEST BATTLESHIP...
THIS IS A TOUGH BLOW TO THE ALLIES, CASEY! HOW IN THE WORLD DID IT HAPPEN?
IT'S HORRIBLE!
THEY THINK THAT IT IS SABOTAGE! WE'RE JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE DIVERS GO DOWN TO INVESTIGATE!
NAVY DIVERS ARE LET DOWN TO START SALVAGE OPERATIONS.
OKAY, JOE! LOWER AWAY!
AS THE DIVERS REACH THE SUNKEN HULK, THEY SUDDENLY SEE ABOVE THEM...
LOOK OUT! IT'S A MONSTER CRAB!
...ONE GIGANTIC CLAW REACHES OUT AND---
CLIP!
AIGH-H-H-H
ANOTHER HUGE CLAW GRASPS FOR THE OTHER DIVERS!
HELP!
OWW!
UGH-H-H-H-H-H
WITH A "CLACK" THE CLAWS CLOSE ON THE REMAINING DIVER!
THE OFFICIALS ARE STARTLED BY THE MUTILATED BODIES OF THE DIVERS THAT FLOAT TO THE SURFACE.
SOMETHING SINISTER IS GOING ON DOWN THERE. PREPARE THE DIVING BELL FOR ACTION!
AYE AYE, SIR!
②


WITH A SPLASH, THE OPEN-BOTTOMED "BELL," FILLED WITH UNDERSEA WORKERS STANDING AROUND THE SHELF INSIDE, HITS THE WATER!
AS THE DIVING BELL GOES UNDER, JEFF SEES A HUGE METAL CLAW BREAK THE SURFACE NEAR BY!
WOW! HERE IS WORK FOR THE PATRIOT!
QUICKLY, HE CHANGES INTO THE COSTUME OF THE PATRIOT AND--
THERE'S MORE TO THESE TRAGEDIES THAN SHOW ON THE SURFACE!
AND IF I DON'T WORK FAST, THERE'LL BE OTHERS TO FOLLOW!
HE SHOOTS UNDER THEM...
JEEPERS! THIS LOOKS LIKE A BEAST OUT OF A LOST WORLD!
THE GIGANTIC CLAWS BARELY MISS HIM, WHEN THEY CLICK SHUT!
THAT'S TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
HE DIVES, AND COMES UP UNDER THE CRAB, THINKING HE'LL FIND A SOFT SPOT!
METAL! THIS THING IS MADE OF METAL!
CLANG

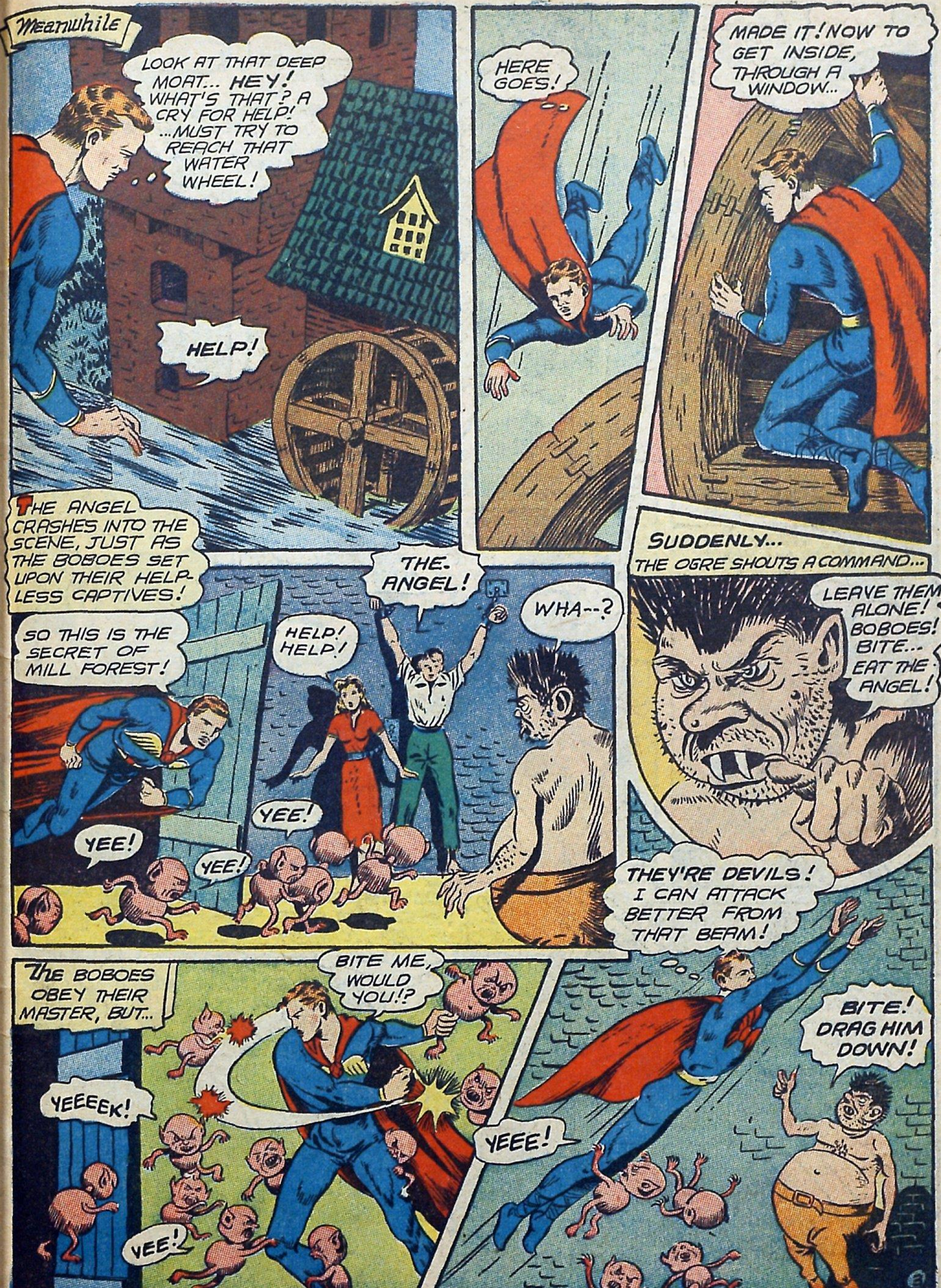

LIKE A FISH, **PATRIOT** FLASHES DOWN TOWARD THE DIVING BELL, AND, WITH HIS LUNGS ABOUT TO BURST, POPS INSIDE!
HEY! WHAT'S THIS?
ORDER THIS BACK TO THE SURFACE! QUICK!
HMM... LOOKS LIKE A JAP INSIDE THAT HELMET!
Suddenly... THE STEEL CLAW SHOOTS INTO THE BELL AND REACHES TOWARD THE SHELF FOR THE **PATRIOT**!
SPLASH!
THERE'S SOMETHING AWFUL FISHY, AND IT ISN'T ALL IN THE OCEAN!
PATRIOT WHIRLS ON ONE OF THE DIVERS AND...
BAM!
JUST WHAT I THOUGHT --A JAP!
HE GRABS THE JAP AND HEAVES HIM AT THE METAL CLAWS!
A CREW OF DIRTY DOUBLE CROSSERS! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
ARGGHHH...
YOU PROBABLY MURDERED THE AMERICAN DIVERS AND TOOK THEIR PLACES! WELL, THIS IS FOR YOUR TREACHERY!
ATTACKED FROM THE REAR BY THE JAPS, AND IN FRONT BY THE HUGE CRAB THE **PATRIOT** SWINGS INTO ACTION!
BONG!
HERE'S ONE YOU CAN TAKE BACK TO TOKIO, YOU FILTHY RAT!
THE HUGE METAL CRAB SLASHES FORWARD, BUT AS IT SNAPS AT THE **PATRIOT**, HE ACTS!...
POW!
THAT'S CUTTING THE COST OF KILLING JAPS FOR UNCLE SAM!

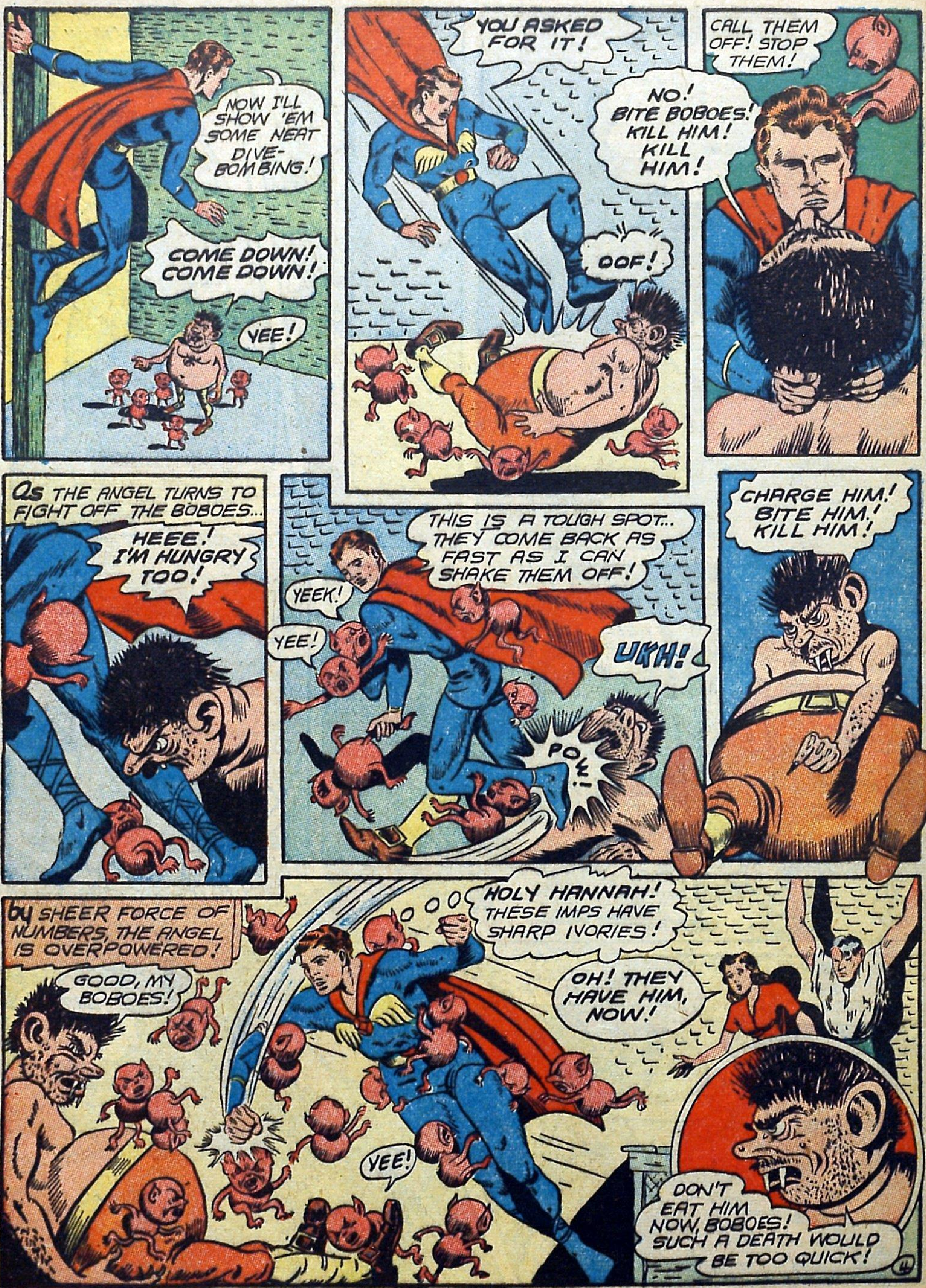

SUDDENLY HE FINDS HIMSELF OVERWHELMED BY THE LITTLE BROWN MEN!
AND HE LOOKS UP TO SEE THE CRAB'S CLAWS ABOUT TO DECAPITATE HIM!
AS THE RAZOR-SHARP CLAWS CLOSE DOWN, THE PATRIOT SUDDENLY BOOTS THE NEAREST JAP...
CLIP
ARRR-UG..
IN THE FIGHT... THE HUGE DIVING BELL IS TIPPED ON ITS SIDE AND THE PRESSURE OF AIR BLOWS THE STRUGGLING OCCUPANTS OUT INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE BAY!
WOW! FROM THE DEVIL TO THE DEEP BLUE SEA!
BOOM
PATRIOT SWIMS HARD FOR THE SURFACE, BUT ON TURNING, SEES -----
JUMPIN' SWORDFISH! OLD CLIPPING DEATH IS RIGHT BEHIND ME!
QUICKLY THE PATRIOT SWIRLS AND SHOOTS STRAIGHT FOR THE MONSTER!
WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU NIPPONESE DOGS, YOU'LL THINK PEARL HARBOR WAS A PICNIC!

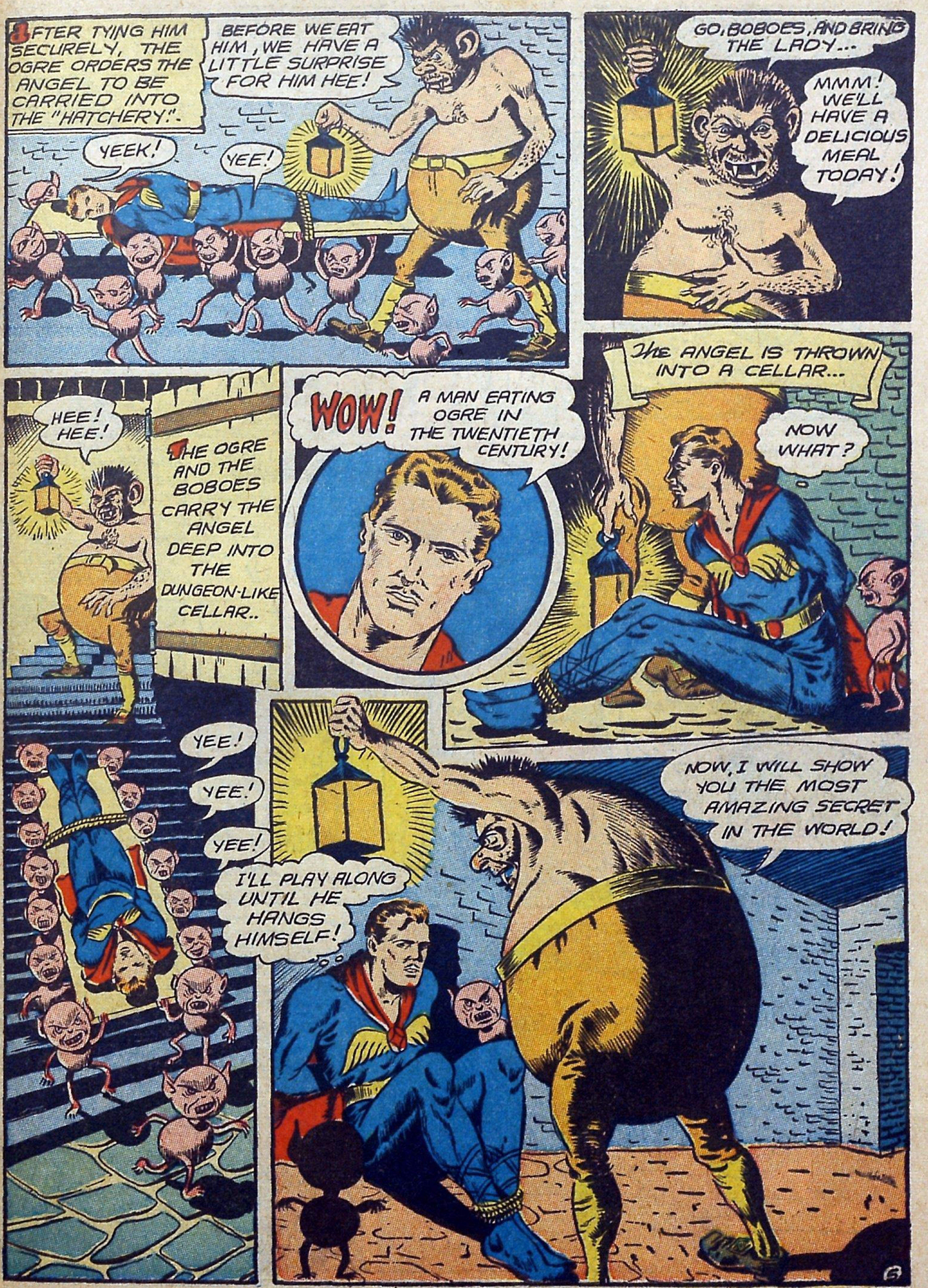

LANDING ON TOP OF THE CRAB, THE PATRIOT RIPS OFF THE HATCH ...
NOW COME OUT OF THERE, YOU!
AS THE WATER RUSHES INTO THE DISABLED CRAB, THE TWO JAPS TRY TO ESCAPE! ...
..ONLY TO BE COLLARED BY THE WAITING PATRIOT...!
HAH! GOTCHA!
UP WE GO, BOYS!
A SECOND LATER THE PATRIOT BREAKS THE SURFACE OF THE HARBOR ---
HERE'S YOUR CRAB, MEN!
THAT METAL CRAB IS A WILY JAP TRICK TO UNDERMINE AMERICA'S MORALE! THE OTHER JAPS WHO WENT DOWN IN THE DIVING BELL ARE DEAD AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HARBOR! YOU'LL PROBABLY FIND THAT THEY MURDERED THE DIVERS WHO WERE INTENDED TO MAKE THE TRIP!
YOU DESERVE A MEDAL FOR YOUR SERVICES TO UNCLE SAM!
I WISH I KNEW WHO THE PATRIOT REMINDED ME OF! HMMMM!
THE PATRIOT QUICKLY CHANGES INTO THE CLOTHES OF JEFF MACE AND REJOINS MARY AND CASEY -----
EVERY TIME WE RUN INTO SOME EXCITEMENT-- YOU DISAPPEAR!
I'M AFRAID OF TROUBLE- AND CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF BLOOD!
THE PATRIOT WILL BE BACK WITH ANOTHER THRILLER IN THE NEXT MARVEL!

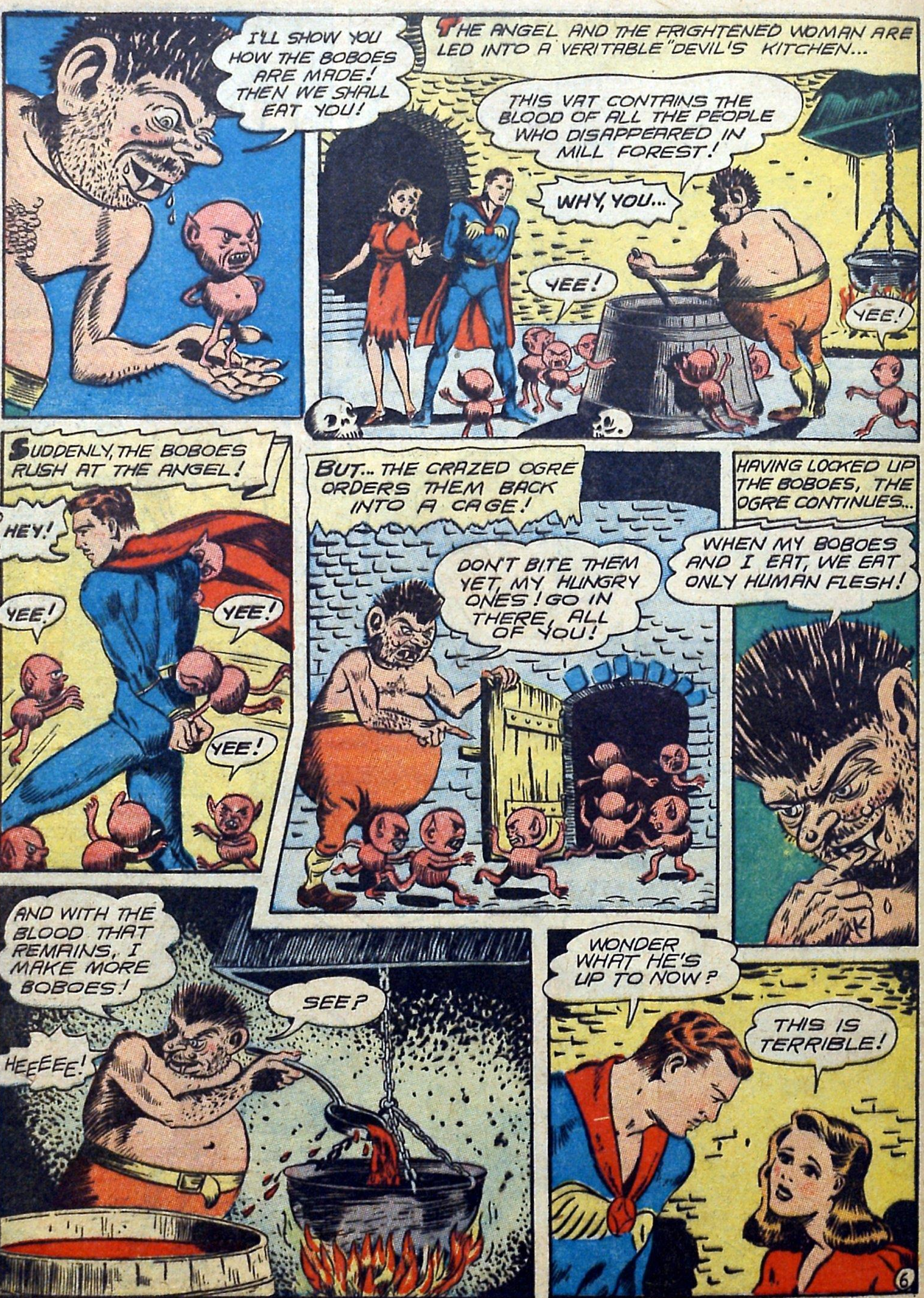

THE ANGEL
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
COPYRIGHT 1942
MEETS
THE OGRE AND HIS MAN-EATING BOBOES!
IN AN OLD STONE HUT, WITHIN MYSTERIOUS MILL FOREST, LIVED THE HORRIBLE OGRE... ...KING OF THE BOBOES, CREATURES WHO LIVED UPON HUMAN FLESH AND BLOOD!
ONLY THE ANGEL HAD THE COURAGE TO ENTER MILL FOREST ALONE... TO DISCOVER THE DEEP DARK SECRET THAT NO ONE BUT THE MURDEROUS OGRE KNEW!... AND ONLY THE ANGEL COULD WITHSTAND THE TORTURES THAT THE CRUEL OGRE INVENTED TO GIVE PLEASURE TO THE BOBOES... AND DEATH TO EVERYONE ELSE!
②

THE OGRE OF MILL FOREST IS ABOUT TO FEED HIS BOBOES...ON HUMAN FLESH!
YOU WILL MAKE A NICE MEAL FOR MY LITTLE BOBOES!
WHEN MY BOBOES ARE THROUGH, EACH OF YOU WILL LOOK LIKE THIS SKELETON! HEE! HEE! PRETTY, EH?
MEANWHILE... THE ANGEL, HAVING HEARD WEIRD TALES OF THIS OGRE VISITS THIS FOREST TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY.
SOME FOREST...BUT WHY SHOULD SO MANY PEOPLE DISAPPEAR WHILE WALKING IN IT?
PERHAPS THE OWNER OF THIS OLD MILL CAN GIVE ME SOME INFORMATION!
THE ANGEL APPROACHES THE MAD OGRE'S MILL...
GO, MY PETS! ENJOY YOUR MEAL OF HUMAN FLESH!
NO! NO!
...JUST AS THE OGRE RELEASES THE VICIOUS, HUNGRY BOBOES WHO EXIST ON HUMAN FLESH!
YEE!
YEE!
YEE!

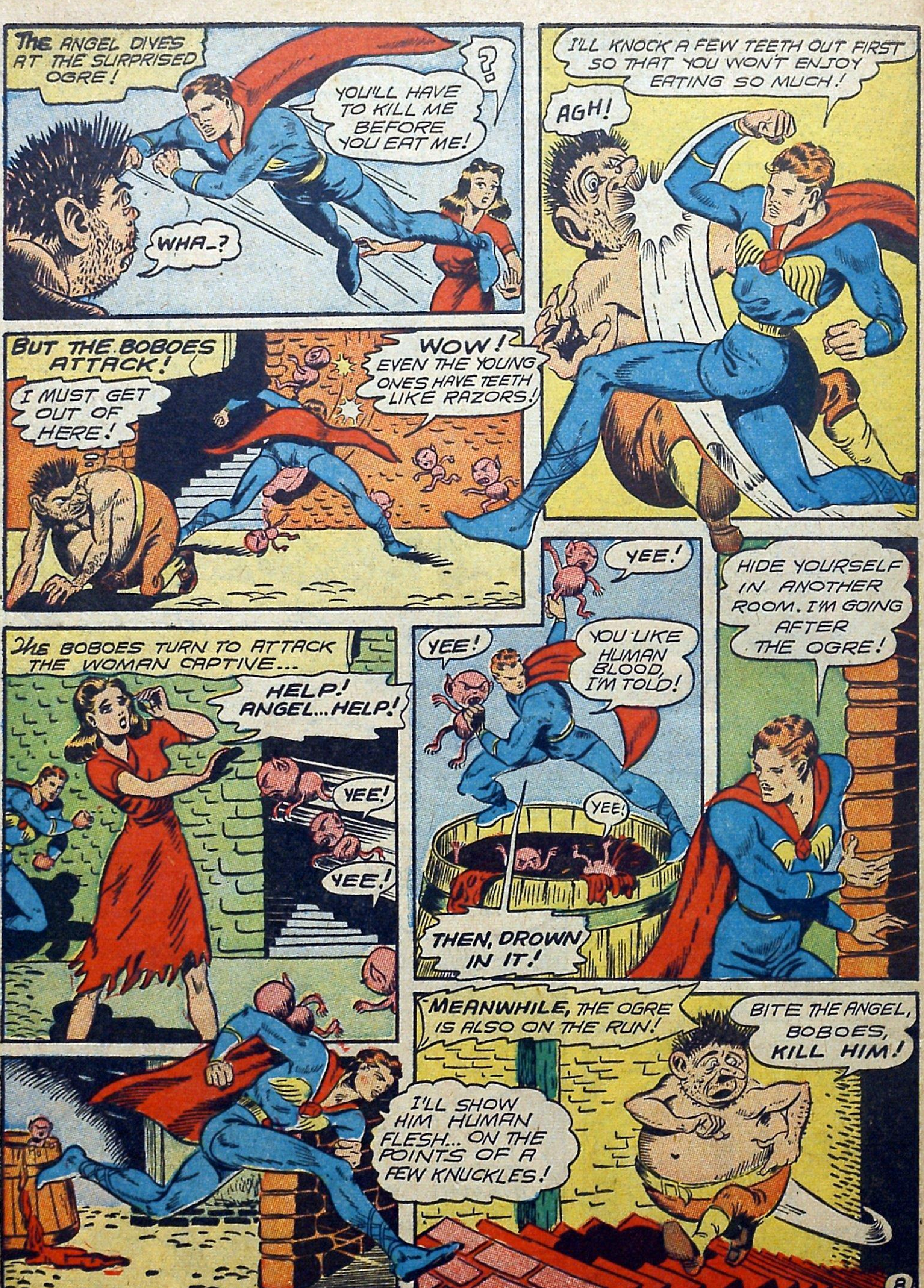

Meanwhile
LOOK AT THAT DEEP MOAT... HEY! WHAT'S THAT? A CRY FOR HELP! ...MUST TRY TO REACH THAT WATER WHEEL!
HELP!
HERE GOES!
MADE IT! NOW TO GET INSIDE, THROUGH A WINDOW...
THE ANGEL CRASHES INTO THE SCENE, JUST AS THE BOBOES SET UPON THEIR HELPLESS CAPTIVES!
SO THIS IS THE SECRET OF MILL FOREST!
THE ANGEL!
HELP! HELP!
WHA--?
YEE!
YEE!
YEE!
SUDDENLY... THE OGRE SHOUTS A COMMAND...
LEAVE THEM ALONE! BOBOES! BITE... EAT THE ANGEL!
THEY'RE DEVILS! I CAN ATTACK BETTER FROM THAT BEAM!
The BOBOES OBEY THEIR MASTER, BUT...
BITE ME, WOULD YOU!?
YEEEEK!
YEE!
YEEE!
BITE! DRAG HIM DOWN!

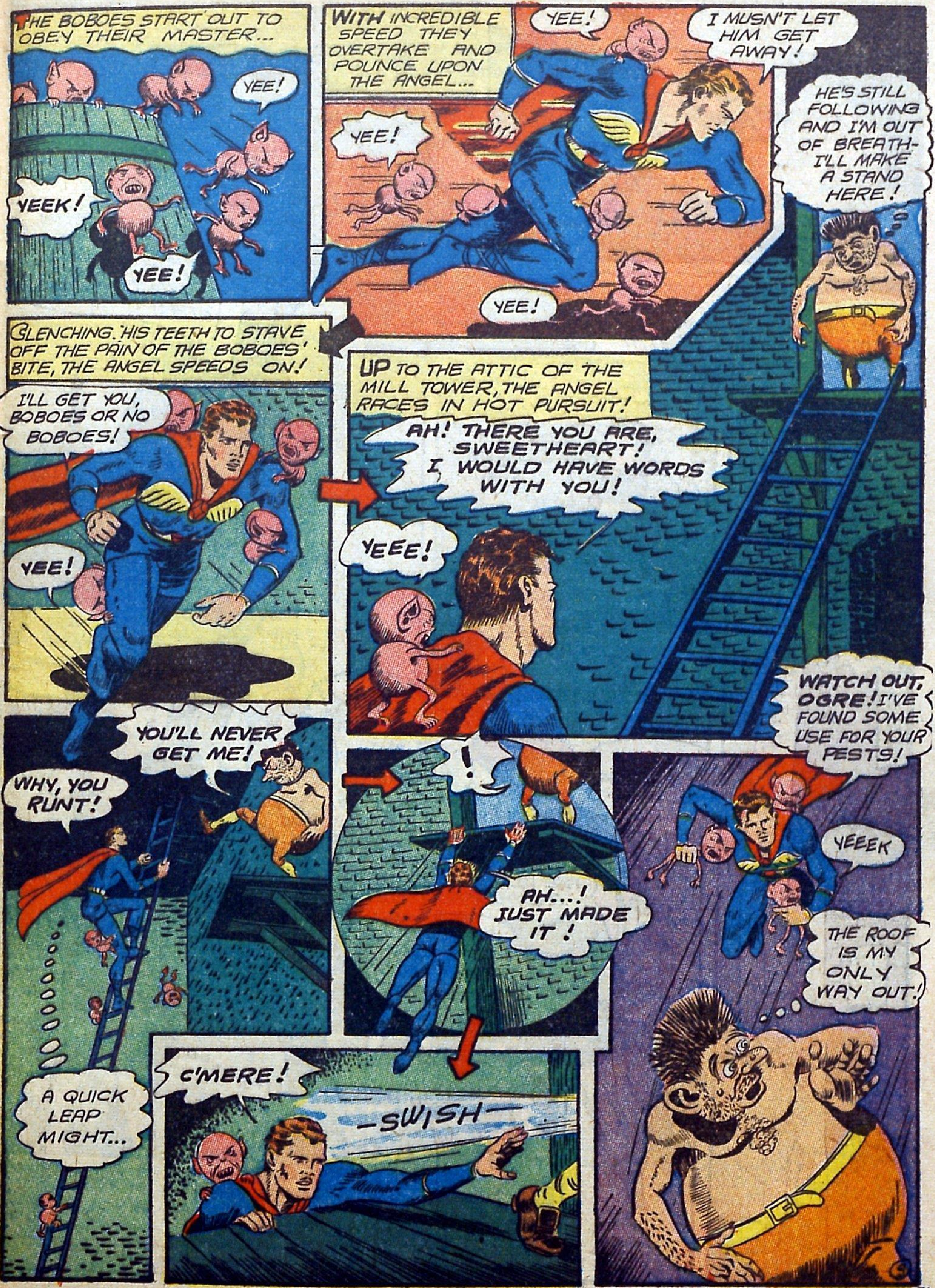

NOW I'LL SHOW 'EM SOME NEAT DIVE-BOMBING!
COME DOWN! COME DOWN!
YEE!
YOU ASKED FOR IT!
OOF!
CALL THEM OFF! STOP THEM!
NO! BITE BOBOES! KILL HIM! KILL HIM!
AS THE ANGEL TURNS TO FIGHT OFF THE BOBOES...
HEEE! I'M HUNGRY TOO!
THIS IS A TOUGH SPOT... THEY COME BACK AS FAST AS I CAN SHAKE THEM OFF!
YEEK!
YEE!
UKH!
POW!
CHARGE HIM! BITE HIM! KILL HIM!
BY SHEER FORCE OF NUMBERS, THE ANGEL IS OVERPOWERED!
HOLY HANNAH! THESE IMPS HAVE SHARP IVORIES!
GOOD, MY BOBOES!
OH! THEY HAVE HIM, NOW!
YEE!
DON'T EAT HIM NOW, BOBOES! SUCH A DEATH WOULD BE TOO QUICK!
4

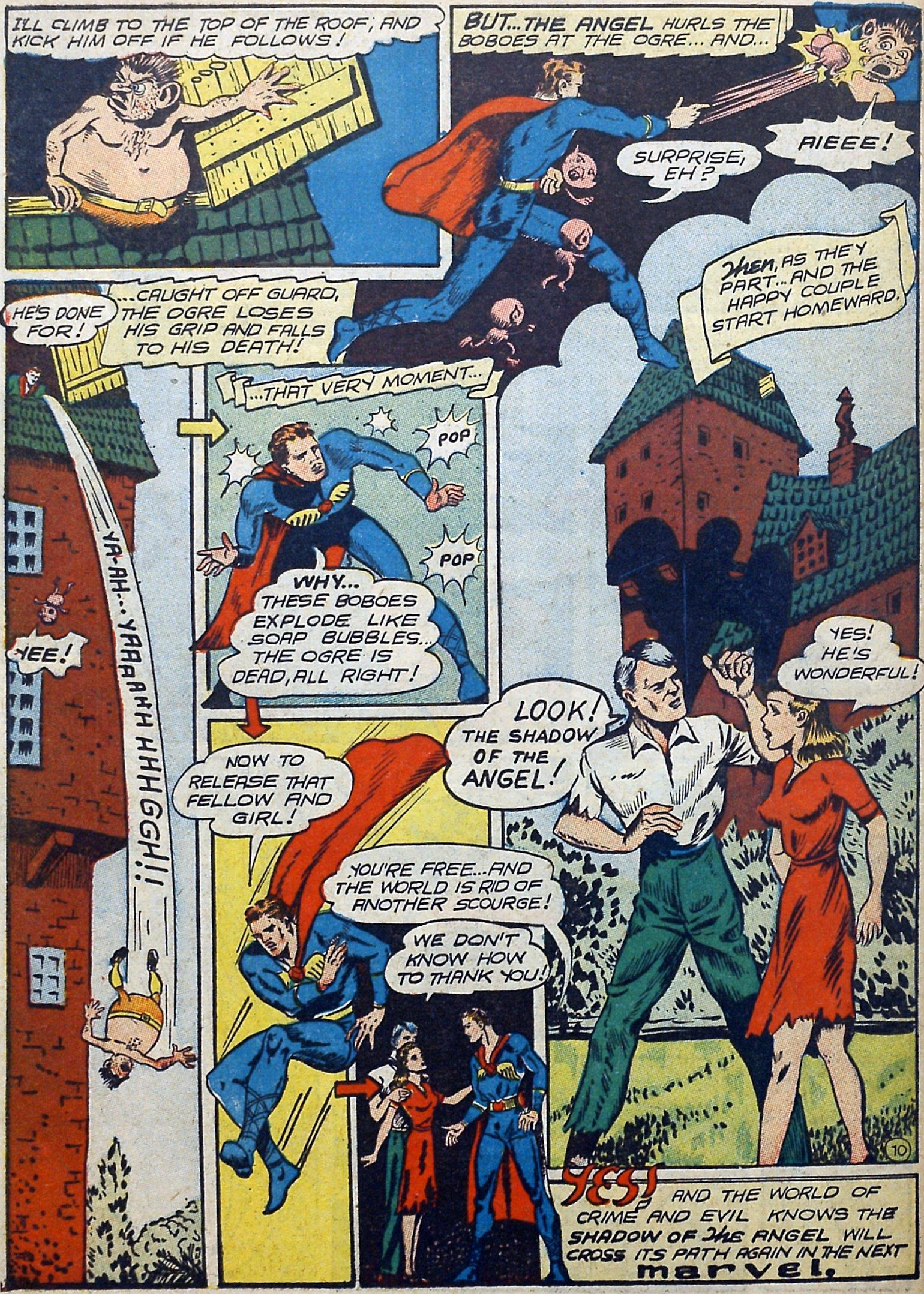

AFTER TYING HIM SECURELY, THE OGRE ORDERS THE ANGEL TO BE CARRIED INTO THE "HATCHERY".
BEFORE WE EAT HIM, WE HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR HIM HEE!
YEEK!
YEE!
GO, BOBOES, AND BRING THE LADY...
MMM! WE'LL HAVE A DELICIOUS MEAL TODAY!
HEE! HEE!
THE OGRE AND THE BOBOES CARRY THE ANGEL DEEP INTO THE DUNGEON-LIKE CELLAR..
WOW!
A MAN EATING OGRE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!
THE ANGEL IS THROWN INTO A CELLAR...
NOW WHAT?
YEE!
YEE!
YEE!
NOW, I WILL SHOW YOU THE MOST AMAZING SECRET IN THE WORLD!
I'LL PLAY ALONG UNTIL HE HANGS HIMSELF!


I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THE BOBOES ARE MADE! THEN WE SHALL EAT YOU!
THE ANGEL AND THE FRIGHTENED WOMAN ARE LED INTO A VERITABLE "DEVIL'S KITCHEN...
THIS VAT CONTAINS THE BLOOD OF ALL THE PEOPLE WHO DISAPPEARED IN MILL FOREST!
WHY, YOU...
YEE!
YEE!
SUDDENLY, THE BOBOES RUSH AT THE ANGEL!
HEY!
YEE!
YEE!
YEE!
BUT... THE CRAZED OGRE ORDERS THEM BACK INTO A CAGE!
DON'T BITE THEM YET, MY HUNGRY ONES! GO IN THERE, ALL OF YOU!
HAVING LOCKED UP THE BOBOES, THE OGRE CONTINUES...
WHEN MY BOBOES AND I EAT, WE EAT ONLY HUMAN FLESH!
AND WITH THE BLOOD THAT REMAINS, I MAKE MORE BOBOES!
SEE?
HEEEEE!
WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO NOW?
THIS IS TERRIBLE!
6

AN UNBELIEVABLY, HORRIBLE SIGHT UNFOLDS BEFORE THE EYES OF THE CAPTIVES...
THE BLOOD IS BOILING NOW. SEE THIS PIPE? WATCH!
YOU FIEND!
I BLOW A BUBBLE... SEE? HA--- HA!
IT FLOATS! NOW, ANOTHER BUBBLE...
THEY JOIN...
AND NOW WE HAVE A BRAND NEW BOBO!
I BLOW MY BUBBLES,,, AND OUT COME NEW, LITTLE BOBOES! JUST LIKE ME THEY EAT ONLY HUMAN FLESH! SOON, I WILL HAVE SO MANY BOBOES THAT I CAN MAKE YOUR CRAZY WORLD DO MY BIDDING!
THE ANGEL STRAINS AGAINST THE STOUT BINDINGS..
MY BOBOES CAN DIE ONLY WHEN I DIE FOR THEY CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT ME... ONLY I CAN CONTROL THEM!
IF I CAN ONLY.. AH!
SNAP!
AND NOW THAT YOU HAVE LEARNED THE SECRET... I SHALL LET THEM EAT YOU! HEEE!
THOSE BOBOES ACCIDENTALLY BIT THE ROPE INSTEAD OF ME... WHAT A BREAK!
OHH!
YOUR STRONG BLOOD WILL MAKE THEM STRONG... AND THAT WILL MAKE ME STRONG! HEEEE!
7


THE ANGEL DIVES AT THE SURPRISED OGRE!
?
YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL ME BEFORE YOU EAT ME!
WHA-?
I'LL KNOCK A FEW TEETH OUT FIRST SO THAT YOU WON'T ENJOY EATING SO MUCH!
AGH!
BUT THE BOBOES ATTACK!
WOW! EVEN THE YOUNG ONES HAVE TEETH LIKE RAZORS!
I MUST GET OUT OF HERE!
YEE!
HIDE YOURSELF IN ANOTHER ROOM. I'M GOING AFTER THE OGRE!
THE BOBOES TURN TO ATTACK THE WOMAN CAPTIVE...
HELP! ANGEL...HELP!
YEE!
YEE!
YEE!
YOU LIKE HUMAN BLOOD, I'M TOLD!
YEE!
THEN, DROWN IN IT!
I'LL SHOW HIM HUMAN FLESH... ON THE POINTS OF A FEW KNUCKLES!
MEANWHILE, THE OGRE IS ALSO ON THE RUN!
BITE THE ANGEL, BOBOES, KILL HIM!


THE BOBOES START OUT TO OBEY THEIR MASTER...
YEE!
YEEK!
YEE!
WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED THEY OVERTAKE AND POUNCE UPON THE ANGEL...
YEE!
I MUSN'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
YEE!
YEE!
HE'S STILL FOLLOWING AND I'M OUT OF BREATH- I'LL MAKE A STAND HERE!
CLENCHING HIS TEETH TO STAVE OFF THE PAIN OF THE BOBOES' BITE, THE ANGEL SPEEDS ON!
I'LL GET YOU, BOBOES OR NO BOBOES!
YEE!
UP TO THE ATTIC OF THE MILL TOWER, THE ANGEL RACES IN HOT PURSUIT!
AH! THERE YOU ARE, SWEETHEART! I WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH YOU!
YEEE!
WATCH OUT, OGRE! I'VE FOUND SOME USE FOR YOUR PESTS!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!
WHY, YOU RUNT!
A QUICK LEAP MIGHT...
!
AH...! JUST MADE IT!
YEEEK
THE ROOF IS MY ONLY WAY OUT!
C'MERE!
-SWISH-


I'LL CLIMB TO THE TOP OF THE ROOF; AND KICK HIM OFF IF HE FOLLOWS!
BUT...THE ANGEL HURLS THE BOBOES AT THE OGRE... AND...
SURPRISE, EH?
AIEEE!
...CAUGHT OFF GUARD, THE OGRE LOSES HIS GRIP AND FALLS TO HIS DEATH!
HE'S DONE FOR!
YEE!
YA-AH...YAAAAHHHHHGGH!!
...THAT VERY MOMENT...
POP
POP
WHY... THESE BOBOES EXPLODE LIKE SOAP BUBBLES... THE OGRE IS DEAD, ALL RIGHT!
NOW TO RELEASE THAT FELLOW AND GIRL!
YOU'RE FREE...AND THE WORLD IS RID OF ANOTHER SCOURGE!
WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!
Then, AS THEY PART...AND THE HAPPY COUPLE START HOMEWARD.
LOOK! THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!
YES! HE'S WONDERFUL!
10
YES, AND THE WORLD OF CRIME AND EVIL KNOWS THE SHADOW OF The ANGEL WILL CROSS ITS PATH AGAIN IN THE NEXT marvel.

FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

SEND COUPON

DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medecine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling *to destroy it; however, laboratory* tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's *Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin* and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary *for prompt relief.*

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts *nightly before going to bed.*

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay ***anything any time un-*** **less H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.**

FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY
H
F
CONTAINS ACETONE PINE OIL, BENZOIC ACID, SALICYLIC ACID
CONTENTS ½ FLUID OZ
PRICE $1.00
Sold By
Gore Products Inc
New Orleans La

M.C.

GORE PRODUCTS, INC.
835 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME..
ADDRESS...
CITY...STATE.......................

DAISY *Announces the*

DEFENDER

1000 SHOT
MILITARY MODEL

ONLY
$5

Duty added
in Canada

Daisy
DEFENDER AIR RIFLE
REPEATER
Daisy DEFENDER
IN
THIS
STUR
CART

Presenting the new, husky Daisy Defender—America's on military model air rifle! Enjoy these five military style feature (1) 36-Inch Adjustable Gun Sling for carrying Defender, steadi aiming (2) Automatic Bolt Action Safety which locks trigger "On Safety when gun is cocked (3) Rear Sight adjustable for Windage . . . left and rig —for Elevation . . . up and down (4) Full-Length Wooden Fore-End (5) Ov Stock. Besides these authentic military features, Daisy Defender is equipped w Lightning-Loader Invention . . . pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds. Genuine Daisy qualit from muzzle to butt. Get this beautiful new Defender now at your nearest hardwa sports goods or department store. If your Dealer hasn't it, or no Daisy Dealer is near yo send us only $5 and we'll rush your Defender to you postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)

NO. 25—DAISY PUMP GUN
A 50-shot force-feed repeater. Take-down model. American walnut pistol grip stock. Non-slip grooves on butt.

$5.00

NO. 108—LIGHTNING LOADER CARBINE
Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader invention.

$2.5

Shoot THE FAMOUS 1000-SHOT RED RYDER
LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, INC., N.Y.
COWBOY CARBINE

Spring into the saddle touch spurs to your bronc go thundering across the purple sagebrush plains with your 1000-shot Red Ryder Saddle Carbine ready for instant use! Red Ryder Carbine features: Golden Carbine Bands Genuine Western Carbine Ring 16-Inch Leather Thong Carbine Style Fore-piece Lightning-Loader Red Ryder's brand on Pistol Grip Stock! Buy yours now. At your Dealer's or send us only $3 and we'll mail your Red Ryder Carbine postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)

With 16-INCH
LEATHER SADDLE THONG
ON CARBINE RING!

$3

Duty add
in Cana

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